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John Palmer

1762.

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A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.XLIV.

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ALBUMAZAR:

A

COMEDY.

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I Can give no Account of this Play, or its Author; but that it was acted before his Majesty at Cambridge *by the Gentlemen of* Trinity-College, *and printed in* 1634. *It was afterwards thought worthy of being revived by Mr.* Dryden, *who brought it upon the Stage, and wrote the following Prologue on that Occasion:*

To say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it please you now:
Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had Wit;
When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Johnson *(of those few the best) chose this,*
As the best Model of his Master-piece:
Subtle *was got by our* Albumazar,
That Alchymist *by this Astrologer;*
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,
He lik'd the Fashion well who wore the Clothes.
But Ben *made nobly his, what he did mould;*
What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our Age such Authors does afford,
As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one Word:
Who, in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all;
And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,
But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day.

Nay

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Nay ſcarce the common Ceremony uſe,
Of ſtand, ſir, and deliver up your Muſe?
But knock the Fact down, and with a grace
Mount Pegaſus before the Owner's Face.
Faith, if you have ſuch Country Toms *abroad,*
'Tis time for all true men to leave the Road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the Living, but theſe rob the Dead:
Dare with the Mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Egyptian way.
Or as a rhiming Author would have ſaid,
Join the dead Living to the living Dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim ſome part,
They have the Licenſe, tho' they want the Art.
And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats ſtand
Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
They make the Benefits of others ſtudying;
Much like the Meals of politick Jack Pudding.
Whoſe Diſh to challenge, no man has the Courage,
'Tis all his own, when once h'has ſpit i'th'porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs.
For they their Thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,
They ſhould refund, but that can never be,
For ſhould you Letters of Repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Albumazar, an aſtrologer.
Ronca, }
Harpax, } thieves.
Furbo, }
Pandolfo, an old gentleman.
Cricca, his ſervant.
Trincola, *Pandolfo*'s farmer.
Armellina, *Antonio*'s maid.
Lelio, *Antonio*'s ſon.
Eugenio, *Pandolfo*'s ſon.
Flavia, *Antonio*'s daughter.
Sulpitia, *Pandolfo*'s daughter.
Bavilona, a courtezan.
Antonio, an old gentleman.

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THE PROLOGUE.

THE brightneſs of ſo great and fair a preſence,
They ſay, ſtrikes cold amazement, But I feel
Contrary effects. For from the gracious center
Of the honourable aſſembly, ſome ſecret power
Inflames my courage; and, methinks I am grown
Taller by th' virtue of this audience.
And yet thus rais'd, I fear there's no retiring.
Ladies, whoſe beauties glad the whole aſſembly:
Upon your favours I impoſe my buſineſs.
If't be a fault to ſpeak this foreign language,
(For Latin is our mother tongue) I muſt entreat you
To frame excuſes for us; for whoſe ſake
We now ſpeak Engliſh. All the reſt we hope
Come purpoſely to grace our poor endeavours;
As we to pleaſe. In whoſe fair courteſy
We truſt: not in our weak abilities.

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ALBUMAZAR:

A

COMEDY.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

Enter Albumazar, Harpax, Ronca.

Albumazar.

COME, brave mercurials, sublim'd in cheating,
My dear companions, fellow-soldiers
I'th' watchfull exercise of thievery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more than I at deep astrology.
For in the days of old, *good morrow thief*,
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *your worship*.

The

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The Spartans held it lawful, and the Arabians,
So grew Arabia fœlix, Sparta valiant.
Ronca. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.
Alb. Your patron Mercury, in his mysterious character,
Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,
And with his subtil influence works in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.
Most trades and callings much participate
Of yours: though smoothly gilt with the honest title
Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned
Only excepted; and he's therefore poor.
Harp. And yet he steals one author from another.
This poet is that poet's plagiary,
And he a third's, till they end all in Homer.
Alb. And Homer filtcht all from an Egyptian priestess.
The world's a theater of theft. Great rivers
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver:
Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilfries couch'd and compos'd in order;
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick mass of thievery.
Ronca. Most philosophical Albumazar!
Harp. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed mutual.
Alb. Say they do so: 'tis done with full intention
Ne'er to restore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,
Your cardinal virtue, *great necessity*,
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchful, have as many eyes as heav'n,
And ears as harvest: be resolv'd and impudent,
Believe none, trust none: for in this city

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(As in a fought field, crows, and carkaſſes)
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheateez.
Ronca. If all the houſes in the town were priſons,
The chambers cages, all the ſettles ſtocks,
The broad-gates gallowſes, and the whole people
Juſtices, juries, conſtables, keepers, and hangmen,
I'd practiſe ſpite of all, and leave behind me
A fruitful ſeminary of our profeſſion,
And call them by the name Albumazarians.
Harp. And I no leſs, were all the city thieves
As cunning as thyſelf.
Alb. Why bravely ſpoken,
Fitting ſuch generous ſpirits: I'll make way
To your great virtue with a deep reſemblance
Of high aſtrology. Harpax and Ronca,
Lift to our profit: I have new lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that, taken, is ſo fat and rich,
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchaſe.
Harp. Who is't? ſpeak quickly.
Ron. Where, good Albumazar?
Alb. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as fooliſh.
The poor remnant of whoſe brain that age had left him,
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:
And which concerns us moſt, he gives firm credit
To necromancy and aſtrology,
Enter Furbo.
Sending to me, as one that promiſe both.
Pandolfo is the man.
Harp. What, old Pandolfo?
Alb. The ſame: but ſtay, yon's Furbo, whoſe ſmootheſt brow
Shines with good news, and's viſage promiſes
Triumphs and trophies to us. [*Furbo plays.*
Ron. My life he's learnt out all, I know't by's muſick.

Then Furbo ſings this ſong.

BEar up thy learned brow, Albumazar,
Live long of all the world admir'd,
For art profound, and ſkill retir'd,
To cheating by the height of ſtars: Hence

Hence gypſies, hence, hence rogues of baſer ſtrain,
That hazard life for little gain;
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar
At the rare ſkill of great Albumazar.

Furbo. Albumazar,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance:
Pandolfo's ours, I underſtand his buſineſs,
Which I filcht cloſely from him, while he reveal'd
T'his man his purpoſes and projects.
Alb. Excellent!
Thanks to this inſtrument: for in pretence
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th'old man's daughter,
I got acceſs to th' houſe, and while I waited
Till ſhe was ready, over-heard Pandolfo
Open his ſecrets to his ſervant: thus 'tis.
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,
Before he went to Barbary, agreed
To give in marriage——
Alb. Furbo, this is no place
Fit to conſider curious points of buſineſs,
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above.
Ronca, ſtay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noiſe of my deep ſkill in art,
Thou know'ſt my roſy modeſty cannot do it.
Harpax, up you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purpoſes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning.
Harpax. Yes, yes.
Furbo. Yes, ſir.
Furbo goes out ſinging, Fa la la, Pandolfo's ours.

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Act. I. Scen. 2.

Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Ron. THere's old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful May,
And gray as January. I'll attend him here.

Pan. Cricca, I ſeek thy aid, not thy croſs counſel;
I am mad in love with Flavia, and muſt have her:
Thou ſpend'ſt thy reaſons to the contrary,
Like arrows againſt an anvil: I love Flavia,
And muſt have Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, you have no reaſon,
She's a young girl of ſixteen, you of ſixty.

Pan. I have no reaſon, nor ſpare room for any,
Love's harbinger hath chalkt upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia;
This houſe is wholly taken up for Flavia.
Let reaſon get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I muſt have Flavia.

Cricca. But ſir, her brother Lelio, under whoſe charge
She's now after her father's death, ſware boldly
Pandolfo never ſhall have Flavia.

Pan. His father, e'er he went to Barbary,
Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,
Spight of a liſt of Lelio's, Pandolfo
Shall enjoy Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, y'are too old.

Pan. I muſt confeſs in years about threeſcore,
But in tough ſtrength of body, four and twenty,
Or two months leſs. Love of young Flavia,
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man: my arteries
Blown full with youthful ſpirits, move the blood
To a new buſineſs: my wither'd nerves grow plump
And ſtrong, longing for action. Hence, thou poor prop
Of feebleneſs and age: walk with ſuch fires
As with cold palſies ſhake away their ſtrength,
And loſe their legs with cureleſs gouts. Pandolfo

New

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New moulded is for revels, maſks, and muſick. Cricca,
String my neglected lute, and from my armory
Scour my beſt ſword, companion of my youth,
Without which I ſeem naked.

Cricca. Your love, ſir, like ſtrong water
To a deplor'd ſick man, quicks your feeble limbs
For a poor moment: But after one night's lodging,
You'll fall ſo dull and cold, that Flavia
Will ſhriek and leap from bed as from a ſepulchre.
Shall I ſpeak plainer, ſir? ſhe'll cuckold you,
Alas! ſhe'll cuckold you.

Pan. What me? a man of known diſcretion,
Of riches, years, and this gray gravity?
I'll ſatisfy'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.

Cricca. Wer't not far fitter urge your ſon Eugenio
To woo her for himſelf?

Pan. Cricca, be gone.
Touch no more there: I will, and muſt have Flavia.
Tell Lelio, if he grant me his ſiſter Flavia,
I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and find me her within this half hour.

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Ronca, Pandolfo.

Ron. 'TIS well that ſervant's gone: I ſhall the eaſier
Wind up his maſter to my purpoſes.

Pan. Sure this is ſome novice of th' artillery,
That winks and ſhoots: ſir, prime, prime your piece anew,
The powder's wet. [*Knocks at the door.*

Ronca. A good aſcendent bleſs me: ſir, are you frantick?

Pan. Why frantick? are not knocks the lawful courſes
To open doors and ears?

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Ronca. Of vulgar men and houſes.
Pan. Whoſe lodging's this? is't not the aſtrologer's?
Ron. His lodging? no: 'tis the learn'd phrontiſterion
Of moſt divine Albumazar.
Pan. Good ſir,
If the door break, a better ſhall redeem it.
Ronca. How! all your land ſold at a hundred years purchaſe
Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap!
To thunder at the phrontiſterion
Of great Albumazar!
Pan. Why, man, what harm?
Ronca. Sir, you muſt know my maſter's heav'nly brain,
Pregnant with myſteries of metaphyſicks,
Grows to an embryo of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifry
That leapt from Jupiter's mighty cranium.
Pan. What of all this?
Ronca. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive,
And cauſe that birth miſcarry, that might have prov'd
An inſtrument of wonders, greater and rarer
Than Apollonius the magician wrought.
Pan. Are you your maſter's countryman?
Ronca. Yes: why aſk you?
Pan. Then muſt I get an interpreter for your language.
Ronca. You need not; with a wind inſtrument my maſter made,
In five days you may breathe ten languages
As perfect as the devil or himſelf.
Pan. When may I ſpeak with him?
Ronca. When't pleaſe the ſtars.
He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,
Nor ſtirs a foot without due figuring
The horoſcope. Sit down awhile, and't pleaſe you,
I ſee the heavens incline to his approach.
Pan. What's this, I pray you?
Ronca. An engine to catch ſtars,
A mace to arreſt ſuch planets as have lurk'd
Four thouſand years under protection
Of Jupiter and Sol. *Pan.*

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Pan. Pray you, ſpeak Engliſh.

Ron. Sir, 'tis a perſpicil, the beſt under heaven :
With this I'll read a leaf of that ſmall Iliad
That in a walnut-ſhell was deſk'd, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you ſee Pauls from Highgate.

Pan. Wonderful workman of ſo rare an inſtrument !

Ron. 'Twill draw the moon ſo near, that you would ſwear
The buſh of thorns in't pricks your eyes : the cryſtal
Of a large arch multiplies millions,
Works more than by point-blank, and by refractions
Optick and ſtrange, ſearcheth like the eye of truth,
All cloſets that have windows. Have at Rome,
I ſee the Pope, his cardinals, and his mule,
The Engliſh college, and the Jeſuits,
And what they write and do.

Pan. Let me ſee too.

Ron. So far you cannot : for this glaſs is fram'd
For eyes of thirty ; you are nigh threeſcore.
But for ſome fifty miles 'twill ſerve you,
With help of a refractive glaſs that's yonder.
For trial, ſir, where are you now ?

Pan. In London.

Ron. Ha' you found the glaſs within that chamber ?

Pan. Yes.

Ron. What ſee you ?

Pan. Wonders, wonders : I ſee as in a landſkip
An honourable throng of noble perſons,
As clear as I were under the ſame roof :
Seems by their gracious brows, and courteous looks
Something they ſee, which if it be indifferent
They'll favourably accept, if otherwiſe
They'll pardon : who or what they be, I know not.

Ron. Why that's the court at Cambridge, forty miles hence. What elſe ?

Pan. A hall thruſt full of bare heads, ſome bald, ſome buſh'd,
Some bravely branch'd.

Ron. That's the univerſity
Larded with townſmen. Look you there, what now ?

Pan.

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Pan. Who? I ſee Dover pier, a man now landing,
Attended by two porters that ſeem to groan
Under the burden of two loads of paper.
Ron. That's Coriatus Perſicus, and's obſervations
Of Aſia and Africk.
Pan. The price?
Ron. I dare not ſell't.
But here's another of a ſtranger virtue.
The great Albumazar by wond'rous art,
In imitation of this perſpicil,
Hath fram'd an inſtrument that magnifies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of ſeeing,
That you may know each whiſper from Preſter John
Againſt the wind, as freſh as 'twere deliver'd
Through a trunk, or Gloſter's liſt'ning wall.
Pan. And may I ſee it, ſir? bleſs me once more.
Ron. 'Tis ſomething ceremonious; but you ſhall try't.
Stand thus. What hear you?
Pan. Nothing.
Ron. Set your hands thus,
That the vertex of the organ may perpendicularly
Point out our zenith. What hear you now? ha, ha, ha.
Pan. A humming noiſe of laughter.
Ron. Why that's the court
And univerſity, that now are merry
With an old gentleman in a comedy. What now?
Pan. Celeſtial muſick, but it ſeems far off.
Liſt, liſt, 'tis nearer now.
Ron. 'Tis muſick 'twixt the acts. What now?
Pan. Nothing,
Ron. And now?
Pan. Muſick again, and ſtrangely delicate,
O moſt angelical! they ſing.
Ron. And now?
Sing ſweetly that our notes may cauſe
The heavenly orbs themſelves to pauſe:
And at our muſick ſtand as ſtill
As at Jove's amorous will.
So now releaſe them as before,
Th' have waited long enough, no more.

Pan.

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Pan. 'Tis gone, give me't again.—— O do not ſo.
Ron. What hear you now?
Pan. No more than a dead oyſter.
O let me ſee this wond'rous inſtrument.
Ron. Sir, this is called an otacouſticon.
Pan. A couſticon?
Why 'tis a pair of aſs's ears, and large ones.
Ron. True; for in ſuch a form the great Albumazar
Hath fram'd it purpoſely, as fit'ſt receivers
Of ſounds, as ſpectacles like eyes for ſight.
Pan. What gold will buy it?
Ron. I'll ſell it you when 'tis finiſh'd.
As yet the epiglottis is unperfect.
Pan. Soon as you can, and here's ten crowns in earneſt.
For when 'tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I mean to entail it on my heirs male for ever,
Spight of the ruptures of the common law.
Ron. Nay, rather give it to Flavia for her jointure:
For ſhe that marries you, deſerves it richly.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Cricca, Pandolfo, Ronca.

Cric. SIR, I have ſpoke with Lelio, and he anſwers.
Pan. Hang Lelio, and his anſwers. Come hither, Cricca.
Wonder for me, admire, and be aſtoniſh'd,
Marvel thyſelf to marble at theſe engines,
Theſe ſtrange Gorgonian inſtruments.
Cric. At what?
Pan. At this rare perſpicil and otacouſticon:
For with theſe two I'll hear and ſee all ſecrets,
Undo intelligencers. Pray let my man ſee
What's done in Rome; his eyes are juſt as yours are.
Ron. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wiſe and ſecret;
See you the ſteep danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that theſe inſtruments have power
To unlock the hidden'ſt cloſets of whole ſtates?

And

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And you reveal ſuch myſteries to a ſervant?
Sir, be advis'd, or elſe you learn no more
Of our unknown philoſophy.
Pan. Enough.
What news from Lelio? ſhall I have his ſiſter?
Cric. He ſwears and vows he never will conſent.
She ſhall not play with worn antiquities,
Nor lie with ſnow and ſtatues; and ſuch replies
That I omit for reverence of your worſhip.
Pan. Not have his ſiſter? Cricca, I will have Flavia,
Maugre his head: by means of this aſtrologer
I'll enjoy Flavia. Are the ſtars yet inclin'd
To his divine approach?
Ron. One minute brings him.
Cri. What 'ſtrologer?
Pan. The learned man I told thee,
The high almanack of Germany, an Indian
Far beyond Trebeſond and Tripoli,
Cloſe by the world's end: a rare conjurer,
And great aſtrologer. His name, pray ſir?
Ron. Albumazarro Meteoroſcopico.
Cri. A name of force to hang him without trial.
Pan. As he excels in ſcience, ſo in title.
He tells of loſt plate, horſes, and ſtray'd cattel,
Directly, as he had ſtol'n them all himſelf.
Cri. Or he, or ſome of his confederates.
Pan. As thou reſpects thy life, look to thy tongue,
Albumazar has an otacouſticon.
Be ſilent, reverend, and admire his ſkill.
See what a promiſing countenance appears!
Stand ſtill and wonder, wonder and ſtand ſtill.

Act. I. Scen. 5.

Albumazar, Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. RONCA, the bunch of planets new found out
Hanging at the end of my beſt perſpicil,
Send

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Send them to Galileo at Padua;
Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discover'd 'twixt the horns of Aries,
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,
And hence stil'd Sidera Pandolfæa.

Pan. My marriage, Cricca! he foresees my marriage;
O most celestial Albumazar!

Cri. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

Alb. My almanack made for the meridian
And heights of Japan, give't th' East-India company:
There may they smell the price of cloves and pepper,
Monkeys and China dishes five years ensuing,
And know the success of the voyage of Magores;
For in the volume of the firmament,
We children of the stars read things to come,
As clearly as poor mortals stories past
In Speed or Hollingshead.

Ron. The perpetual motion
With a true 'larum in't to run twelve hours
'Fore Mahomet's return,

Alb. Deliver it safe
To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it
From me to the house of Ottoman.

Ron. I will, sir.

Cric. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me,
Be astonish'd at his Gorgon, for I cannot.
Upon my life he proves a meer imposture.

Pan. Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.

Alb. As for the issue of the next summer's war,
Reveal't to none, keep it to thyself in secret,
As a touch-stone of my skill in prophesy. Begone.

Ron. I go, sir.

Alb. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,
Exotical dispatches of great consequence
Staid me; and casting the nativity
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference
With a mercurial intelligence.
Y'are welcome in a good hour, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruple.
Let the twelve houses of the horoscope

Be

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Be lodg'd with fortitudes and fortunates,
To make you bleſt in your deſigns, Pandolfo.
Pan. Were't not much trouble to your ſtarry employments,
I a poor mortal would intreat your furtherance
In a terreſtrial buſineſs.
Alb. My emphemeris lies,
Or I foreſee your errand: thus, 'tis thus.
You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,
A widower like yourſelf, whoſe only daughter,
Flavia, you love, and he as much admir'd
Your child Sulpitia. Is not this right?
Pan. Yes, ſir: O ſtrange! Cricca, admire in ſilence.
Alb. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purpoſed to truck daughters: Is't not ſo?
Pan. Juſt as you ſay't. Cricca, admire and wonder.
Cric. This is no ſuch ſecret: look to yourſelf, he'll cheat you.
Alb. Antonio, after this match concluded,
Having great ſums of gold in Barbary,
Deſires of you, before he conſummate
The rites of matrimony, he might go thither
For three months; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd;
Now, ſir, your buſineſs is to me, to know
Whether Antonio be dead or living.
I'll tell you inſtantly.
Pan. Haſt thou reveal'd it?
I told it none but thee.
Cri. Not I.
Pan. Why ſtare you?
Are you not well?
Alb. I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongſt excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aſpect fit for your buſineſs.
Cri. Mean oſtentation! for ſhame awake yourſelf.
Alb. And ſince the lamp of heaven is newly entred
Into Cancer, old Antonio is ſtark dead,
Drown'd in the ſea, ſtone dead; for *radius directorius*

In

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In the sixth house; and the waining moon by Capricorn,
He's dead, he's dead.
Cric. 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn.
Pan. Peace, fool; these words are full of mystery.
Alb. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that follows you?
Pan. He is my servant,
A plain and honest speaker; but no harm in him.
Cric. What see you in my face?
Alb. Horror and darkness, death and gallowses:
I'd swear thou wert hang'd, stood'st thou but two foot higher;
But now the stars threaten a nearer death.
Sir, send to toll his knell.
Pan. What, is he dead?
Alb. He shall be, by the dint of many stabs;
Only I spy a little hope of 'scaping
Thro' the clouds, and foul aspects of death.
Cric. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater;
Or, with his words of art, he'll make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on fair Flavia.

Act. I. Scen. 6.

Harpax, Furbo, Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Har. STAY, villain, stay; tho' safety 'self defend thee,
Thou dieft.
Furb. Come, do thy worst, thrust sure, or die.
Cric. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, stay your hands; help, help,
Help, Albumazar.
Harp. Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge.
Cric. Save me, Albumazar.
Furb. And thus, and thus, and thus. *Cric.*

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Cric. Maſter, I die, I die.

Harp. Flieſt thou, baſe coward? 'Tis not thy heels can ſave thee.

Act. I. Scen. 7.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Cric. OH, oh!

Pan. What ails thee, Cricca?

Cric. I am dead, I am dead.
Trouble yourſelf no more.

Pan. What dead, and ſpeak'ſt?

Cric. Only there's left a little breath to tell you.

Pan. Why, where art hurt?

Cric. Stab'd with a thouſand daggers;
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my ſkin,
Pierc'd like a ſieve.

Pan. Here's not a wound: ſtand up,
'Tis but thy fear.

Cric. 'Tis but one wound all over:
Softly, oh, ſoftly. You have loſt the trueſt ſervant.
Farewell, I die.

Alb. Live by my courteſy: ſtand up and breathe.
The dangerous and malignant influence is paſt;
But thank my charity that put by the blows,
The leaſt of which threaten'd a dozen graves.
Now learn to ſcoff divine aſtrology,
And ſlight her ſervants.

Cric. A ſurgeon, good ſir, a ſurgeon.

Pan. Th'art well, th'art well.

Cric. Now I perceive I am:
I pray you pardon me, divine aſtrologer.

Alb. I do: but henceforth laugh at aſtrology,
And call her ſervants cheaters.

Pan. Now to our buſineſs. On, good Albumazar.

Alb. Now, ſince the moon paſſeth from Capricorn,
Thro' Aquarius, to the watry ſign of Piſces,

Antonio's

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Antonio's drown'd, and is devour'd by fishes.

Pan. Is't certain?

Alb. Certain.

Pan. Then let my earnestness
Intreat your skill's favour.

Alb. It shall. But first
I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.

Pan. Strange!

Alb. Antonio dead, that promis'd you his daughter;
Your business is to intreat me raise his ghost,
And force it stay at home, till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so return to rest.

Pan. That, that, ye've hit it, most divine Albumazar.

Alb. 'Tis a hard thing; for *deprivationes ad habitum non datur regressus.*
O what a business, what a master-piece
'Tis to raise up his ghost, whose body's eaten
By fish! This work desires a planetary intelligence
Of Jupiter and Sol, and these great spirits
Are proud, fantastical. It asks much charges
To entice them from the guiding of their spheres,
To wait on mortals.

Pan. So I may have my purpose, spare for no cost.

Alb. Sir, spare your purse; I'll do it an easier way;
The work shall cost you nothing.
We have an art is call'd præstigiatory,
That deals with spirits, and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges: with one of these
I'll change some servant, or good friend of yours,
To the perfect shape of this Antonio;
So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives.

Pan. Most necromantical astrologer,
Do this, and take me for your servant ever.
And for your pains, after the transformation,
This chain is yours: it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the jewel.

Alb. After the work is finish'd! then how now?
What lines are these that look sanguineous,

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As if the ſtars conjur'd to do you miſchief?

Pan. How, mean you me?

Alb. They're duſky marks of Saturn:
It ſeems ſome ſtone ſhall fall upon your head,
Threat'ning a fracture of the pericranium.

Pan. Cricca, come hither; fetch me my ſtaff again;
Threeſcore and ten's return'd: a general palſy
Shakes out the love of Flavia with a fear.
Is there no remedy?

Alb. Nothing but patience.
The planet threatens ſo, whoſe prey you are.
The ſtars and planets daily war together;
For, ſhould they ſtand at truce but one half hour,
This wond'rous machine of the world would ruin.
Who can withſtand their powerful influence?

Pan. You with your wiſdom, good Albumazar.

Alb. Indeed, th' Egyptian Ptolomy the wiſe,
Pronounc'd it as an oracle of truth, *ſapiens dominabitur aſtris.*
Who's above there? Ronca, bring down the cap
Made in the point of Mercury being aſcendant.
Here, put it on; and in your hand this image,
Fram'd on a Tueſday, when the fierce of war
Mounted th' horizon in the ſign of Aries.
With theſe walk as unwounded as Achilles,
Dipt by his mother Thetis.

Pan. You bind me to your ſervice.

Alb. Next get the man you purpoſe to transform,
And meet me here.

Pan. I will not fail to find you.

Alb. Mean while, with ſcioferical inſtrument,
By way of azimuth and almicantarath,
I'll ſeek ſome happy point in heaven for you.

Pan. I reſt your ſervant, ſir.

Alb. Let all the ſtars
Guide you with moſt propitious influence.

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Act. I. Scen. 8.

Pandolfo, Cricca.

Pan. HERE's a strange man, indeed, of skill profound!
How right he knew my business 'fore he saw me!
And how thou scoff'st him when we talk'd in private!
'Tis a brave instrument his otacousticon.

Cric. In earnest, sir, I took him for a cheater;
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promise of astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill
That in the stars reads all our actions.

Pan. Are there no arches o'er our heads? Look, Cricca.

Cric. None but the arch of heaven; that cannot fall.

Pan. Is not that made of marble? I have read
A stone dropt from the moon; and much I fear
The fit should take her new, and void another.

Cric. Fear nothing, sir; this charm'd mercurial cap
Shields from the fall of mountains; 'tis not a stone
Can check his art: walk boldly.

Pan. I do. Let's in.

Finis Act. I.

Act. II. Scen. 1.

Trincalo, Armellina.

Trin. HE that saith I am not in love, he lies *de capa-pie*; for I am idle, choicely neat in my clothes, valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are loaded with metaphors, songs, and sonnets; not a dog shakes

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ſhakes his tail, but I ſigh out a paſſion: thus do I to my miſtreſs; but, alas, I kiſs the dog, and ſhe kicks me. I never ſee a young wanton filly, but ſay I, there goes Armellina; nor a luſty ſtrong aſs, but I remember myſelf, and fit down to conſider, what a goodly race of mules would inherit, if ſhe were willing: only I want utterance, and that's a main mark of love too.

Arm. Trincalo, Trincalo.

Trin. O, 'tis Armellina! Now if ſhe have the wit to begin, as I mean ſhe ſhould, then will I confound her with compliments, drawn from the plays I ſee at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I ſpeak and underſtand not.

Arm. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and ſaffron, that your band's ſo ſtiff and yellow?--not a word?--Why, Trincalo, what buſineſs in town? how do all at Totnam?---grown mute?---What do you bring from the country?

Trin. There 'tis. Now are my flood-gates drawn, and I'll ſurround her.---What have I brought, ſweet bit of beauty? a hundred thouſand ſalutations o' th' elder houſe to your moſt illuſtrious honour and worſhip.

Arm. To me theſe titles? Is your baſket full of nothing elſe?

Trin. Full of the fruits of love, moſt reſplendent lady; a preſent to your worthineſs from your worſhip's poor vaſſal Trincalo.

Arm. My life on't, he ſcrap'd theſe compliments from his cart the laſt load he carried for the progreſs. What ha' you read, that makes you grow ſo eloquent?

Trin. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyſhip's countenance; and deſire only to kiſs the ſkirts of your garments, if you vouchſafe me not the happineſs of your white hands.

Arm. Come, give's your baſket, and take it.

Trin. O ſweet! now will I never waſh my mouth after, nor breathe but at my noſtrils, leſt I loſe the taſte of her fingers. Armellina, I muſt tell you a ſecret, if you'll make much on't.

Arm. As it deſerves. What is't?

Trin.

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Trin. I love you, dear morſel of modeſty, I love you; and ſo truly, that I'll make you miſtreſs of my thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my moveables into your hands; that is, I'll give you an earneſt kiſs in the highway of matrimony.

Arm. Is this the end of all this buſineſs?

Trin. This is the end of all this buſineſs, moſt beautiful, and moſt worthy to be moſt beautiful lady.

Arm. Hence, fool, hence.

Trin. Why, now ſhe knows my meaning, let it work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the baſket: 'tis a plain ſign ſhe abhors the words, and embraces the meaning. O lips, no lips, but leaves beſmear'd with mel-dew! O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs! O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears! O tears, no tears, but——

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. CRicca denies me: no perſuaſions,
Proffers, rewards, can work him to tranſform.
Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo:
Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

Trin. Like a lean horſe t'a freſh and luſty paſture.

Pan. What rent do'ſt pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

Trin. Ten pound; and find it too dear a penyworth.

Pan. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives,
To ſerve me in a buſineſs I'll employ thee.

Trin. Serve you? I'll ſerve, reſerve, conſerve, preſerve,
Deſerve you for th' one half. O, Armellina,
A jointure, ha, a jointure! What's your employment?

Pan. Here's an aſtrologer has a wond'rous ſecret,
To tranſform men to other ſhapes and perſons.

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Trin. How, transform things to men? I'll bring nine taylors,
Refus'd last muster, shall give five marks a-piece
To shape three men of service out of all,
And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.
Pan. Now, if thou'lt let him change thee, take this lease,
Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest,
Trin. Stay, sir.
Say I am transform'd; who shall enjoy the lease,
I, or the person I must turn to?
Pan. Thou,
Thou. The resemblance lasts but one whole day;
Then home true farmer, as thou wert before.
Trin. Where shall poor Trincalo be? how's this, transform'd?
Transmuted, how? not I. I love myself
Better than so: there's no lease. I'd not venture
For the whole fee-simple.
Pan. Tell me the difference
Betwixt a fool and a wise man.
Trin. As 'twixt your worship and myself.
Pan. A wise man
Accepts all fair occasions of advancement,
Flies no commodity for fear of danger,
Ventures and gains, lives easily, drinks good wine,
Fares neatly, is richly cloath'd, in worthiest company;
While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,
Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward,
And wakes all night for want of moisture.
Trin. Well, sir,
I'd rather starve in this my lov'd image,
Than hazard thus my life for others looks.
Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.
Pan. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou tak'st it; we'll only
Alter thy countenance for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask'd only; or that thou dream'st all night,
Thou wer't apparel'd in Antonio's form,
And, waking, find'st thyself true Trincalo.

Trin.

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Trin. Antonio's form! was not Antonio a gentleman?
Pan. Yes, and a neighbour; that's his house.
Trin. O ho!
Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick: he'll steep me
In soldiers blood, or boil me in a caldron
Of barbarous law French, or anoint me over
With supple oil of great mens services;
For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry.
Pardon me, sir; I hate those medicines. Fie!
All my posterity will smell and taste on't,
Long as the house of Trincalo endures.
Pan. There's no such business; thou shalt only seem so,
And thus deceive Antonio's family.
Trin. Are you afraid? 'twould grieve me to be bray'd
In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
To this Antonio's mould. Grant I be torn'd: what then?
Pan. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants,
And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.
The circumstances I'll instruct thee after.
Trin. Pray give me leave: this side says do't, this do not.
Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel:
Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,
And thou, in his shape, may'st possess her: turn.
But if I be Antonio, then Antonio
Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.
A pretty trick to make myself a cuckold!
No, no; there, take your leave. I'll hang first, sirs,
Be not so choleric, Thomas. If I become Antonio,
Then all his riches follow. This fair occasion
Once vanish'd, hope not the like; of a stark clown
I shall appear speck and span gentleman.
A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses!
Then Armellina shall be given to Trincalo,
Three hundred crowns her portion. We'll get a boy,
And call him Transformation Trincalo.
I'll do't, sir.

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Pan. Art resolv'd?

Trin. Resolv'd! 'tis done.
With this condition: after I have given your worship
My daughter Flavia, you shall then restore my worship,
And much increase me, to bestow my maid
Upon myself, I should say Trincalo.

Pan. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her portion
Two hundred crowns.

Trin. Now are you much deceiv'd:
I never meant it.

Pan. How?

Tri. I did but jest;
And yet, my hand, I'll doit: for I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change. Come, come, sir, quickly,
Let's to th' astrologer, and there transform,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
I loath this country countenance. Dispatch: my skin
Itches, like snakes in April, to be cut off.
Quickly, O quickly, as you love Flavia, quickly.

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Ronca, Trincalo.

Alb. Signior Pandolfo, y' arrive in happiest hour:
If the seven planets were your nearest kindred,
And all the constellations your allies;
Were the twelve houses, and the inns o' th' zodiack,
Your own fee-simple, they could never have chosen
A fitter place to favour your desires.
For the great luminaries look from Hileth,
And midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects, a trine and sextile,
Ready to pour propitious influences.

Pan. Thanks to your power and courtesy, that so
plac'd them
That is the man that's ready for the business,

Alb.

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Alb. Of a moſt happy countenance, and timber fit
To ſquare to th' gentry: his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cover'd with chameleons ſkins.
Trin. Except my hands; and 'twill be troubleſome
To fit theſe fingers to Antonio's gloves.
Pan. Pray let's about the work as ſoon as may be.
Alb. Firſt chuſe a large low room, whoſe door's full East,
Or near inclining: for th' oriental quarter's
Moſt bountiful of favours.
Pan. I have a parlour
Of a great ſquare, and height as you deſire it.
Alb. Southward muſt look a wide and ſpacious window:
For howſoever Omar, Alchabitius,
Hali, Albenezra, ſeem ſomething to differ;
Yet Zoroaſtres, ſon of Oromaſus,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Theſpion, Gymnoſophiſt,
Gebir, and Budda Babylonicus,
With all the ſubtile Cabaliſts and Chaldees,
Swear the beſt influence for our metamorphoſe,
Stoops from the South, or, as ſome ſay, South-eaſt.
Pan. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpoſe.
Tri. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, and dwindle to th' ſmallneſs of a bed ſtaff.
Such a ſpeech more, turns my high ſhoes ſtrait boots.
Ron. Ne'er were thoſe authors cited to better purpoſe;
For, thro' that window, all Pandolfo's treaſures
Muſt take their flight, and fall upon my ſhoulders.
Alb. Now if this light meridional had a large eaſement,
That over-look'd ſome unfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper; for th' intelligences
Are nice and coy, ſcorning to mix their eſſence
With throng'd diſturbance of croſs multitudes.
Ron. Spoken by art, Albumazar; a provident ſetter;
For ſo ſhall we receive what thou hand'ſt out,
Free from diſcovery. But, in my conſcience,
All windows point full ſouth for ſuch a buſineſs.
Pan. Go to my houſe, ſatisfy your curious choice;

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But, credit me, this parlour's fit; it neighbours
To a blind alley, that, in buſieſt term-time,
Feels not the footing of one paſſenger.
Alb. Now then declining from Theurgia,
Artenoſaria, Pharmacia, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coſcinomancy,
With other vain and ſuperſtitious ſciences,
We'll anchor at the art preſtigiatory,
That repreſents one figure for another,
With ſmooth deceit abuſing th' eyes of mortals.
Trin. O my right arm! 'tis alter'd; and methinks
Longs for a ſword. Theſe words have ſlain a plowman.
Alb. And ſince the moon's the only planet changing,
For from the Neomenia, in ſeven days,
To the Dicotima, in ſeven more to th' Pauſelinum,
And in as much from Pleniluniun
Thorow Dicotima to Neomenia,
'Tis ſhe muſt help us in this operation.
Trin. What towns are theſe? The ſtrangeneſs of theſe names
Hath ſcal'd the marks of many a painful harveſt,
And made my new peel'd finger itch for dice.
Pan. Deeply conſider'd, wond'rous Albumazar!
O let me kiſs thoſe lips that flow with ſcience.
Alb. For, by her various looks, ſhe intimates
To underſtanding ſouls, that only ſhe
Hath power t' effect a true formation.
Cauſe then your parlour to be kept carefully,
Waſh'd, rubb'd, perfum'd, hang'd round, from top to bottom,
With pure white lunary tap'ſtry, or needle-work;
But if 'twere cloth of ſilver, 'twere much better.
Ros. Good, good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?
Alb. Spread all the floor with fineſt Holland ſheets,
And over them fair damaſk table-cloths;
Above all theſe, draw me chaſte virgins aprons:
The room, the work, and workman muſt be pure.
Trin. With virgins aprons? the whole compaſs of this city Cannot

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Cannot afford a dozen.

Ron. So, there's ſhirts
And bands to furniſh all on's for a twelve-month.

Alb. An altar in the midſt, loaded with plate
Of ſilver baſons, ewers, cups, candleſticks,
Flaggons, and beakers, ſalts, chargers, caſting-bottles:
'Twere not amiſs to mix ſome bowls of gold,
So they be maſſy, the better to reſemble
The lovely brotherhood of Sol and Luna:
Alſo ſome diamonds for Jupiter.
For by the whiteneſs, and bright ſparkling luſtres,
We allure th' intelligences to deſcend.

Ron. Furbo and I are thoſe intelligences
That muſt attend upon the myſtery.

Alb. Now for the ceremonious ſacrifice,
Provide ſuch creatures as the moon delights in;
Two ſucking lambs, white as the Alpine ſnow:
Yet if they have a mole or two, 'twill paſs;
The moon herſelf wants not her ſpots.

Pan. 'Tis true.

Ron. Were they hell-black, we'd make a ſhift to eat them.

Alb. White capons, pheaſants, pigeons: one little black-bird
Would ſtain and ſpoil the work. Get ſeveral wines
To quench the holy embers: Rheniſh, Greek wine,
White Muſkadel, Sherry, and rich Canary,
So't be not grown too yellow; for the quicker,
Briſker, and older, the better for theſe ceremonies:
The more abundance, ſooner ſhall we finiſh.
For 'tis our rule, in ſuch like buſineſſes,
Who ſpares moſt, ſpends moſt. Either this muſt do't,
Or th' revolution of five hundred years
Cannot: ſo fit are all the heavens to help us.

Ron. A thouſand thanks! thou'lt make a compleate cheat.
Thus, loaded with this treaſure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthen'd with meat, we'll carry thee in triumph,
As the great general of our atchievement.

Pan. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have ſtore;

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But know not how to furnish you with hangings.

Alb. Cannot you borrow from the shops? Four hours
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.

Pan. That can I easily do.

Alb. And here you sit:
If you chance meet with boxes of white comfits,
Marchpane, and dry sucket, macaroons, and diet-bread,
'Twill help on well.

Ranc. To furnish out our banquet.

Alb. I had clean forgot; we must have ambergrise,
The grayest can be found, some dozen ounces;
I'll use but half a dram; but 'tis our fashion
T' offer a little from a greater lump.

an. All shall be done with expedition.

Alb. And, when your man's transform'd, the chain you promis'd.

Pan. My hand: My deeds shall wait upon my promise.

Alb. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the chamber.

Pan. I go, sir. Trincalo, attend us here,
And not a word, on peril of thy life.

Trin. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot;
And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

Act. II. Scen. 4.

Trincalo, Cricca.

Trin. O What a business 'tis to be transform'd!
My master talks of four and twenty hours;
But, if I miss these flags of yeomanry,
Gilt in the stead, and shine in the bloom of gentry,
'Tis not their 'strology, nor sacrifice,
Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'er part with't,
Till I be sheriff of th' county, and in commission
Of peace and quorum. Then will I get m' a clerk,
A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship,

And

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And domineer amongſt my fearful neighbours,
And feaſt them bountifully with their own bribes.
Cri. Trincalo!
Tri. T' wear a gold chain at every quarter ſeſſions,
Look big, and grave, and ſpeak not one wiſe word.
Cri. Trincalo!
Tri. Examine wenches got with child, and curiouſly
Search all the circumſtances: have blank mittimuſſes
Printed in readineſs; breathe nought but firrah,
Rogue, ha? how? hum? conſtable, look to your charge.
Then vouch a ſtatute, and a Latin ſentence,
Wide from the matter.
Cri. Trincalo!
Tri. Licence all ale-houſes,
Match my ſon Transformation t' a knight's daughter,
And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch herald: and then——
Cri. What in ſuch ſerious meditations?
Tri. Faith no; but building caſtles in the air,
While th' weather's fit: O Cricca, ſuch a buſineſs!
Cri. What is't?
Tri. Nay ſoft, they 're ſecrets of my maſter;
Lock'd in my breaſt: he has the key at's purſe ſtrings.
Cri. My maſter's ſecret? keep it, good farmer, keep it,
I would not lend an ear to't, if thou didſt hire me. Farewell.
Tri. O how it boils and ſwells! if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impoſtume in my breaſt, and choak me, Cricca.
Cri. Adieu, good Trincalo; the ſecrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't.
Tri. But hear'ſt thou,
Say I ſhould tell, canſt keep't as cloſe as I do?
Cri. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu.
Tri. Albumazar——
Cri. Farewell.
Tri. Albumazar——
Cri. Pr'ythee.
Tri. Albumazar,

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Th'astrologer hath undertook to change me
T' Antonio's shape: this done, must I give Flavia
To my old master, and his maid to Trincalo.

Cri. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar?

Tri. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease.

Cri. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks
To compass Flavia, spight of her brother Lelio,
And his own son Eugenio that loves her dearly.
I'll lose no time, but find them, and reveal
The plot, and work to cross this accident.
But Trincalo, art thou so rash and ventrous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?

Trin. What care I for a life, that have a lease
For three: but I am certain there's no danger in't.

Cric. No danger! cut thy finger, and that pains thee;
Then what will't do to shred and mince thy carkass,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' Antonio? and when th'art chang'd, if Lelio
Smell out your plot, what worlds of punishment
Thou must endure? Poor Trincalo! the desire
Of gains abuses thee: be not transform'd.

Trin. Cricca, thou understandest not: for Antonio,
Whom I resemble, suffers all: not I.

Cric. Yonder they come, I'll hence and haste to Lelio.

Act. II. Scen. 5.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca, Trincalo.

Alb. THE chamber's fit: provide the plate and hangings,
And other necessaries: give strict order
The room be cleans'd, perfum'd, and hang'd; mean while,
With astrolabe and meteoroscope,
I'll find the cusp and alfridaria,
And know what planet is in cazimi. *Pap.*

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Pan. All shall be ready, sir, as you command it.
Trin. Doctor Albumazar, I have a vein of drinking,
And artery of leachery runs through my body:
Pray, when you turn me gentleman, preserve
Those two, if t'may be done with reputation.
Alb. Fear not, I'll only call the first, good fellowship,
And th'other, civil recreation.
Trin. And when you come to th'heart, spoil not the love of Armellina;
And in my brain leave as much discretion
As may spy falshood in a tavern reckoning;
And let me alone for bounty to wink and pay't.
And if you change me perfectly,
I'll bring y'a dozen knights for customers.
Alb. I warrant thee.—Sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries?
Pan. They 're in my table-book.
Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transform'd, and robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
I'll rather change five, than apparel one:
For men have living souls, clothes are unanimate.
Pan. Here, take this ring, deliver it to my brother,
An officer in the wardrobe, he'll furnish you
With robes and clothes of any stuff or fashion.
Alb. Almuten Alchochoden of the stars attend you.
Pan. I kiss your hands, divine astrologer.

Act. II. Scen. 6.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. UP quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia,
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-cloths,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver plate,
Two gossips cups of gold: my greatest diamonds:
Make haste.

Trin. As fast as Alchochoden and Almuten
Can carry me: for sure these two are devils.
Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Four hours attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia. Away,
Trincalo:
How slow the day slides on! when we desire
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why Trincalo!
Trin. Here, sir.
Pan. Come, let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine and materials for the sacrifice.

Act. II. Scen. 7.

Lelio, Eugenio, Cricca.

Le. EUgenio, these words are wonders past belief.
Is your old father of so poor a judgment,
To think it in the power of man to turn
One person to another?
Eug. Lelio, his desire
T'enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,
Which like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth itself.
Le. But who's the man
That works these miracles?
Eug. An astrologer.
Le. How deals astrology with transmutation?
Cri. Under the vail and colour of astrology,
He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy.
Believe it, by some art, or false imposture,
He'll much disturb your love, and yours, Eugenio.
Le. Eugenio, 'tis high time for t'awake.
And as you love our Flavia, and I
Your sister fair Sulpitia; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea

Swoln

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Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly bears
The waves with arms and legs, to save his life.
So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of love,
With our best power, lest after we ascribe
The loss to our dull negligence, not fortune.

Eug. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy league of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,
Who to your nobleness commends her life.

Le. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me,
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
Your father's offers, importunities,
Letters, conditions, servants, friends, and lastly
His tender of Sulpitia in exchange
For Flavia. But though I love your sister
Like mine own soul; yet did the laws of friendship
Master that strong affection, and deny'd him.

Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee,
Thou must instruct us.

Cri. You must trust in fortune,
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

Le. What say'st? what think'st?

Cri. Here's no great need of thinking,
Nor speech; the oil of scorpions cures their poison.
The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known,
But th'worst on't is prevented.

Eug. How, good Cricca?

Cri. Soon as you see this false Antonio
Come near your doors with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion;
With long narrations how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,
And other feign'd inventions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone; and if he press to enter,
Fear not the reverence of your father's looks,
Cudgel him thence.

Le. But were't not better, Cricca,
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
And so by open course of law correct him?

Cri.

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Cri. Nor. For my master would conceive this counsel
Sprung from my brains: and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if Antonio come, they drive him thence
With threat'ning words, and blows if need be.
Lel. 'Tis done.
I kiss your hands, Eugenio.
Eug. Your servant, sir.

Act. II. Scen. 8.

Enter Eugenio, Cricca, Flavia, as running to Pandolfo.

Eug. CRicca, commend my service to my mistress.
Cri. Commend it to her yourself. Mark'd you not while
We talk'd, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she is.
Eug. 'True.
And as from nights of storms the glorious sun
Breaks from the east, and chaseth thence the clouds
That choakt the air with horrour, so her beauty
Dispells sad darkness from my troubled thoughts,
And clears my heart.
Fla. Life of my soul, well met.
Eug. How is't, my dearest Flavia?
Fla. Eugenio,
As best becomes a woman most unfortunate,
That having lov'd so long, and been perswaded
Her chaste affection was by yours requited,
Have by delays been famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your virtue kindled, then y'ad sued,
Intreated, sworn, and vow'd, and long e'er this
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now——
Eug. Sweet soul, despair not, weep not thus,
Unless you wish my heart should life-blood drop,
Fast as your eyes do tears. What is't you fear?

Fla.

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Fla. First, that you love me not.
Eug. Not love my Flavia?
Wrong not your judgment: rip up this amorous breast,
And in that temple see a heart that burns
I'th' vestal sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauty's deity.
Fla. If so,
Whence grows this coldness in soliciting
My brother to the match?
Eug. Consider, sweetest,
I have a father rival in my love;
And though no duty, reverence, nor respect
Have power to change my thoughts; yet 'tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by fair courses try to divert his mind
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor fear of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall cross our purposes.
Comfort yourself, sweet Flavia: for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.
Fla. But other fears oppress me: methinks I see
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three months,
Enforcing me to marry the fool Pandolfo,
Thus to obtain Sulpitia for himself.
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scar'd, that if you haste not,
Expect my death.
Eug. Dreams flow from thoughts of things we most
desire,
Or fear, and seldom prove true prophets, would they did,
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best Flavia: as I hope I shall be.
Cri. Sir, pray take your leave: this is to no end,
'Twill but increase your grief and hers.
Eug. Farewell,
Sweet Flavia, rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service.
Fla. Farewell, Eugenio.

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Act. II. Scen. 9.

Sulpitia, Flavia.

Sul. FLavia, I kiſs your hands.

Flavia. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I ſaw you not.

Sul. I'faith, you have ſome fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward, when you ſee not your friends before you.

Fla. True, and I think the ſame that trouble you.

Sul. Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old dotard.

Fla. 'Tis ſo, witneſs your brother Eugenio, and the rotten carkaſs of Pandolfo. Had I a hundred hearts, I ſhould want room to entertain his love, and the other's hate.

Sul. I could ſay as much, were't not ſin to ſlander the dead. Miſerable wenches! how have we offended our fathers, that they ſhould make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of phyſick ourſelves? I muſt be froſt-bitten with the cold of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the ſpring of your ſixteen. I thank my dead mother, that left me a woman's will in her laſt teſtament: That's all the weapons we poor girls can uſe, and with that will I fight 'gainſt father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy Lelio, or die in the field in's quarrel.

Fla. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withſtand your fortune with ſo merry a reſolution.

Sul. Why? ſhould I twine mine arms to cables, and ſigh my ſoul to air? ſit up all night like a watch-candle, and diſtill my brains through my eye-lids? Your brother loves me, and I love your brother; and where theſe two conſent, I would fain ſee a third could hinder us.

Fla. Alas! our ſex is moſt wretched, nurs'd up from infancy in continual ſlavery. No ſooner able to pray for ourſelves, but they brail and hud us ſo with fond awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our deſires. And

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And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous paſſions at their pleaſure; we, poor ſouls, muſt rake up our affections in the aſhes of a burnt heart, not daring to ſigh, without excuſe of the ſpleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will profeſs my love of Lelio, 'tis honeſt, chaſte, and ſtains no modeſty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a ſous'd ſea-fiſh theſe three months? and if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a hunting gelding or a fall'n pack-horſe. No, no, I'll ſee him freeze to cryſtal firſt. In other things, good father, I am your moſt obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuſe, if I like not. Lelio's a handſome gentleman, young, freſh, rich, and well faſhion'd; and him will Sulpitia have, or die a maid. And i'faith, the temper of my blood tells me, I never was born to ſo cold a misfortune. Fie Flavia! fie wench! no more tears and ſighs, cheer up; Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you ſhall have him; I ſay you ſhall have him.

Fla. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work againſt ſo great a rival: your father in a ſpleen may diſinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom? h'as none but him and me: what though he doat awhile upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his ſon. Go to your chamber: my genius whiſpers in my ear, and ſwears, this night we ſhall enjoy our loves; and with that hope farewell.

Fla. Farewell, Sulpitia.

Act. III. Scen. I.

Pandolfo, Cricca.

Pan. WHile the aſtrologer hews out Trincalo,
Squaring and framing him t' Antonio,
Cricca, I'll make thee partner of a thought
That ſomething troubles me.

Cric.

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Cric. Say, sir, what is't?
Pan. I have no heart to give Albumazar
The chain I promis'd him.
Cric. Deliver it me,
And I'll present it to him in your name.
Pan. T' has been an heir-loom to our house four hundred years,
And should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
Would flie from us, and follow it.
Cric. Then give him
The price in gold.
Pan. It comes to a hundred pounds;
And how would that, well husbanded, grow in time?
I was a fool to promise, I confess it,
I was too hot and forward in the business.
Cric. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftiness,
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a sum so easily.
Pan. My covetous thrift aims at no other mark
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But for the love of my dear Flavia
I would not spare my life, much less my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great a sum?
Cric. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,
How you may handsomly preserve your credit,
And save the chain.
Pan. I would gladly do it,
But fear he understands us what we say.
Cric. What can you lose to try't? if it take,
There's so much sav'd, if otherwise, nothing lost.
Pan. What is't, good Cricca?
Cric. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,
I'll entertain him here, mean while steal you
Closely into the room, and quickly hide
Some special piece of plate: Then run out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the street may know y'are robb'd.

Next

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Next threaten to attach him, and accuſe him
Before a juſtice, and in th'end agree
If he reſtore the plate, you'll give the chain,
Otherwiſe not.

Pan. But if we be diſcover'd?
For by his inſtruments and familiars
He can do much.

Cri. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.
But here's the main point. If you can diſſemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to expreſs
Pity and anger, that ſo learn'd a man
Should uſe his friend ſo baſely; if you can call
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.

Pan. I'll fetch a cry from th'bottom of my heels
But I'll roar loud enough; and thou muſt ſecond me
With wonder at the ſudden accident.

Cri. But yours is the main part, for as you play't
You win or loſe the chain.

Pan. No more, no more, he comes.

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. SIgnior Pandolfo, three quarters of an hour
Renders your ſervant perfectly transform'd.

Cri. Is he not wholly chang'd? what parts are wanting?

Alb. Antonio's ſhape hath cloath'd his bulk and viſage,
Only his hands and feet, ſo large and callous,
Require more time to ſupple.

Cri. Pray you, ſir,
How long ſhall he retain this metamorphoſis?

Alb. The compleat circle of a natural day.

Cri. A natural day! are any days unnatural?

Alb. I mean the revolution of th'firſt mover,
Juſt twice twelve hours, in which period the rapt motion
Rowls all the orbs from eaſt to occident.

Pan. Help, help, thieves, thieves, neighbours I am robb'd, thieves, thieves!

Cri.

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Cri. What a noiſe make you, ſir?
Pan. Have I not reaſon
That thus am robb'd? thieves, thieves, call conſtables,
The watch and ſerjeants, friends and conſtables,
Neighbours, I am undone.
Cri. This is well begun
So he hold out ſtill with a higher ſtrain.
What ails you, ſir?
Pan. Cricca, my chamber's ſpoil'd
Of all my hangings, cloaths, and ſilver plate.
Cri. Why, this is bravely feign'd; continue, ſir.
Pan. Lay all the goldſmiths, keepers, marſhals, bailiffs.
Cri. Fie, ſir, your paſſion falls, cry louder, roar
That all the ſtreet may hear.
Pan. Thieves, thieves, thieves!
All that I had is gone, and more than all.
Cri. Ha, ha, ha, hold out; lay out a lion's throat,
A little louder.
Pan. I can cry no longer,
My throat's ſore, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treaſure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have loſt my voice;
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.
Cri. Good, good, thieves,
What have you loſt?
Pan. Wine, jewels, table-cloths,
A cupboard of rich plate.
Cri. Fie, you'll ſpoil all.
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.
Pan. Villain, I ſay all's gone; the room's as clean
As a wip'd looking-glaſs: oh me, oh me!
Cri. What, in good earneſt?
Pan. Fool in accurſed earneſt.
Cri. You gull me ſure.
Pan. The window towards the ſouth ſtands ope, from whence went all my treaſure. Where's the aſtrologer?
Alb. Here, ſir, and hardly can abſtain from laughing
To ſee you vex yourſelf in vain.
Pan. In vain, Albumazar?
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vaniſh'd,

And

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And you shall answer it.

Alb. O! were it possible
By pow'r of art to check what art hath done,
Your man should ne'er be thing'd: to wrong me thus
With foul suspicion of that felony?
Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,
Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,
And for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.
He'll keep them carefully. But as you love your mistress,
Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him
Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman;
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untouch'd,
To be ennobled like his other members.

Pan. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
Th'unlook'd-for bareness of the room amaz'd me.

Alb. How! think you me so negligent to commit
So rich a mass of treasure to th'open danger
Of a large casement, and suspicious alley?
No, sir, my sacrifice no sooner done,
But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo.
I could be angry, but that your sudden fear
Excuses you. Fie, such a noise as this
Half an hour past, had fear'd the intelligences,
And spoil'd the work; but no harm done, go walk
Westward, directly westward, one half hour:
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd t'Antonio,
And as you like my skill, perform your promise,
I mean the chain.

Pan. Content, let's still go westward,
Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Albumazar, Ronca, Harpax, Furbo.

Alb. FURBO, Harpax, and Ronca, come out, all's clear.
Why here's a noble prize worth vent'ring for.

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Is not this braver than ſneak all nights in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking cloths at windows?
Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine,
All rich, and eaſily got. Ronca, ſtay hereabout,
And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him
With a low reverence Antonio,
Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it
Before he went to Barbary.

Ron. How! loſe ten pieces?

Alb. There's a neceſſity in't, deviſe ſome courſe
To get't again; if not, our gain's ſufficient
To bear that loſs. Furbo, find out Bavilona
The courtezan, let her feign herſelf a gentlewoman,
Inamour'd of Antonio; bid her invite him
To banquet with her, and by all means poſſible
Force him ſtay there two houts.

Har. Why two hours?

Alb. That in that time thou may'ſt convey
Our treaſure to the inn, and ſpeak a boat
Ready for Graveſend, and provide a ſupper
Where, with thoſe precious liquors, and good meats,
We'll cheer ourſelves; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take boat by night.

Fur. And what will you do?

Alb. Firſt in, and uther out our changeling Trincalo.
Then finiſh up a buſineſs of great profit,
Begun with a rich merchant, that admires
My ſkill in alchymy. I muſt not loſe it.

Ron. Harpax, beſtow the plate; Furbo, our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meet all at ſupper.

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Albumazar, Trincalo.

Alb. STAND forth, transform'd Antonio, fully
muſt
From brown ſoak feathers of dull yeomanry
To th' glorious bloom of gentry: plume yourſelf ſleek;
Swear

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Swear boldly y'are the man you represent
To all that dare deny it.
Trin. I find my thoughts
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like Trincalo.
Alb. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive angler
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams,
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks
And constant trees, move like the running waters;
So you that thirty years have liv'd in Trincalo,
Chang'd suddenly, think y'are so still; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish.
Trin. Give me a looking-glass
To read your skill in these new lineaments.
Alb. I'd rather give you poison, for a glass
By secret power of cross reflections,
And optick virtue, spoils the wond'rous work
Of transformation, and in a moment turns you,
Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.
We read that Apuleius was by a rose
Chang'd from an ass to man: so by a mirror,
You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.
I humbly take my leave; but still remember
T'avoid the devil, and a looking-glass.
New-born Antonio, I kiss your hands.
Tri. Divine Albumazar, I kiss your hands.

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Trincalo, Ronca.

Trin. NOW I am grown a gentleman, and a fine one.
I know't by th' kissing of my hands so courtly.
My courteous knees bend in so true distance,
As if my feet walk'd in a frame on purpose.
Thus I accost you, thus, sweet sir, your servant:

Nay,

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[illegible] than [illegible] all night in [illegible],
[illegible] of [illegible], or [illegible] at [illegible]?
[illegible] plate and gold, and cloth, and [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] get. [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] till [illegible] come forth: then call [illegible]
With a low [illegible] Antonio,
[illegible] this gold with thanks, tell him [illegible]
[illegible] to Barbary.

Bas. How! lose you [illegible]?

Ab. There's a necessity in't, devils [illegible]
To get't again; if not, our gain's sufficient
To [illegible]. Furbo, find out Bavilona
The [illegible], let her [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] of Antonio; bid her invite him
To [illegible] with her, and by all means possible
[illegible] thy [illegible] two [illegible].

Bas. Why [illegible]?

Ab. That is the time thou mayest convey
Our [illegible] to the [illegible], and spent a [illegible]
[illegible] Gravesend, and provide a supper:
Where, with [illegible] precious [illegible], and good [illegible]
We'll [illegible] [illegible]; and then well fed, and [illegible]
Take [illegible] by night.

Bas. And what will you do?

Ab. Fish in, and other our [illegible] changeling [illegible]
Then [illegible] up a [illegible] of great [illegible],
[illegible] with a [illegible] merchant, that [illegible]
[illegible] kill in [illegible]. I must not lose it.

Bas. [illegible], below the place; Furbo, [illegible]
[illegible] for our eyes, and other [illegible]
And at the time and place meet all at supper.

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Alamour, Trivish.

Al. STAND forth, transform'd Antonio
and
[illegible] of dull [illegible]
[illegible] of gentry: plume yourself

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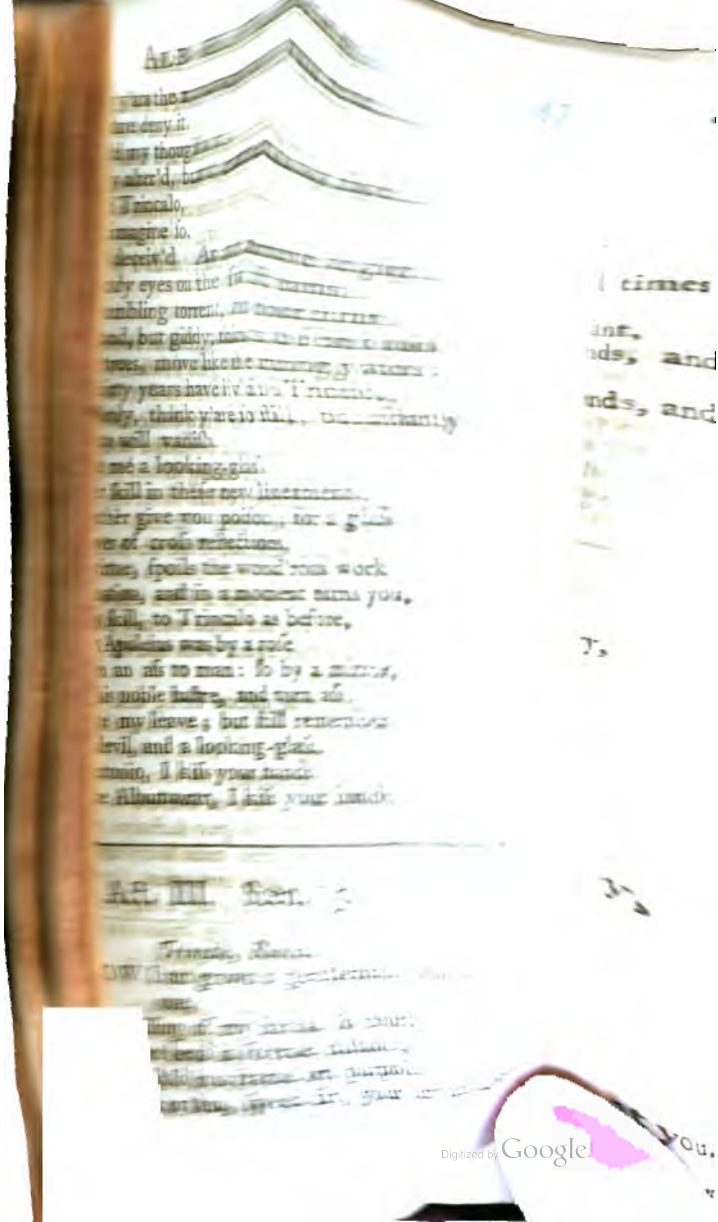

Nay more, your ſervant's ſervant: that's your grand-
ſervant.
I could deſcend from the top of Pauls to th'bottom,
And on each ſtep ſtrew parting compliments,
Strive for a door, while a good carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your ſhadow, ſir,
And bound to wait upon you; i'faith I will not: pray,
ſir, &c.
O brave Albumazar!

Ron. Juſt Æſop's crow, prink'd up in borrow'd feathers.

Trin. My veins are fill'd with newneſs: O for a ſur-
geon
To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,
To try if't run two thouſand pounds a year.
I feel my underſtanding is enlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A ſacred fury over-ſways me. Prime,
Deal quickly, play, diſcard, I ſet ten ſhillings and ſix-
pence.
You ſee't? my reſt, five and a fifty. Boy, more cards,
And as thou go'ſt, lay out ſome roaring oaths
For me; I'll pay thee again with intereſt.
O brave Albumazar!

Ron. How his imagination boils, and works in all
things
He ever ſaw or heard!

Trin. At gleek? content.
A mourneval of aces, gleek of knaves.
Juſt nine a piece. Sir, my grey Barbary
'Gainſt your dun cow, three train ſcents and th'courſe,
For fifty pound; as I am a gentleman,
I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard with me
That ſtoops as free as lightning, ſtrikes like thunder.
I lie? my reputation you ſhall hear on't.
O brave Albumazar!

Ron. He'll grow ſtark mad, I fear me.

Trin. Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me
To challenge ſome brave fellow for my credit,
And for more ſafety, get ſome friend in private

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To take the business up in peace and quiet.

Ron. Signior Antonio?

Trin. There's not a crumb of Trincalo
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina:
Were't not for thee I'd travel, and home again,
As wise as I went over.

Ron. Signior Antonio! welcome ten thousand times:
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.

Trin. I thank you, sir: Antonio is your servant,
I am glad to see you well. Fie! I kiss your hands, and thus accost you.

Ron. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death.

Trin. And so they well might do,
For five days I was under water; and at length
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;
And thus in five days more got land: believe it,
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from Barbary: at your service.

Ron. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary,
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Than I: nor am I thus for hope of gain;
But that I find occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember, sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in bail, you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?

Trin. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Ron. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks; but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this fair occasion
To testify my honest care to pay you:
For you may need it.

Trin. Sir, I do indeed,
Witness my treasure cast away by shipwreck.

Ron. Here, sir.

Trin. Is the gold good? for mine was good I lent you.

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Rom. It was, and ſo is this. Signior Antonio, for this courteſy,
Call me your ſervant.

Trin. Farewell, good ſervant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I know not ſo much as his name! ten pounds? this change is better than my birth; for in all the years of my yeomanry, I could never yoak two crowns, and now I have hoarded ten fair twenty ſhilling pieces. Now will I go to this aſtrologer, and hire him to turn my cart to a caroch, my four jades to two Dutch mares, my miſtreſs Aznellina to a lady, my plow-boy Dick to two guarded footmen: then will I hurry myſelf into the mercer's books, wear rich clothes, be called Tony by a great man, ſell my lands, pay no debts, hate citizens, and beat ſerjeants: and when all fails, ſneak out of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glaſs, and turn as true Trincalo as ever.

Act. III. Scen. 6.

Harpax, Trincalo.

Har. SIgnior Antonio, welcome.

Tri. My life here's ten pound more.
I thank you heartily.

Harp. Never in fitter ſeaſon could I find you.
If you remember, ſir, before you went
To Barbary, I lent you ten pound in gold.

Tri. Faith I remember no ſuch thing, excuſe me.
What may I call your name?

Har. My name is Harpax,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.

Tri. What, Harpax? I am your ſervant, I kiſs your hands.
You muſt excuſe me, you never lent me money.

Har. Sir, as I live, ten twenty ſhilling pieces.

Trin. Dangers at ſea, I find, have hurt my memory.

Har. Why here's your own hand-writing, ſeal'd and ſign'd
In preſence of your couſin Julio.

Trin.

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Trin. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I ſuſtain'd great loſſes
By reaſon of the ſhipwreck. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to-morrow morning
Come to my houſe and take the reſt.
Har. Well, ſir,
Tho' my neceſſity would importune you
For all, yet on your worſhip's word, the reſt
I'll call for in the morning. Farewell, Antonio.
Trin. I ſee we gentlemen can ſometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. I'll home, leſt other creditors
Call for the reſt.

Act. III. Scen. 7.

Ronca, Trincalo.

Ron. SIgnior Antonio! I ſaw you as you landed,
And in great haſte follow'd to congratulate
Your ſafe return, with theſe moſt wiſh'd embraces.
Trin. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call yourſelf?
Ron. Have you forgot
Your dear friend Ronca, whom you lov'd ſo well?
Trin. O, I remember now my dear friend Ronca.
Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the ſeas that ſav'd you.
Trin. I fear I owe him money: how ſhall I ſhift him?
How do's your body, Ronca?
Ron. My dear Antonio,
Never ſo well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th'Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole months. My dear Antonio!
Trin. I thank you, ſir.
Ron. I thank you.
Trin. While my dear Ronca
Clipt me, my purſe ſhook dangerouſly; yet both his arms

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And hands embrac'd my neck: here's none behind me.
How can this be?

Ron. Moſt dear Antonio,
Was not your paſſage dangerous from Barbary?
We had great winds and tempeſts; and I fear me,
You felt the force at ſea.

Trin. Yes, deareſt Ronca.
How's this? I ſee his hands, and yet my purſe is gone.

Ron. Signior Antonio, I ſee your mind's much troubl'd
About affairs of worth; I take my leave,
And kiſs your hands of liberality.

Trin. And kiſs my hands of liberality?
I gave him nothing: Oh my purſe, my purſe!
Dear maſter Ronca.

Ron. What's your pleaſure, ſir?

Trin. Shew me your hand.

Ron. Here 'tis.

Trin. But where's th' other?

Ron. Why here.

Trin. But I mean where's your other hand?

Ron. Think you me the giant with a hundred hands?

Trin. Give me your right.

Ron. My right?

Trin. Your left.

Ron. My left?

Trin. Now both.

Ron. There's both, my dear Antonio:
Keep yourſelf dark, eat broth: your fearful paſſage,
And want of natural reſt, hath made you frantick.

Trin. Villain, rogue, cut-purſe, thief, dear Ronca ſtay.
He's gone——
I'th' devil's name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands faſt lock'd about my neck;
And ſtill he ſpoke. It could not be his mouth:
For that was full of dear Antonio:
My life he ſtole't with his feet: ſuch a trick more
Will work worſe with me than a looking-glaſs:
To loſe five pound in court'ſy, and the reſt
In ſalutation!

Ron.

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Ron. Signior Antonio,
What ails you?
Trin. Ronca, a rogue, a cut-purſe,
Hath robb'd me of five twenty ſhilling pieces.
Ron. What kind of man was he, ſomething like me?
Trin. H'ad ſuch a thieviſh countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch o'er his eye.
Ron. Met you with Ronca? 'tis the cunning'ſt nimmer
Of the whole company of cut-purſe hall:
I am ſorry I was not here to warn you of him.

Act. 3. Scen. 8.

Furbo, Bevilona, Trincalo.

Bev. FURBO, no more, unleſs thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: Antonio's dead.
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my ears are deaf to muſick
That ſounds of pleaſure: ſing then the dolefull'ſt notes
That e'er were ſet by melancholy: O Antonio!

Furbo *ſings this ſong.*

Flow ſtreams of liquid ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful exequies.
Antonio's dead, he's dead, and I remain
To drow my poor life in continual pain,
Till it have paid to his ſad memory
Duty of love: O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd with my tears, as he with waves, I die.

Bev. Break thy ſad ſtrings, and inſtrument: O ſtrange! he's here.
Signior Antonio! my heart's ſweet content!
My life and better portion of my ſoul!
Are you return'd and ſafe? for whoſe ſad death
I ſpent ſuch ſtreams of tears, and guſts of ſighs.
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your deſired ſhape, and mocks my ſenſes?
Trin. Whom do you talk withal, fair gentlewoman?

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Bev. With my beſt friend, commander of my life,
My moſt belov'd Antonio.

Trin. With me?
What's your deſire with me, ſweet lady?

Bev. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you pleaſe: for all my liberty
Lies in your ſervice.

Trin. Now I ſmell the buſineſs.
This is ſome gentlewoman enamour'd
With him whoſe ſhape I bear. Fie! what an aſs
Was I to ſtrange myſelf, and loſe the occaſion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jeſt,
To try if abſence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever.

Bev. Forget Antonio,
Whoſe dear remembrance doth inform the ſoul
Of your poor ſervant Bevilona? no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench'd one ſpark
Of th' ſweet affection which your love hath kindl'd
In this warm breaſt.

Trin. Madam, the waves had drown'd me,
But that your love held up my chin.

Bev. Will't pleaſe you
Enter, and reſt yourſelf, refreſh the wearineſs
Of your hard travel; I have good wine and fruits,
My huſband's out of town: you ſhall command
My houſe, and all that's in't.

Trin. Why, are you married?

Bev. Have you forgot my huſband, an angry roarer?

Trin. O, I remember him: but if he come.

Bev. Whence grows this fear? how come you ſo reſpectful?
You were not wont be numb'd with ſuch a coldneſs.
Go in, ſweet life, go in.

Trin. O, I remember while I liv'd in Barbary
A pretty ſong the Moors ſing to a gridiron:
Sweet madam, by your favour I'll ſing't to this.

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Alcoch dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English.

My heart in flames doth fry,
Of thy beauty,
While I
Die.
Fie!
And why
Should'st thou deny
Me thy sweet company?
My brains to tears do flow,
While all below
Doth glow
O!
Foe.
If so,
How canst thou go
About to say me no?

This the Moors call two wings upon a gridiron. But it goes sweeter far o'th'iron instrument.

Ron. There's one within my kitchen ready strung: go in.

Trin. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you. Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress! But happier I, that in his place enjoy her: I say still, there's no pleasure like transforming.

Act. III. Scen. 9.

Ronca, Bevilona, Trincalo.

Ron. NOW is the ass expecting of a banquet, Ready to court, embrace, and kiss his mistress. But I'll soon starve him. What ho! [*Knocks at the door.*

Bev. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within; Or busy: why so importunate? who is't?

Ron. 'Tis I.

Bev. Your name?

Ron. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy, ap Roger, &c.

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Trin. Spinola's camp's broke loose: a troop of soldiers! sir.

Bev. O me! my husband! O me wretch, 'tis my husband.

Trin. One man, and wear so many names!

Bev. O, sir,
H'as more outragious devils in his rage
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window.

Trin. 'Tis as high as Pauls.
Open the garden door.

Bev. He has the keys.
Down at some window, as you love your life,
Tender my honour, and your safety.

Ron. Bevilona!
Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters
Beat all thy bones to pieces: down you whore!

Bev. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.

Trin. Ha' you no trunk nor chest to hide me?

Bev. None, sir.
Alas I am clean undone, it is my husband.

Ron. Doubtless this whore hath some of her companions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
I'll bathe my hungry sword, and sharp revenge,
In his heart-blood. Come down.

Bev. I cannot, stay.
There stands an empty hogshead with a false bottom
To ope and shut at pleasure; come hither, in,
In, as you love your life.

Trin. But hear you, madam,
Is there no looking-glass within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.

Bev. In, in, there's none.

Ron. Who now? is the ass pass'd?

Bev. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha, I fear he'll fall a working.

Ron. Second me handsomely, we'll entertain him
An hour or two, and laugh and get his cloathe
To make our sport up. Wife, where's the empty hogshead
That

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That was wont to ſtand under the ſtairs?

Bev. There ſtill.

Ron. Out with it quickly: I muſt have it fill'd.

Bev. Not to day, good ſir, to morrow will ſerve as well.

Ron. I muſt ha't now.

Bev. 'Tis more than I can carry.

Ron. I'll help thee: ſo, ſo. Foh! this veſſel's muſty. Fetch out ſome water.

Bev. Fetch't yourſelf.

Trin. Pox of all tranſmutation, I am ſmother'd. Lady, as you love me, give the hogſhead vent. The beer that's in't will work and break the veſſel.

Bev. Signior Antonio, as you love your life, Lie ſtill and cloſe, for if you ſtir you die.

Ron. So, ſo, now ſhake it, ſo, ſo.

Trin. Oh I am drown'd, I drown!

Ron. Whence comes this hollow ſound? I drown, I ſmother.

Ron. My life 'tis Trincalo, for I have heard that coxcomb That aſs, that clown, ſeeks to corrupt my wife, Sending his fruit and dainties from the country. O that 'twere he! How would I uſe the villain! Firſt crop his ears, then ſlit his noſe, and geld him, And with a red hot iron ſear his raw wounds; Then barrel him again, and ſend the eunuch To the great Turk to keep his concubines. Who's within here? [*Trincalo knocks in the tub.*

Bev. One that you dare not touch.

Ron. One that I dare not? [*Comes out.*

Out, villain, out——Signior Antonio! Had it been any but yourſelf, he died. But as you ſav'd my life before you went, So now command mine in your ſervices. I would have ſworn y'had been drown'd in Barbary.

Trin. 'Twas a hard paſſage: but not ſo dangerous As was this veſſel. Pray you conceive no ill, I meant no harm, but call'd of your wife to know How my ſon Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.

Ron. Sir, I believe you.

Trin. But I muſt tell you one thing.

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You muſt not be ſo jealous, on my honour
She's very honeſt.

Ron. For you I make no queſtion.
But there's a rogue call'd Trincalo, whom if I catch,
I'll teach him.

Trin. Who, you mean Pandolfo's farmer?
Alas, poor fool, he's a ſtark aſs, but harmleſs.
And tho' ſhe talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him: come, be friends
At my entreaty.

Ron. Sir, for your ſake.

Bev. I thank you.

Trin. Let's have a fire; and while I dry myſelf,
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.
I muſt not home thus wet. I am ſomething bold with you.

Ron. My houſe and ſelf are at your ſervice.

Trin. Lead in.
Alas, poor Trincalo, hadſt thou been taken,
Thou had'ſt been tunn'd for Turkey.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's ſhape.
What a notorious wittall's this! ha, ha, ha.

Finis Act. 3.

Act. IV. Scen. 1.

Antonio.

THUS by great favour of propitious ſtars,
From fearful ſtorms, ſhipwreck, and raging billows,
Mercileſs jaws of death, am I return'd
To th' ſafe and quiet boſom of my country,
And wiſh'd embracements of my friends and kindred.
The memory of theſe misfortunes paſs'd,
Seaſons the welcome, and augments the pleaſure
I ſhall receive of my ſon Lelio,
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy

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Make gold, that elſe were uſeleſs, ſerviceable.
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain,
Threatens the ſmoothneſs of a ſmiling valley.

Act. IV. Scen. 2.

Cricca, Antonio.

Cric. WHAT do I ſee? is not this Trincalo,
Transform'd t' Antonio? 'tis, and ſo perfectly,
That, did the right Antonio now confront him,
I'd ſwear they both were true, or both were falſe.
Ant. This man admires the unexpectedneſs
Of my return.
Cric. O wond'rous power of ſtars,
And ſkill of art t' apply't! You that are marry'd
May juſtly fear, leſt this aſtrologer
Cloath your wives ſervants in your ſhape, and uſe you
As Jupiter did Amphitryo. You that are rich,
In your own form may loſe your gold.
Ant. 'Tis Cricca.
Cric. He ſeems ſo juſt the man he repreſents,
That I dare hardly uſe him as I purpos'd.
Ant. Cricca, well met; how fares my friend Pandolfo?
Cric. Your friend Pandolfo! how are your means improv'd,
To ſtile familiarly your maſter friend?
Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?
Cric. That I rejoice your worſhip's ſafe return'd
From your late drowning. Th' exchange hath giv'n you loſt,
And all your friends worn mourning three months paſt.
Ant. The danger of the ſhipwreck I eſcap'd,
So deſperate was, that I may truly ſay
I am new-born, not ſav'd.
Cric. Ha, ha, ha: thro' what a grace,

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And goodly countenance the rascal speaks!
What a grave portance! could Antonio
Himself out-do him? O you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dissem-
bled?

Ant. How now! a servant thus familiar? sirrah,
Use your companions so: more reverence
Becomes you better.

Cric. As tho' I understood not
The end of all this plot, and goodly business.
Come, I know all. See! this untill'd clod of earth
Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing. Ha,
ha, ha!

Ant. Why laugh you, sirrah?

Cric. To see thee chang'd
So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch
Of thy old clownish carcase: ha, ha.

Ant. Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are harmless.

Cric. Ha, ha, ha!
Sententious blockhead.

Ant. And y'are all advis'd
To jest instead of pity. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slav'ry of cruel Moors,
And tedious journeys, might have easily alter'd
A stronger body, much more this decay'd vessel,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

Cric. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's
house,
Effect your business; for, upon my credit,
Th'art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

Ant. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,
From my own house, children, and family?

Cric. Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive
His mind transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countenance he began! ha, ha. Why, blockhead,
Think'st to deceive me too? Why Trincalo!

Ant. I understand you not. Hands off.

Cric. Art not thou Trincalo,

Pandolfo's

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Pandolfo's man?
Ant. I not so much as know him.
Cric. Dar'ſt thou deny't to me?
Ant. I dare, and muſt
To all the world, long as Antonio lives.
Cric. You arrant ass! have I not known thee ſerve
My maſter in his farm this thirteen years?
Ant. By all the oaths that bind mens conſciences
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

Act. IV. Scen. 3.

Pandolfo, Cricca, Antonio.

Pan. WHAT means this noiſe? O Cricca! what's the matter?
Cric. Sir, here's your farmer, Trincalo, transform'd
So juſt, as he were melted, and new caſt
In the true mould of old Antonio.
Pan. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar!
How I admire thy ſkill! Juſt ſo he look'd,
And thus he walk'd: this is his face, his hair,
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,
Then is th' aſtrologer a wonder-worker.
Ant. Signior Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much
To find you well, as for my own return.
How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia?
Pan. Well, well, ſir.
Cric. This is a good beginning:
How naturally the rogue diſſembles it!
With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,
He ſpeaks and looks! How cunningly Albumazar
Hath for our purpoſe ſuited him in Barbary clothes!
I'll try him further: Sir,
We heard you were drown'd; pray you, how 'ſcap'd
you ſhipwreck?
Ant. No ſooner was I ſhip'd for Barbary,

But

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But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us.
When enter'd in the ſtreights of Gibraltar,
The heavens, and ſeas, and earth conſpir'd againſt us;
The tempeſt tore our helm, and rent our tackles,
Broke the main-maſt, while all the ſea about us
Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us;
And ſtruck's againſt a rock, ſplitting the veſſel
T' a thouſand ſplinters. I, with two mariners,
Swam to the coaſt, where, by the barbarous Moors,
We were ſurpriz'd, fetter'd, and ſold for ſlaves.

Cric. This tale th' aſtrologer pen'd, and he hath conn'd it.

Ant. But by a gentleman of Italy,
Whom I had known before——

Pan. No more; this taſte
Proves thou canſt play the reſt. For this fair ſtory,
My hand, I make thy ten pounds twenty marks,
Thou look'ſt and ſpeak'ſt ſo like Antonio.

Ant. Whom ſhould I look and ſpeak like, but myſelf?

Cric. Good, ſtill!

Pan. But now, my honeſt Trincalo,
Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,
That the aſtrologer, when he had transform'd thee,
Committed to thy charge? are they ſafe lock'd?

Ant. I underſtand you not.

Pan. The jewels, man;
The plate and gold th' aſtrologer, that chang'd thee,
Bade thee lay up.

Ant. What plate? what gold?
What jewels? what transformation? what aſtrologer?

Cric. Leave off Antonio now, and ſpeak like Trincalo.

Ant. Leave off your jeſting. It neither fits your place
Nor age, Pandolfo, to ſcoff your antient friend.
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th' aſtrologer, nor Trincalo.

Cric. Better and better ſtill. Believe me, ſir,
He thinks himſelf Antonio, and ever ſhall be,
And ſo poſſeſs your plate.—Art thou not Trincalo,

My

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My master's farmer?
Ant. I am Antonio,
Your master's friend. If he teach you no more manners——
Pan. Humour of wiving's gone. Farewell, good Flavia.
Three thousand pound must not be lost so slightly.
Come, sir, we'll draw you to th' astrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.
Ant. To me these terms?
Pan. Come, I'll not lose my plate.
Cric. Stay, sir, and take my counsel. Let him still
Firmly conceit himself the man he seems:
Thus he, himself deceiv'd, will far more earnestly
Effect your business, and deceive the rest.
There's a main difference 'twixt a self-bred action,
And a forc'd carriage. Suffer him, then, to enter
Antonio's house, and wait th' event: for him,
He cannot 'scape: what you intend to do,
Do't when he'as serv'd your turn. I see the maid;
Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.
Pan. Thy counsel's good: away.
Cric. Look, Trincalo,
Yonder's your beauteous mistress, Armellina,
And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.
Ant. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble;
For with their farmer and astrologer,
Plate, and gold, they've almost madded me.

Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Flavia, Armellina, Antonio.

Fla. ARmellina.
Arm. Mistress.
Fla. Is the door fast?
Arm. Yes, as an usurer's purse.
Fla. Come hither, wench.

Look

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Look here, there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's farmer,
Wrapt in my father's shape: pr'ythee come quickly,
And help me to abuse him.
Arm. Notorious clown!
Ant. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet
That keeps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.
Fla. Never was villainy so personate
In seemly properties of gravity.
Ant. Knocks.
Fla. Who is he that knocks so boldly?
Arm. What want you, sir?
Ant. O my fair daughter, Flavia! let all the stars
Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope' the doors.
Fla. Mark! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha;
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits!
Ant. Know'st not thy father, old Antonio?
Is all the world grown frantick?
Fla. What Antonio?
Ant. Thy loving father, Flavia.
Fla. My father!
Would thou wert in his place. Antonio's dead,
Dead, under water was drown'd.
Ant. Then dead and drown'd
Am I.
Fla. I love not to converse with dead men,
Ant. Open the door, sweet Flavia.
Fla. Sir, I am afraid;
Horror incloses me, my hair stands up,
I sweat to hear a dead man speak, you smell
Of putrefaction: fy! I feel't hither.
Ant. Th'art much abus'd, I live. Come down, and know me.
Arm. Mistress, let me have some sport too. Who's there?
Ant. Let me come in.
Arm. Soft, soft, sir, y'are too hasty.
Ant. Quickly, or else——
Arm. Good words, good words, I pray,
In strangers houses: were the doors your own,
You might be bolder.

Ant.

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Ant. I'll beat the doors and windows
About your ears.
Arm. Are you so hot? We'll cool you.
Since your late drowning, your grey and reverend head
Is smear'd with ooze, and stuck with cockle-shells;
This is to wash it.
Ant. Impudent whore!
Arm. Out, carter:
Hence, dirty whipstock; hence, you foul clown. Begone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Lelio, Antonio, Armellina.

Lel. ARmellina, whom do you draw your tongue upon so sharply?
Arm. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by force
To break the doors, and enter.
Lel. 'Tis his grave look!
In every lineament himself no liker.
Had I not hap'ly been advertised,
What could have forc'd me think 'twere Trincalo?
Doubtless th' astrologer hath rais'd a ghost,
That walks in th' reverend shape of my dead father.
Ant. These ghosts, these Trincalo's, and astrologers,
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,
When mine own son refuseth? Oh Antonio!
Lel. Infinite power of art! who would believe
The planets influence could transform a man
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly;
But that he wears the awful countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.
Ant. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, son,
Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,
The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journeys,
Have

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Have tann'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
Yet still this face, tho' alter'd, may be known:
This scar bears witness, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine own hands.

Lel. He that chang'd Trincalo
T'Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,
As a main character.

Ant. I have no other marks,
Or reasons to persuade them: methinks these words,
I am thy father, were argument sufficient
To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracements.

Lel. A sudden coldness strikes me: my tender heart
Beats with compassion of I know not what.
Sirrah, be gone; trust up your goodly speeches,
Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations.
Your plot's discover'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence,
For once, I pardon. The pious reverence
I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you
Out of Antonio's skin. Away.

Ant. I go, sir;
And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me.

Act. IV. Scen. 6.

Trincalo, and Bevilona dressing him.

Tri. WHEN this transformed substance of my carcase
Did live imprison'd in a wanton hogshead,
My name was don Antonio, and that title
Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suit of clothes.
How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me! with what respect, and careful tenderness!

Bev. Your worship, sir, had ever a sickly constitution, and I fear much more now, since your long travel. As you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good sir,

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ſir, neglect not your health; for, upon my experience, there is nothing worſe for the rheum than to be drench'd in a muſty hogſhead.

Trin. Pretty ſoul! ſuch another ſpeech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as eaſily as hoſe and doublet. Had I been Trincalo, I'd have ſworn th' had cheated: but, fy! 'tis baſe and clowniſh to ſuſpect, and a gentleman's freeneſs to part with a caſt ſuit. Now to the buſineſs: I'll into my own houſe, and firſt beſtow Armellina upon Trincalo; then try what can be done for Pandolfo: for 'tis a rule I was wont t' obſerve, firſt do your own affairs, and next your maſter's. This word maſter makes me doubt I am not chang'd as I ſhould be. But all's one, I'll venture, and do ſomething worthy Antonio's name while I have it.

Act. IV. Scen. 7.

Antonio, Trincalo.

Ant. WRetched Antonio! haſt been preſerv'd ſo ſtrangely.
From foreign miſeries, to be wrong'd at home?
Barr'd from thy houſe by the ſcorn of thine own children?

Trin. Knocks.

Ant. But ſtay, there's one knocks boldly; 't may be ſome friend.

Trin. Knocks again.

Ant. Dwell you here, gentleman?

Trin. He calls me gentleman:
See th' vertue of good cloaths! All men ſalute,
Honour, reſpect, and reverence us.

Ant. Young gentleman,
Let me, without offence, intreat your name,
And why you knock?

Trin. How, ſirrah, ſauce-box, my name!
Or thou ſome ſtranger art, or groſly ignorant,
That know'ſt not me. Ha! what art thou that aſk'ſt it?

Ant.

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Ant. Be not in choler, ſir.
Tri. Befits it me,
A gentleman of publick reputation,
To ſtoop ſo low as ſatisfy the queſtions
Of baſe and earthly pieces like thyſelf? what art thou? ha?
Ant. Th' unfortunate poſſeſſor of this houſe.
Tri. Thou lieſt, baſe ſycophant, my worſhip owns it.
Ant. May be my ſon hath ſold it in my abſence,
Thinking me dead.---How long has't call'd you maſter?
Tri. 'Long as Antonio poſſeſt it.
Ant. Which Antonio?
Tri. Antonio Anaſtaſio.
Ant. That Anaſtaſio,
That was drown'd in Barbary?
Tri. That Anaſtaſio,
That ſelf ſame man am I: I 'ſcap'd by ſwimming,
And now return to keep my former promiſe
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and in exchange,
To take Sulpitia to my wife.
Ant. All this
I intended 'fore I went: but ſir, if I
Can be no other than myſelf, and you
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.
Tri. How? one with thee? ſpeak ſuch another ſyllable,
And by the terrour of this ſteel,
That ne'er ſaw light, but ſent to endleſs darkneſs
All that durſt ſtand before't, thou dieſt.
Ant. Alas!
My weakneſs grown by age, and pains of travail,
Diſarms my courage to defend myſelf;
I have no ſtrength, but patience.
Tri. What art now?
Ant. Peter, and Thomas, William, what you pleaſe.
Tri. What boldneſs madded thee to ſteal my name?
Ant. Sir, heat of wine.
Tri. And when y'are drunk,
Is there no perſon to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villanies?
Ant. But good ſir, if I be not I, what am I?

Tri.

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Tri. An ox, an ass, a dog.

Ant. Strange negligence,
To lose myself! me thinks I live and move,
Remember. Could the fearful apprehension
Of th' ugly fear of drowning so transform me?
Or did I die, and by Pythagoras' rule,
My soul is provided of another lodging?

Tri. Be what thou wilt, except Antonio;
'Tis death to touch that name.

Ant. Dangers at sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?
O most unfortunate Antonio!
At sea thou sufferdst shipwrack of thy goods,
At land of thine own self. Antonio,
Or what name else they please, fly, fly to Barbary,
And rather there endure the foreign cruelty
Of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

Tri. How! prating still? why Timothy begone,
Or draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us,
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a brave rogue, that in the king's high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.

Ant. These wrongs recall my strength, I am resolv'd:
Better die once, than suffer always. Draw.

Tri. Stay, understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?
Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? for otherwise
Thou wer't most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:
If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal.
And by strict laws of duel, I am excus'd
To fight on disadvantage.

Ant. This is some ass!

Tri.

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Tri. If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
And bring thy second: mean while I make provision
Of Calais sand, to fight upon securely. Ha!

Act. IV. Scen. 8.

Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, Antonio.

Le. AM I awake? or do deceitful dreams
Present to my wild fancy things I see not?
Cric. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?
Le. See'st thou not Trincalo and Antonio?
Cric. O strange! they're both here.
Le. Didst not thou inform me
That Trincalo was turn'd to Antonio?
Which I believing, like a curs'd son,
With most reproachful threats, drove mine old father
From his own doors; and yet rest doubtful, whether
This be the true Antonio: may be th' astrologer
Hath chang'd some other, and not Trincalo.
Cric. No, fear it not, 'tis plain: Albumazar
Hath cheated my old master of his plate.
For here's the farmer, as like himself as ever;
Only his clothes excepted. Trincalo!
Tri. Cricca, where's Trincalo? doest see him here?
Cric. Yes, and as rank an ass as e'er he was.
Tri. Thou 'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither see'st, nor know'st me.
I am transform'd, transform'd.
Cric. Th'art still thyself.
Lelio, this farmer 's half a fool, half knave.
And as Pandolfo did with much intreaty
Perswade him to transform, so as much labour
Will hardly bring the coxcomb to himself,
That ne'er was out on't. Who art, if not he?
Tri. My name is don Antonio, I am now going
To mine own house, to give Pandolfo Flavia,
And Armellina to his farmer Trincalo.

How

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How dar'ſt thou, Cricca, but a meaner ſervant,
Reſemble me a man of worth and worſhip,
To ſuch a clown as Trincalo, a branded fool,
An aſs, a laughing-ſtock to town and country?
Art not aſham'd to name him with Antonio?
Le. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaim thee what thou art?
Cric. Notorious clown!
Tri. Villain, th' haſt broke my ſhoulders.
Le. O did'ſt feel him?
Tri. Ay, with a pox.
Le. Then th'art ſtill Trincalo.
For hadſt thou been Antonio, he had ſmarted.
Tri. I feel it as I am Antonio.
Cric. Fool! who loves Armellina?
Tri. 'Tis I, 'tis I.
Cric. Antonio never lov'd his kitchen-maid.
Tri. Well, I was taken for Antonio,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his miſtreſs entertain'd; but thou
Envy'ſt my happineſs; if th' haſt th' ambition
To riſe as I have done, go to Albumazar,
And let him change thee to a knight, or lord.
Cric. Note the ſtrange power of ſtrong imagination.
Tri. A world of engines cannot wreſt my thoughts,
From being a gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I be not, yet will think myſelf ſo:
And ſcorn thee, Cricca, as a ſlave and ſervant.

Act. IV. Scen. 9.

Cricca, Lelio, Antonio.

Cric. 'TIS but loſt labour to diſſwade his dulneſs.
Believe me, that's your father.
Le. When I drove him hence,
Spight of my blood, his reverend countenance
Strook me t'a deep compaſſion. To clear all,

I'll

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I'll ask one question. Signior Antonio,
What money took you when you took your voyage?
Ant. As I remember, four score and fifteen pound
In Barbary gold. Had Lucio kept his word,
I had carried just a hundred.
Le. Pardon me, father;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a farmer,
Whom an astrologer, they said, transform'd.
Ant. How, an astrologer?
Le. When you parted hence,
It seems you promis'd Flavia to Pandolfo.
News of your death arriving, th'old gentleman
Importunes me to second what you purpos'd.
Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my young sister should be buried quick
I'th' grave of threescore years, by their advice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and storms,
And finds at length a cunning man, that promis'd
To turn his farmer to your shape; and thus
Possess your house, and give him Flavia.
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you instead of Trincalo.
Ant. Then hence it came they call'd me Trincalo,
And talk'd of an astrologer; which names
Almost inrag'd me past myself and senses.
'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it;
And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
He must not have her, sir.
Le. I am glad y'are so resolv'd.
And since with us you find that match unequal,
Let's all intreat you to bestow your daughter
Upon his son Eugenio.
Ant. Son, at your pleasure
Dispose of Flavia, with my full consent.
Le. And as you judge him worthy your daughter Flavia,
Think no less of his Sulpitia.
Ant. I do: and ever had desire to match
Into that family; and now I find myself

Old,

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Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you ſhall enjoy her,
If I can work Pandolfo by intreaty.
Cric. To deal with him with reaſon and intreaties,
Is to perſwade a mad-man: for his love
Makes him no leſs. All ſpeeches oppoſite
T'his fixt deſire, and love-corrupted judgment,
Seem extream ſpoleries. Will he conſent
To give his daughter to your ſon, and you
Deny him Flavia? Shall Eugenio
Expect or land or love from old Pandolfo,
Being his open rival? 'tis impoſſible.
He ſought to couzen you; therefore reſolve
To pay him in's own money. Be but advis'd
By my poor counſel, and one ſtroke ſhall cut
The root of his deſigns; and with his arrows
Strike his own plot ſo dead, that Albumazar,
With all his ſtars and inſtruments, ſhall never
Give it freſh motion.
Ant. Cricca, to thy direction
We yield ourſelves, manage us at thy pleaſure.
Le. Speak quickly, Cricca.
Cric. The ground of all this buſineſs
Is to catch Trincalo, and lock him faſt
Till I releaſe him: next, that no man whiſper
Th' leaſt word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a chearful look tell my old maſter,
That Trincalo——but ſtay, look where he comes!
Let's in, and there at leiſure I'll inform you
From point to point. Lelio, detain him here,
Till I ſend Armellina down to ſecond you.
Croſs him in nothing, call him Antonio,
And he's gull'd enough.
Le. Fear not, let me alone.

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Act. IV. Scen. 10.

Trincalo, Lelio.

Tri. THIS rascal, Cricca, with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seem:
But that will soon be clear'd; if they receive me
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.
Le. Signior Antonio, my most loving father!
Blest be the day and hour of your return.
Tri. Son Lelio! a blessing on my child; I pray thee tell me,
How fares my servant Armellina? well?
Le. Have you forgot my sister Flavia?
Tri. What, my dear daughter Flavia? no, but first
Call Armellina: for this day we'll celebrate
A gleek of marriages: Pandolfo and Flavia,
Sulpitia and myself, and Trincalo
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.
Lel. I will, sir.
Tri. So: 'tis well that Lelio
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect Antonio.

Act. IV. Scen. 11.

Armellina, Trincalo.

Arm. SIgnior Antonio!
My long expected master!
Tri. O Armellina!
Come, let me kiss thy brow like my own daughter.
Arm. 'Tis too great a favour. I kiss your foot.
What fall'n? alas! how feeble you are grown,
With your long travel!

Tri.

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Tri. True, and being drown'd,
Nothing ſo griev'd me, as to loſe thy company.
But ſince I am ſafe return'd, for thy good ſervice
I'll help thee to a huſband.
Arm. A huſband, ſir?
Some young and luſty youth, or elſe I'll none.
Tri. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and faſhion.
Arm. Fie, an old man! how! caſt myſelf away,
And be no nurſe but his?
Tri. He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;
A handſome well-ſet man as I.
Arm. His name?
Tri. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.
Arm. Signior Pandolfo's luſty farmer?
Tri. That's he.
Arm. Moſt unexpected happineſs! 'tis the man
I more eſteem than my own life: ſweet maſter,
Procure that match, and think me ſatisfied
For all my former ſervice without wages.
But ah, I fear you jeſt. My poor unworthineſs
Hopes not ſo great a fortune as ſweet Trincalo.
No, wretched Armellina, in and deſpair:
Back to thy mournful dreſſer; there lament
Thyſelf to kitchen-ſtuff, and bones to aſhes,
For love of thy ſweet farmer.
Tri. Alas! poor ſoul,
How prettily ſhe weeps for me!—Wilt ſee him?
Arm. My ſoul waits in my eyes, and leaves my body
Senſeleſs.
Tri. Then ſwear to keep my counſel.
Arm. I ſwear
By th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.
Tri. Why, I am Trincalo.
Arm. Your worſhip, ſir! why do you flout your ſervant,
Right worſhipful Antonio, my reverend maſter?
Tri. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.
Why laugh'ſt thou?

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Arm. 'Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest.

Tri. Look upon me and see him.

Arm. I say I see Antonio, and none other.

Tri. I am within, thy love; without, thy master.
Th' astrologer transform'd me for a day.

Arm. Mock not your poor maid, pray you sir.

Tri. I do not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; fie on this gentry, it sticks
Like bird-lime, or the pox. I cannot part with 't.
Within, I am still thy farmer Trincalo.

Arm. Then must I wait, till old Antonio
Be brought to bed of a fair Trincalo;
Or flea you, and strip you to yourself again.

Tri. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.

Arm. O sir, by no means: but with my lovely farmer
I'd stay all night, and thank him.

Tri. Cross misfortune!
Accurst Albumazar! and mad Pandolfo!
To change me thus, that when I most desire
To be myself, I cannot. Armellina,
Fetch me a looking-glass.

Arm. To what end?

Tri. Fetch one.
Let my old master's business sink or swim,
This sweet occasion must not be neglected.
Now shall I know th'astrologer's skill. O wonderful,
Admir'd Albumazar in two transmutations!
Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant
I am unchang'd that was so long a changing! Here's my flat nose again, *&c.*
Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo
To thy desired embracements, use thy pleasure,
Kiss thy belly full.

Arm. Not here in publick.
T'enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:
The world would envy then my happiness.
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my bed-chamber
We'll consummate the match in privacy.

Tri.

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Tri. Was not the face I wore far worſe than this?
But for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar
Hath died my thoughts ſo deep i'th' grain of gentry,
'Tis not a glaſs can rob me of my good faſhion,
And gentlemanly garb. Follow, my dear.

Arm. I'll follow you. So, now y'are faſt enough.

Tri. Help, Armellina, help, I am fall'n i'th' cellar:
Bring a freſh plantane leaf, I have broke my ſhin.

Arm. Thus have I caught me a huſband in a trap,
And in good earneſt meant to marry him.
'Tis a tough clown and luſty: he works day and night;
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poor ſervice. Well, he's ſomething fooliſh;
The better can I domineer, and rule him
At pleaſure. That's the mark and utmoſt hight
We women aim at. I am reſolv'd; I'll have him.

Act. IV. Scen. 12.

Lelio, Cricca.

Lel. IN, Armellina, lock up Trincalo.

Arm. I will, ſir.

Le. Cricca, for this thy counſel, if't ſucceed,
Fear not thy maſter's anger: Ill prefer thee,
And count thee as my genius, or good fortune.

Cric. It cannot chuſe but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleaſure feather him with hopes,
Making him fly what pitch I wiſh, and ſtoop
When I ſhew foul.

Le. But for the ſuit of cloaths?

Cric. I'll throw them o'er your garden wall. Away,
Haſte to Eugenio and Sulpitia,
Acquaint them with the buſineſs.

Le. I go.

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Act. IV. Scen. 13.

Lelio, Sulpitia.

Le. THE hopeful iſſue of thy counſel, Cricca,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excel
The cleareſt day, than a grey morning doth
The blindeſt midnight, raiſing my amorous thoughts
To ſuch a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleaſures, to Sulpitia's love,
Appear like mole-hills to the moon.

Sul. Lelio!

Le. O there's the voice that in one note contains
All chords of muſick: how gladly ſhe'll imbrace
The news I give her, and the meſſenger!

Sul. Soft, ſoft, y'are much miſtaken; for in earneſt,
~~I am angry, Lelio; and with you.~~

Le. Sweeteſt, thoſe flames
Riſe from the fire of love, and ſoon will quench
I'th' welcome news I bring you.

Sul. Stand ſtill, I charge you
By th' virtue of my lips; ſpeak not a ſyllable,
As you expect a kiſs ſhould cloſe my choler;
For I muſt chide you.

Le. O my Sulpitia,
Were every ſpeech a piſtol charg'd with death,
I'd ſtand them all in hope of that condition.

Sul. Firſt, ſir, I hear, you teach Eugenio
Too grave a warineſs in your ſiſter's love,
And kill his honeſt forwardneſs of affection
With your far-fet reſpects, ſuſpicious fears:
You have your may-be's; this is dangerous:
That courſe were better: for if ſo, and yet
Who knows? the event is doubtful; be adviſ'd,
'Tis a young raſhneſs: your father is your father:
Take leiſure to conſider. Thus y'ave conſider'd
Poor Flavia almoſt to her grave. Fie, Lelio,
Had this my ſmallneſs undertook the buſineſs,
And done no more in four ſhort winters days

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Than you in four months; I'd have vowed my maidenhood
To the living tomb of a ſad nunnery:
Which for your ſake I loath.
Lel. Sweet, by your favour.
Sul. Peace, peace: now y'are ſo wiſe, as if ye had eaten
Nothing but brains and marrow of Machiavel:
You tip your ſpeeches with Italian *motti*,
Spaniſh *refranes*, and Engliſh *quoth he's*. Believe me,
There is not a proverb ſalts your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white hairs. O what a buſineſs
Theſe hands muſt have when you have married me,
To pick out ſentences that over-year you!
Lel. Give me but leave.
Sul. Have I a lip? and you
Made ſonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwiſe
Your ſiſter and Eugenio had been ſure
Long time e'er this.
Lel. But———
Sul. Stay, your cue's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this grey-green of yours,
As old Antonio's green-gray. Fy! wiſe lovers
Are moſt abſurd. Were I not full reſolved,
I ſhould begin to cool mine own affection.
For ſhame conſider well your ſiſter's temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Reſpect her,
Or ſpight of mine own love, I'll make you ſtay
Six months before you marry me.

[*Lelio whiſpers.*

Sul. This your ſo happy news? return'd, and ſafe?
Antonio yet alive?

[*Lelio whiſpers.*

Sul. And what then?

[*Lelio whiſpers.*

Sul. Well; all your buſineſs muſt be compaſſed
With winding plots, and cunning ſtratagems.
Look too't: for if we be not married e'er next morning,
By the great love that is hid in this ſmall compaſs,

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Flavia and myſelf will ſteal you both away
To your eternal ſhame and foul diſcredit.
Le. How prettily this lovely littleneſs,
In her own breath pleads her own cauſe, and my ſiſter's!
Chides me, and loves! This is that pleaſing temper
I more admire, than a continued ſweetneſs
That over ſatisfies; 'tis ſalt I love, not ſugar.

Act. V. Scen. 1.

Albumazar, Ronca, Furbo, Harpax.

Alb. HOW? not a ſingle ſhare of this great prize,
That have deſerv'd the whole? was't not my plot,
And pains, and you meer inſtruments and porters?
Shall I have nothing?
Ron. No, not a ſilver ſpoon.
Fur. Nor cover of a trencher-ſalt.
Har. Nor table-napkin.
Alb. Friends, we have kept an honeſt truſt and faith
'Long time amongſt us: break not the ſacred league,
By raiſing civil theft; turn not your furt
'Gainſt your own bowels. Rob your careful maſter!
Are you not aſham'd?
Ron. 'Tis our profeſſion,
As yours aſtrology. And in the days of old,
Good morrow thief, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your worſhip. 'Tis your own inſtruction.
Fur. The Spartans held it lawful, and th' Arabians,
So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant.
Har. The world's a theater of theft: great rivers
Rob ſmaller brooks; and them the ocean.
Alb. Have not I wean'd you up from petty-larceny,
Dangerous and poor? and nurſt you to full ſtrength
Of ſafe and gainful theft? by rules of art

And

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And principles of cheating made you free
From taking, as you went invisible;
And do ye thus requite me? this the reward
For all my watchful care?

Ron. We are your ſcholars,
Made by your help, and our aptneſs, able
To inſtruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.
You that are ſervant to divine aſtrology,
Do ſomething worth her livery. Caſt figures,
Make almanacks for all meridians.

Fur. Sell perſpicils, and inſtruments of hearing,
Turn clowns to gentlemen; buzzards to falcons,
Cur-dogs to grey-hounds; kitchen-maids to ladies.

Har. Diſcover more new ſtars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, ſtile them by the names
Of men that buy ſuch ware. Take lawful courſes,
Rather than beg.

Alb. Not keep your honeſt promiſe?

Fur. Believe none, credit none: for in this city
No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheateez.

Alb. You promis'd me the greateſt ſhare.

Ron. Our promiſe!
If honeſt men, by obligations
And inſtruments of law are hardly conſtrain'd
T'obſerve their word; can we, that make profeſſion
Of lawleſs courſes, do't?

Alb. Amongſt ourſelves!
Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,
Hold peace with their own feathers.

Har. But when they counter
Upon one quarry, break that league as we do.

Alb. At leaſt reſtore the ten pound in gold I lent you.

Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill ſecond, worſer third,
And luckleſs fourth: 'tis loſt, Albumazar.

Fur. Saturn was in aſcenſion, Mercury
Was then combuſt when you delivered it.
'Twill never be reſtor'd.

Ron. Hali, Abenezra,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda, Babylonicus,

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And all the Chaldees and the Cabalists,
Affirm that sad aspect threats loss of debts.
Har. Frame by your azimuth Almicantarath,
An engine like a mace, whose quality
Of strange retractive virtue may recall
Desperate debts, and with that undo serjeants.
Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion for a stock
To begin trade again.
Ron. 'Tis an ill course
And full of fears. This treasure hath inricht us,
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th' fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing,
All blocks before me look'd like constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses,
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupils counsel:
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes,
Than hang in sattin.
Alb. Villains; I'll be reveng'd,
And reveal all the business to a justice.
Ron. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.
Alb. This treachery perswades me to turn honest.
Fur. Search your nativity: see if the fortunates
And luminaries be in a good aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat e'er this.
Alb. Albumazar,
Trust not these rogues; hence, and revenge.
Ronca. Fellow, away, here's company. Let's hence.
[*Exeunt.*

Act. V.

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Act. V. Scen. 2.

Cricca, Pandolfo.

Cric. NOW Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news; and move
Thy master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design
Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,
Eugenio, and their mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life.
Pan. I long to know
How my good farmer speeds; how Trincalo
Hath been receiv'd by Lelio.
Cric. Where shall I find him?
What we most seek still flies us; what's avoided,
Follows or meets us full. I am emboss,
With trotting all the streets to find Pandolfo,
And bless him with good news.
Pan. This haste of Cricca
Bodes some good: doubtless my Trincalo,
Receiv'd for Antonio, hath given me Flavia.
Cricca!
Cric. Neither in Paul's, at home, nor in the Exchange,
Nor where he uses to converse! he's lost,
And must be cry'd.
Pan. Turn hither, Cricca, Cricca,
Seest me not?
Cric. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
I dare not pour it all at once upon you,
Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy:
Your transform'd Trincalo——
Pan. What news of him?
Cric. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house——
Pan. On.
Cric. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter Flavia,

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And Lelio, for their father.

Pan. Quickly, good Cricca!

Cric. And hath ſent me in haſte to bid you——

Pan. What?

Cric. Come, with your ſon Eugenio ——

Pan. And then?

Cric. That he may be witneſs of your marriage.

But, ſir, I ſee no ſigns of ſo large goodneſs
As I expected, and this news deſerv'd.

Pan. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward ſymptoms,
And characters of joy, are poor expreſſions
Of my inward happineſs. My heart's full,
And cannot vent the paſſions. Run, Cricca, run,
Run as thou lov'ſt me, call Eugenio,
And work him to my purpoſe: thou can'ſt do it.
Haſte, call him inſtantly.

Cric. I fly, ſir,

Act. V. Scen. 3.

Pandolfo.

HOW ſhall I recompence this aſtrologer,
This great Albumazar? through whoſe learned hands
Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my beſt wiſhes,
And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain! alas,
'Tis a poor thanks, ſhort by a thouſand links
Of his large merit. No, he muſt live with me
And my ſweet Flavia, at his eaſe and pleaſure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So, there's Trinealo
Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.

Act.

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Act. V. Scen. 4.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Lelio, Eugenio.

Ant. SIgnior Pandolfo! welcome.
Lel. Your ſervant, ſir.
Pan. Well met, Antonio; my prayers and wiſhes
Have waited on you ever.
Ant. Thanks, deareſt friend.
To ſpeak my danger paſt, were to diſcourſe
Of dead men at a feaſt. Such ſad relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to do you ſervice. Where's your ſon?
Pan. He'll wait upon you preſently.
Eug. Signior Antonio!
Happily welcome.
Ant. Thanks, Eugenio.
How think you, gentlemen, were it amiſs
To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,
That what we do, may with a full conſent
Be entertain'd of all?
Pan. 'Tis well remember'd.
Eugenio, call your ſiſter.
Ant. Lelio, call my daughter.

Act. V. Scen. 5.

Pandolfo, Antonio.

Pan. WIſely conſider'd, Trincalo; 'tis a fair prologue
To the comedy enſuing. Now I confeſs
Albumazar had equal power to change
And mend thy underſtanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this ſervice:
'Tis a brave onſet: ah, my ſweet Trincalo!
Ant. How like you the beginning?

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Pan. 'Tis o' th' further ſide
All expectation.
Ant. Was't not right, and ſpoken
Like old Antonio?
Pan. 'Tis moſt admirable!
Were't he himſelf that ſpoke, he could not better't.
And, for thy ſake, I wiſh Antonio's ſhape
May ever be thy houſe, and 's wit thy inmate.
But where's my plate, and cloth of ſilver?
Ant. Safe.
Pan. They come. Keep ſtate, keep ſtate, or all's diſcover'd.

Act. V. Scen. 6.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Eugenio, Lelio, Flavia, Sulpitia.

Ant. EUgenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia,
Marriages once confirm'd, and conſummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties, with full freedom, ſpeak their pleaſure,
Before it be too late.
Pan. Good! excellent!
Ant. Speak boldly therefore. Do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree,
Touching theſe buſineſſes, you'll all perform?
Eug. I reſt at your diſpoſe: what you determine,
With my beſt power I ratify; and Sulpitia,
I dare be bold to promiſe, ſays no leſs.
Sul. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourſelf
Shall think convenient, pleaſeth me.
Lel. In this,
As in all other ſervice, I commit myſelf
To your commands; and ſo, I hope, my ſiſter.
Fla. With all obedience: for diſpoſe of me
As of a child, that judgeth nothing good,
But what you ſhall approve.
Ant. And you, Pandolfo?

Pan.

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Pan. I moſt of all. And, for I know the minds
Of youth are apt to promiſe, and as prone
To repent after, 'tis my advice they ſwear
T' obſerve, without exception, your decree.
Fla. Content.
Sul. Content.
Pan. By all the powers that hear
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,
I promiſe to confirm and ratify
Your ſentence.
Lel. Sir, I ſwear no leſs.
Eug. Nor I.
Fla. The ſelf-ſame oath binds me.
Sul. And me the ſame.
Pan. Now, Antonio, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal
From you to higher courts.
Ant. Firſt, for preparative
Or light præludium to the greater matches,
I muſt intreat you, that my Armellina
Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns
I give her for her portion.
Pan. 'Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old clownery, and dregs o' th' country,
Dwell in him ſtill. How careful he provides
For himſelf firſt! content. And more, I grant him
A leaſe for twenty pounds a year.
Ant. I thank you.
Gentlemen, ſince I feel myſelf much broken
With age, and my late miſeries, and too cold
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my ſon Lelio.
Pan. How cunningly the farmer hath provided
T' obſerve the 'ſemblance of Antonio's perſon,
And keep himſelf ſtill free for Armellina!
Ant. Signior Pandolfo, y'are wiſe, and underſtand
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become grey hairs. How grave and honourable
Were't for your age to be enamour'd
With the fair ſhape of virtue, and the glory

Of

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Of our fore-fathers! then would you bluſh to think,
How by this doatage, and unequal love,
You ſtain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Baniſh thoſe wild affections, and by my example
Turn to your repoſed ſelf.

Pan. To what purpoſe, pray you,
Serves this long proeme? on to th' ſentence.

Ant. Sir,
Conformity of years, likeneſs of manners,
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony.
Now, betwixt ſeventy winters and ſixteen,
There's no proportion, nor leaſt hope of love.
Fie! that a gentleman of your diſcretion,
Crown'd with ſuch reputation in your youth,
Should, in your weſtern days, loſe th' good opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th' open danger
Of cloſing the weak remnant of your days
With diſcontentment unrecoverable.

Pan. Rack me no more; pray you, let's hear the ſentence.
Note how the aſs would fright me, and endear
His ſervice; intimating that his power
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' ſentence.

Ant. Theſe things conſider'd, I beſtow my daughter
Upon your ſon Eugenio, whoſe conſtant love,
With his ſo modeſt carriage, hath deſerv'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with Patience.

Pan. Treacherous villain!
Accurſed Trincalo! I'll——But this no place:
He's too well back'd. But ſhortly, when the date
Of his Antonioſhip's expir'd, revenge
Shall ſweeten this diſgrace.

Ant. Signior Pandolfo,
When you recover yourſelf, loſt deſperately
In diſproportion'd doatage, then you'll thank me
For this great favour. Be not obſtinate:
Diſquiet not yourſelf.

Pan. I thank you, ſir. [*Manet Pandolfo.*

Act.

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Act. V. Scen. 7.

Pandolfo.

AND that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with Patience—traiterous villain!
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't muſt be done with ſcoffs? Accurſed Trincalo!
And me moſt miſerable! I that when I thought
T' embrace young Flavia, ſee her before my face
Beſtow'd upon my ſon! my ſon my rival!
This is Eugenio's plot, and his friend Lelio's;
Who, with my ſervant Cricca, have conſpir'd,
And ſuborn'd Trincalo to betray his maſter.
Why do I rage 'gainſt any but myſelf,
That have committed ſuch a ſerious buſineſs
To th' hands of a baſe clown, and ignorant?
I ſee mine error, but no means to help it.
Only the ſweetneſs of revenge is left me,
Which I muſt execute: th' hours of 's gentry
Are now clean ſpent. I'll home, and there attend him.
[*Exit.*

Act. V. Scen. 8.

Trincalo drunk, but ſomething recover'd.

WElcome, old truſty Trincalo, good farmer, welcome! Give me thy hand, we muſt not part hereafter. Fie, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a man's ſelf! If gentlemen have no pleaſure but what I felt today, a team of horſes ſhall not drag me out of my profeſſion. There's nothing amongſt them but borrowing, compounding for half their debts, and have their purſe cut for the reſt, cozen'd by whores, frighted with huſbands, waſh'd in wet hogſheads, cheated of their cloaths, and falling in cellars for concluſion.

Act.

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Act. V. Scen. 9.

Pandolfo at the window, Trincalo.

Pan. O Precious piece of villainy! are you unchang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walk the ſtreets!

Trin. And then ſuch quarrelling! never a ſuit I wore to-day, but hath been ſoundly baſted. Only this faithful country-caſe 'ſcap'd ſift-free; and, be it ſpoken in a good hour, was never beaten yet ſince it came from fulling.

Pan. Baſe treacherous villain!
[*Beats him with a ſtaff.*

Trin. Is this the recompence of my day's work?

Pan. You marry me to Patience! there's patience,
She's a good bed-fellow: have patience.

Trin. You'll beat me out on't, ſir. How have I wrong'd you?

Pan. So as deſerves th' expreſſion of my fury,
With th' cruel'ſt tortures I can execute.

Trin. You kill me, ſir,

Pan. Have patience.

Trin. Pray you, ſir!

Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t' appeaſe me:
Nothing can ſatisfy.

Trin. Farewell humility;
Now I am beaten ſober. [*Takes away Pandolfo's ſtaff.*
Shall age and weakneſs maſter my youth and ſtrength?
Now ſpeak your pleaſure: what's my fault?

Pan. Dar'ſt deny
Thy own act done before ſo many witneſſes?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With ſuch ſtrong impudence?

Trin. I have been faithful
In all you truſted me.

Pan. To them, not me.
O what a proeme ſtuft with grave advice,

Digitized by Google And

And learned counſel, you could ſhow'r upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly ſentence!
And give away my miſtreſs with a ſcoff!
Trin. I give your miſtreſs?
Pan. Didſt not thou decree
Contrary t'our compact, againſt my marriage?
Trin. Why, when was I your judge?
Pan. Juſt now, here.
Trin. See your error! then was I faſt lock'd in Antonio's cellar: where making virtue of neceſſity, I drunk, ſtark drunk, and waking, found myſelf cloath'd in this farmer's ſuit, as in the morning.
Pan. Didſt not thou ſwear to enter Antonio's houſe,
And give me Flavia for my wife? and after,
Before my own face, gav'ſt her to my ſon?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha.
[*Whilſt Trincalo laughs and lets fall the ſtaff, Pandolfo recovers it, and beats him.*
Pan. Can'ſt thou deny it?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha,
Have you got miſtreſs Patience? ha, ha, ha.
Pan. Is not this true?
Trin. Ha, ha, ha.
Pan. Anſwer me.
Trin. Ha, ha, ha, wan.
Pan. Was't not thus?
Trin. I anſwer,
Firſt, I never was transform'd, but gull'd,
As you were by the aſtrologer, and thoſe that called me Antonio.
To prove this true, the gentleman you ſpoke with was Antonio,
The right Antonio, ſafely return'd from Barbary.
Pan. Oh me, what's this?
Trin. Truth itſelf.
Pan. Was't not thou that gav'ſt the ſentence?
Trin. Believe me, no ſuch matter:
I ne'er was gentleman, nor otherwiſe
Than what I am, unleſs 'twere when I was drunk.

Pan.

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Act. V. Scen. 9.

Pandolfo at the window, Trincalo.

Pan. O Precious piece of villainy! are you
chang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walk the streets!
Trin. And then such quarrelling! never a suit I
to-day, but hath been soundly basted. Only this
ful country-case 'scap'd fist-free; and, be it spoken
good hour, was never beaten yet since it came
fulling.
Pan. Base treacherous villain!
[*Beats him with a*
Trin. Is this the recompence of my day's work?
Pan. You marry me to Patience! there's patience
She's a good bed-fellow: have patience.
Trin. You'll beat me out on't, sir. How ha
wrong'd you?
Pan. So as deserves th' expression of my fury,
With th' cruel'st tortures I can execute.
Trin. You kill me, sir.
Pan. Have patience.
Trin. Pray you, sir!
Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t' appease me
Nothing can satisfy.
Trin. Farewell humility;
Now I am beaten sober. [*Takes away Pandolfo's*
Shall age and weakness master my youth and strength
Now speak your pleasure: what's my fault?
Pan. Dar'st deny
Thy own act done before so many witnesses?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With such strong impudence?
Trin. I have been faithful
In all you trusted me.
Pan. To them, not me.
O what a proeme stuft with grave advice,

An

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learned counſel, you could ſhow'r upon me
re the thunder of your deadly ſentence!
give away my miſtreſs with a ſcoff!
n. I give your miſtreſs?
. Didſt not thou decree
ry t'our compact, againſt my marriage?
. Why, when was I your judge?
Juſt now, here.
See your error! then was I faſt lock'd in Anto-
llar: where making virtue of neceſſity, I drunk,
nk, and waking, found myſelf cloath'd in this
ſuit, as in the morning.
Didſt not thou ſwear to enter Antonio's houſe,
e me Flavia for my wife? and after,
y own face, gav'ſt her to my ſon?
Ha, ha, ha.
*Whilſt Trincalo laughs and lets fall the ſtaff, Pan-
dulfo recovers it, and beats him.*
Can'ſt thou deny it?
Ha, ha, ha,
u got miſtreſs Patience? ha, ha, ha.
Is not this true?
Ha, ha, ha.
Anſwer me.
Ha, ha, ha, wan.
Was't not thus?
I anſwer,
never was tranſform'd, but gull'd,
were by the aſtrologer, and thoſe that called me
Antonio.
re this true, the gentleman you ſpoke with was
Antonio,
ght Antonio, ſafely return'd from Barbary.
Oh me, what's this?
Truth itſelf.
Was't not thou that gav'ſt the ſentence?
Believe me, no ſuch matter:
was gentleman, nor otherwiſe
that I am, unleſs 'twere when I was drunk.

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Pan. How have I been deceiv'd? good Trincalo
Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee.
Trin. Pardon you?
When you have beaten me to paſte, good Trincalo,
Pardon me?
Pan. I am ſorry for't; excuſe me.
Trin. I am ſorry I muſt excuſe you. But I pardon you.
Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and cloth of ſilver,
The gold and jewels which the aſtrologer
Committed to thy keeping?
Trin. What plate, what jewels?
He gave me none. But when he went to change me,
After a thouſand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me faſt upon a form, and blinds me
With a thick table napkin. Not long after
Unbinds my head and feet, and gives me light:
And then I plainly ſaw, that I ſaw nothing:
The parlour was clean ſwept of all was in't.
Pan. Oh me! Oh me!
Trin. What ails you, ſir? what ails you?
Pan. I am undone, I have loſt my love, my plate,
My whole eſtate, and with the reſt myſelf.
Trin. Loſe not your patience too. Leave this lamenting,
And lay the town; you may recover it.
Pan. 'Tis to ſmall purpoſe. In, and hold thy peace.

Act. V. Scen. 10.

Cricca, Pandolfo.

Cric. WHERE ſhall I find my maſter to content him
With welcome news? he's here; news, news!
News of good fortune, joy, and happineſs!
Pan. Cricca, my ſadneſs is uncapable
Of better tidings: I am undone! moſt miſerable!

Cric.

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Cric. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate
Than when you roſe this morning: be merry, ſir,
Cheer up yourſelf, y'have what you wiſh'd, fear nothing.
Pan. May be Antonio newly repents himſelf,
With purpoſe to reſtore Flavia.
Cricca, what is't? where's all this happineſs?
Cric. Lock'd in Antonio's cloſet.
Pan. All alone?
Sure that's Flavia. Is not Eugenio
Suffer'd to enter?
Cric. Antonio keeps the key:
No creature enters but himſelf: all's ſafe,
And ſhall be ſo reſtor'd.
Pan. O my ſweet Cricca!
Cric. And they that wrong'd you, moſt extreamly ſorry,
Ready to yield you any ſatisfaction.
Pan. Is't poſſible they ſhould ſo ſoon repent them,
That injur'd me ſo lately? tell me the manner
That cauſed them to ſee their error.
Cric. I'll tell you, ſir.
Being juſt now at old Antonio's houſe,
One thunders at the back door, enters, and preſſes
To ſpeak in private with young Lelio;
Was inſtantly admitted: and think you who?
'Twas your aſtrologer Albumazar.
When he had ſpoke awhile, Lelio and Antonio
In haſte command me fetch a conſtable.
Pan. How can this ſtory touch my happineſs?
Cric. I up and down through ſlimy ale-houſes,
Cloudy tobacco-ſhops, and vapouring taverns,
My mouth full of inquiry, at laſt found one.
Pan. What of all this? is't poſſible a conſtable
Concerns my good?
Cric. And following my directions,
Went to a tippling-houſe, where we took drinking
Three handſome fellows with a great cheſt, attach'd them,
And brought all to Antonio.

Pan.

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Pan. Well, what then?

Cric. Theſe were the aſtrologer's intelligences, that Robb'd you through the ſouth window.

Pan. I thought thou hadſt ſpoke
Of Flavia's reſtoring.

Cric. I mean your plate
And treaſure; pray you, ſir, is't not great happineſs
To re-obtain three thouſand pounds in value,
Deſperately loſt? and you ſtill doat and dream
Of Flavia, who by your own conſent
And oath is promiſed to your ſon Eugenio.

Pan. Forward.

Cric. Within this cheſt Antonio found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of ſilver, nothing periſh'd,
But all ſafe lock'd till you acknowledge it.
And ſince Albumazar of his own accord
Freely confeſſed, and ſafe reſtor'd your treaſure;
Since 'tis a day of jubilee and marriage,
Antonio would intreat you to releaſe
And pardon the aſtrologer: Thanking your fortune,
That hath reſtor'd you to your wealth and ſelf,
Both which were loſt i' th' fooliſh love of Flavia.

Pan. Reaſon hath clear'd my ſight, and drawn the vail
Of doatage that ſo dark'd my underſtanding.
I clearly ſee the ſlavery of affections;
And how unſuitable my declining years
Are for the dawning youth of Flavia.
Let the beſt joys of Hymen compaſs her,
And her young huſband, my Eugenio,
With full content. And ſince Albumazar
By accident cauſed all this happineſs,
I freely pardon him, and his companions;
And haſte to aſſiſt the marriages and feaſts.

Cric. Why now you ſhew yourſelf a worthy gentleman.

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Act. V. Scen. *ult.*

Trincalo, Cricca.

Trin. CRICCA, I over-heard your news: all parts are pleas'd
Except myſelf: Is there no news for Trincalo?
Cricca. Know'ſt it not? in and ſee: Antonio
Hath given thee Armellina with a portion,
Two hundred crowns; and old Pandolfo bound
By oath t'aſſure thee twenty pounds a year,
For three lives.
Trin. Ha!
Cric. Come in.
Trin. I'll follow.

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

TWO hundred crowns? and twenty pound a year
For three good lives? Cargo! hai Trincalo!
My wife's extreamly buſy, dreſſing the ſupper
For theſe great marriages; and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would elſewhere. But if you come to Totnam
Some four days hence, and aſk for Trincalo
At th' ſign o' th' Hogſhead; I'll mortgage all my lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo
And mean to meet, clap hands and make t' a bargain.

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THE

GAMESTER.

A

COMEDY.

BY

Mr. *JAMES SHIRLEY.*

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MR. James Shirley *was born in* 1594. *He was of St.* John's *College*, Oxford, *when Archbishop* Laud *was President there, and had a Mind to go into Orders, but* Laud *objected against him, because he had a Mole on his left Cheek; upon which he went to* Cambridge, *and took Orders there. He afterwards became a Schoolmaster at St.* Albans, *then turn'd* Roman Catholick, *went to* London, *betook himself to the Study of Dramatick Poetry, and wrote for the Stage. He had also for some Time a Commission in the Army, which was procur'd him by his great Friend, the Duke of* Newcastle; *whom, it is said, he used to assist in the Plays, which were publish'd by his Grace. In the great Fire of* London, *in* 1666; *being then* 72 *Years old, he with his second Wife, were driven from their Habitation in* Fleet-street *to St.* Giles *in the Fields, where being overcome with the Fright, and disconsolate for their Losses, they both dy'd in one Day, and were bury'd in the same Grave in St.* Giles's *Church Yard. Mr.* Shirley *was a very voluminous Writer, and his Plays, besides the two following, are as follow,* viz. *The Ball; Changes, or Love in a maze; Constant Maid, or Love will find out the Way; Coronation; Grateful Servant; Hide Park; Humorous Courtier; Lady of Pleasure;*

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ſure; *Love-Tricks, or the School of Compliments*; *Opportunity*; *Saint* Patrick *for* Ireland; *Witty Fair One*; *The Brothers*; *The Siſters*; Honoria *and* Mammon: *Comedies.* Philip Chabot, *Admiral of* France; *Love's Cruelty*; *Maid's Revenge*; *the Politician*; *the Traytor*; *the Cardinal: Tragedies. Duke's Miſtreſs*; *Example*; *Gentleman of* Venice; *Royal Maſter*; *Wedding*; *Young Admiral*; *Court-Secret*; *Doubtful Heir*; *Impoſture: Tragicomedies.* Arcadia, *a Paſtoral. Contention for Honour and Riches*; Cupid *and* Death; *Triumph of Peace*; *Triumph of Beauty, Maſques: And the Contention of* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes *for the Armour of* Achilles, *an Interlude.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

HAzard, *the Gameſter.*
Wilding, *a rake.*
Delamore, *in love with* Leonora.
Beaumont, *in love with* Violante.
Acreleſs, Littleſtock, Sellaway, *gameſters.*
Barnacle, *an old cit.*
His Nephew, a young cit.
Sir Richard Hurry.

Mrs. Wilding, Wilding's *wife.*
Penelope, *her couſin.*
Leonora, *ſir* R. Hurry's *daughter, in love with* Delamore.
Violante, *in love with* Beaumont.

Page, Dwindle, Servants, Officers, Drawers, Fiddler, Surgeon, Lord, Knight, and Country-gentleman.

THE

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THE GAMESTE

A COMEDY.

ACT. I.

Enter master Wilding and mistress Penelope.

Wilding.

HAT need you be so coy now?

Pen. Pray collect
Yourself, remember what you are
whose.
You have a virtuous gentlew
think
Upon your faith to her.

Wil. Think of a fiddle-stick!
While you put me in the mind of what I am,

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You quite forget yourſelf. My wife I allow
Your kinſwoman far off; to whom, a widow,
Your father left you, with a handſome fortune;
Which, by her marriage I have in poſſeſſion;
And you too: therefore, as you hope to be
In due time worth a huſband, think upon't.
I can deſerve reſpect; then wiſely uſe me,
As you would keep me.

Pen. This is but a trial
Of my ſtrength; for I know you have more charity,
(Should I conſent) than ſhipwrack your own honour.
But take heed, ſir, how you proceed to jeſt
With frailty; leſt too much diſordering
Your good thoughts, you forget, and by degrees
Loſe your own innocence.

Wil. I jeſt? you'ld have me ſwear; and yet you ſhould not think it ſuch a wonder to love. Come, ſhake off this froſt; it ſpoils thee; your nature ſhould be ſoft and flexible. Perhaps thou think'ſt I do not love thee heartily. I know not how to give thee better teſtimony, than by offering myſelf to thee: if my wife dies, as ten to one ſhe's not immortal, we may couple t'other way.

Pen. What argument is this to aſſure the truth of your affection to me, that break your vows to her?

Wil. Oh! great argument, and you obſerve. She was a widow when I married her; thou art a young maid, and handſome.

Pen. Can you be ſo ungrateful, to puniſh whom you ſhould reward? Remember, ſir, ſhe brought you that wealth you have; took you from nothing——

Wil. There's reaſon then for nothing I ſhould love her. Hang her eſtate! I was held a proper man; and in that point deſerv'd her, an' ſhe had millions. An' I were free again, I would not draw i'th' team of marriage, for ten ſubſidies; not to command a province.

Pen. Yet you ſaid, were your wife dead, you'd marry me.

Wil.

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Wil. Only thee, and no body elſe.

Pen. 'Twere dangerous to have many.

Wil. To have one, is little leſs than madneſs; come, wo't promiſe?

Enter miſtreſs Wilding.

Pen. What?

Wil. A'courſe you know my meaning.

Miſ. I do not like this whiſpering; why with her ſo cloſe in parly?

Wil. Wo't thou do this feat for me? 'Tis finiſh'd in a pair of minutes.

Pen. Yes, upon one condition.

Wil. What condition?

Pen. That your wife give conſent; you ſhall then command me.

Wil. I'll undertake to go a pilgrimage
To Jeruſalem, and return ſooner. Wou'd
I did not love thee, love thee infinitely:
That's all; 'twonot do—My wife! I hope [*Exit Penelope.*
She has not eaves-dropp'd us. What pity 'tis
She cannot find the way to heav'n? I ſhould not
Trouble her in haſte. Theſe wives will have no conſcience,
But ſtick to us everlaſtingly! Now, lady,
How did your monkey reſt laſt night? you look
As you had not done your prayers yet; I won't diſturb you.

Miſ. Pray, ſir, ſtay; let me but know
Some reaſon, why you uſe me thus unkindly?
If I have been guilty of offence, I am not
Paſt hope, but with the knowledge of my error
'Tis poſſible I may amend, and pleaſe you.

Wil. I do not like you.

Miſ. You did marry me.

Wil. Yes, I did marry you; here's too much record for't.
I would there were a parſon to unmarry us!
If any of our clergy had that faculty,
He might repair the old, and build as many
New abbeys through the kingdom, in a twelvemonth.

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Shall I ſpeak truth? I never much affected thee:
I married thee for thy ſoul's ſake, not thy body,
And ſhall as ſoon get children on't: and yet
I do not hate thee. Witneſs, I dare kiſs;
Hold thee by the hand, and ſleep in the ſame houſe;
And in thy bed ſometimes ſomething has been done.

Miſ. Within the memory of man; but——
What, ſir?

Wil. You have a ſcurvy quality, wife; I told you on't.

Miſ. Once more; and I'll correct it.

Wil. You are given to be jealous. I cannot
Ramble abroad in gentlemen's company
Whole days, ly out a nights, but you ſuſpect
I am wanton. 'Tis ill done; it becomes no modeſt
Woman that loves her huſband, to be jealous,
What e'er ſhe ſees or hears. Mend, mend this fault:
You do not know, how it may work upon me.
Some wife will bid her huſband's leverets welcome;
Keep houſe together, and provide clean ſheets,
And culliſes to fortify; you ne'er did it:
Know her own chamber, and not come forth
Till ſhe be ſent for; if her huſband kiſs her
Sometimes, allow her clothes and other trinkets;
Suffer her carve at table; ſhe is ſatisfy'd;
And none o'th' pariſh talk; ſhe carries it
So handſomly. Theſe morals I have read
Before now, but you put them not in practiſe;
Nor, for aught I perceive, have diſpoſition to't:
Therefore I'll take my courſe.

Miſ. To ſhew I can
Be obedient to my griefs; from this time, ſir,
I wonot urge with one unwelcome ſyllable,
How much I am neglected; I'll conceal it
Too from the world: your ſhame muſt needs be mine.
I ſee you do not love me; where your heart
Hath plac'd a worthier thought, let it dwell ever;
Freely purſue your pleaſures; I will have
No paſſion that ſhall mutiny; you are,
And ſhall be lord of me ſtill.

Wil.

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Wil. I like this, if it be no diſguiſe.
Miſ. Do not ſuſpect me;
I would ſwear by a kiſs, if you vouchſafe it;
You ſhall not keep a ſervant, that ſhall be more humble.
Wil. And obedient to my will?
Miſ. In all things.
Wil. But if I bring home a miſtreſs——
Miſ. I'll call her ſiſter.
Wil. What if there be one
Already, that does pleaſe me? will you not
Repine, and look awry upon's, when we
Make much of one another?
Miſ. So you will but ſometimes ſmile on me too, I'll indeavour.
Wil. Well ſaid, this may do good upon me; as
I find you prompt in this, I may conſider
Other matters: to tell you true, I love
Your kinſwoman.
Miſ. How?
Wil. I'th' way you wot on; but
I find her cold and peeviſh. How ſhe may
Be brought about, I know not. 'Twould ſhew well,
And be a precedent for other wives,
If you would put your help to't.
Miſ. Goodneſs bleſs me!
Wil. One woman with another can do more,
In ſuch a cauſe, than twenty men. I do not
Wander, you ſee, out of the blood; this will
Be a way to juſtify your obedience.
Miſ. You ſhew a tyrant now; and ſtead of framing
My ſoul to patience, murder both. [*Exit.*
Wil. I have gone too far a' conſcience; this may
Spoil all: and, now I think upon't, I was
A coxcomb to diſcover any party.
I muſt deny't again; and carry things
More cloſely.——How now, Will?

Enter Hazard.

Haz. How now, Will? is that all?
Look up, and aſk me a queſtion like a man.

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What, melancholy?

Wil. No, no; a toy, a trifle.

Hax. That ſhould be, a woman; who is't thou art thinking on?

I have been of your counſel——

Wil. I was thinking——o' my wife!

Hax. I met her ſad.

Wil. I cannot blame her;

We have had a dialogue; come, thou know'ſt my boſom.

Hax. When do'ſt mean to lie with her?

Wil. I know not; but I have offer'd faire conditions:

She is very confident, I do not doat

Upon her beauty; I have told her, ſirrah,

I love her kinſwoman.

Hax. Y'are not ſo mad?

Wil. The world's deceiv'd in her; ſhe'll give me leave

To ramble where I liſt; and feed upon

What beſt delights my appetite.

Hax. He that has

An ambition to be ſtrangled in his ſleep,

May tell his wife he loves another woman.

Wil. But I was not content with this. Becauſe

The other wench was ſomewhat obſtinate,

I muſt needs urge my wife to mollify

And mold her for my purpoſe.

Hax. And ſhe conſented too?

Wil. No, 'twould not do:

This went againſt her ſtomach, and we parted.

Ha. Next time you ſee her, look to be preſented

With your miſtreſs' noſe for this. Do'ſt think a woman

Can be ſo patient, to know her rival

I'th' ſame roof, and leave her eyes to ſee thee

Again? I am ſorry for thee.

Wil. I am confident

She dare not: but for all that, would I had

Been leſs particular.

Hax. Come, I love thee well;

But not thy wit, to carry things no handſomer:

You

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You muſt unravel again, and make your wife
Believe you did but try her.
How now, what's the news here?

Enter Officers with Delamore wounded.

1 *Off.* Quickly to a ſurgeon! bear him gently.

Haz. What's the buſineſs?

2 *Off.* Nothing, ſir, but a gentleman is kill'd; and we are
Carrying him to a ſurgeon.

Wil. 'Tis Jack Delamore; he is not dead. Ha, who hurt him?

Haz. Maſter Beaumont: we cannot ſtay, ſir.

Wil. Why, they were friends.

2 *Off.* But wine made them fall out; ſome ſay, about Their miſtreſſes.

Wil. I did expect a woman at one end on't.
What miſerable fools are men, to kill
One another for theſe cockatrices!

Haz. I am ſorry for poor Beaumont.

Wil. It would be long ere any miſtreſs would
Be ſo deſperate for her ſervant; this is valour,
High and mighty valour.

Haz. Men muſt preſerve
Their honours, man; thou doſt not know their quarrel.

Wil. Thou art held a piece of a kill-cow too; look to't, before the ſeſſions take an order w'ye: is't not a great deal ſafer now, to ſkirmiſh with a petticoat, and touze a handſome wench in private, than be valiant in the ſtreets, and kiſs the gallows for't? Hang, hang this foolery! Let gentlemen rather live, and pay their tailors, than let their clothes enrich the hangman's wardrobe.

Haz. But ſkirmiſhing, as you call it, with the petticoat,
Is by ſome held a way to this preferment:
Your wenches ha' been ſticklers, and ſome men
Dropt in their quarrel.

Wild. Let them be ſuch coxcombs,
They cannot die too ſoon. Cannot I have
A lady of pleaſure, but to pleaſe her humour,

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I muſt be engag'd to fight and kill men for her,
Becauſe her health's refus'd; another's noſe,
Or teeth preferr'd? ſubſtantial grounds for murder!
We ſpend our blood too much another way:
Conſumption take me, if I fight for one of 'em!
I will drink ſingle beer firſt; and live honeſt.
Gentlemen are come to a fine paſs! Do not you
Think but 'tis poſſible, I may fight for all this?

Hax. There may be cauſes, that have women in 'em:
But I confeſs no polecats, or lewd ſtrumpets,
Tho' I do uſe the trick o'th'fleſh, ſhall drive
Me to the ſurgeon: I had a mother——

Wild. And I have a wife! would thou had'ſt her.

Hax. No, no; ſhe is well as ſhe is:
There may be honour to defend theſe.

Wild. Sometimes.

Hax. But there's a miſchief greater than all theſe;
A baſe and ſordid provocation,
Us'd among gentlemen. They cannot quarrel
About a glaſs of wine, but out flies ſtraight,
Son of a whore! Dead mothers muſt be torn
Out of their graves, or living have their names
Poiſon'd by a prodigious breath: it were
A brave and noble law, to make his tongue
Be cut for't; it would ſave much blood i'th' year,
That might be ſpent more honourably.

Wild. The lie grew a dull provocation; this has quicken'd us. But leave this common place, thou canſt not help it; let's talk of ſomething elſe. Stay, is not this Beaumont?

Enter Beaumont and Officers.

Hax. Apprehended! alas, poor gentleman! how now, Ned?

Beau. As you ſee, gentlemen; call'd to my account.

Wild. We heard a piece of the misfortune: but Be not dejected; he may live.

Beau. I fear it.
Pray lead me where you pleaſe. Alas, Violante! this news will wound thee too! [*Exit.*

Wild. I'll with him, and know the ſtory.

Hax.

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Haz. 'Twill but trouble me;
I can do him no ſervice, beſide that,
I am engag'd to meet old maſter Barnacle.
Enter Acreleſs, Littleſtock, and Sellaway.
Whither, whither gentlemen, with your ſwords drawn?
Acre. Doeſt not ſee a gentleman led to priſon?
We'll reſcue him from the officers, come join with us:
We ſhall draw more to the cauſe.
Haz. You do not mean
This raſhneſs; hide your ſwords, be adviſed better;
D'ye know his fact?
Little. He has ſlain a gentleman.
Sell. They ſay he is not dead; the wound's not mortal.
Haz. And will you make one paſt cure?
Acre. How do'ſt mean?
Haz. Upon yourſelves: cool your hot bloods a little.
No mutiny, my countrymen! remember,
If he recover that is hurt, the other
Will come off well enough without your valour:
Breathe, breathe a while! you may if you have a mind to't,
Inſtead of reſcuing, betray a gentleman
And yourſelves too, to a danger:
Little. He ſays right.
Haz. 'Tis ſcurvy wearing hemp; if you 'ſcape killing.
There be more butchers, than ſell fleſh; and citizens
Have no mercy in their clubs, eſpecially
When gentlemen have ſo little wit, to bring
Their heads to th' knocking down. 'Tis a revenge
They owe you for their wives. Oh, take heed mainly
Of theſe left-handed halberdiers!
Acre. Confound 'em.
Haz. How many will you kill, with your bird-ſpit?
You have more legs and arms at home, which makes
You valiant. I'll not pare my nails to day;
And yet I love my friend, as the beſt on you:
You know I dare fight too; but in this cauſe

You

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You muſt needs pardon me. I believe the ſtouteſt,
That now would ſeem all fire and ſword, will go
With as ill will to hanging, as another;
And will become it as ſcurvily; take your courſes.

Sell. I think, 'tis better——

Haz. O' th' two, to go to the tavern; and be drunk
In your own defence; a wench is not ſo dangerous;
Nor the diſeaſe that waits upon her.

Acre. What if the gentleman that's hurt ſhould die?
Then there's no hope for t'other.

Haz. Leſs for you;
You would be guilty of his murther too,
And ſnatch him from the law. Why, you may do't;
'Tis pity but the government ſhould thank you;
And, if you 'ſcape the halter for't, it may be
Another man, in time, may cut your throat:
And there's one for another, paid in the blood.
Come, be yourſelves: theſe are not acts of gentlemen;
Where ſhame, not honour, muſt reward your daring.
Tho' we be wild, it follows not we ſhould
Be mad out-right.

Little. I was ever of his mind.

Acre. Come, let's to the tavern.

Haz. I am for that coaſt; now I think upon't,
I'll meet you at the new rendezvous within
This half hour. I expect a gentleman
That has engaged my promiſe; I'll come t'ye
E'er you be half drunk.

Sel. Do not fail.

Haz. Drink ſack, and think not on't.—What ſhould be
The buſineſs, that old Barnacle has deſired
My conference? 'tis not to lend me money ſure.
He's here.

Enter Maſter Barnacle.

Bar. Maſter Hazard!

Haz. I was coming to you, ſir.

Bar. I am fortunate to prevent ſo great a trouble;
There is a buſineſs, ſir, wherein I muſt deſire your favour.

Haz.

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Haz. Mine? command it, sir.

[*Offering him a purse of money.*

Bar. Nay, I'll be thankful too; I know you are
A gentleman.

Haz. That should incline you to think
I am not mercenary.

Bar. I beseech you, sir,
Mistake me not; rewards are due to virtues,
And honour must be cherish'd.

Haz. What's your purpose?
Pray clear my understanding.

Bar. To be plain, sir,
You have a name i'th' town for a brave fellow.

Haz. How, sir, you do not come to jeer me?

Bar. Patience, I mean you have the opinion
Of a valiant gentleman; one that dares
Fight and maintain your honour against odds.
The sword-men do acknowledge you; the bailiffs
Observe their distance; all the swaggering puffs
Strike their top-sails. I have heard 'em in the streets
Say, there goes daring Hazard; a man careless
Of wounds; and tho' he have not had the luck
To kill so many as another, dares
Fight with all them that have.

Haz. You have heard this?

Bar. And more, and more; mistake not,
I do not all this while account you in
The list of those are called the blades, that roar
In brothels, and break windows; fright the streets
At midnight, worse than constables; and sometimes
Set upon innocent bell-men, to beget
Discourse for a week's diet; that swear, damme's,
To pay their debts; and march like walking armories,
With poniard, pistol, rapier, and batoon,
As they would murder all the king's liege people,
And blow down streets: no, I repute you valiant
Indeed, and honour'd; and come now without
More ceremony, to desire your favour;
Which as you are a gentleman, I hope,
You'll not deny me.

Haz.

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Haz. Though your language
Be ſomething ſtrange, yet becauſe I think you dare not
Intend me an abuſe, I not queſtion it.
Pray to the point; I do not think you're come
To have me be your ſecond.
Bar. I am no fighter;
Tho' I have ſeen a fence-ſchool in my days,
And crack'd a cudgel; yet I come about
A fighting buſineſs.
Haz. You would have me beat ſomebody for you.
Bar. Not ſo, noble Hazard: yet
I come to entreat a valiant courteſy,
Which I am willing to requite in money;
I have brought gold to give you payment, ſir;
'Tis a thing you may eaſily conſent to,
And 'twill oblige me ever.
Haz. Be particular.
Bar. Then thus; you are not ignorant I have a nephew, ſir.
Haz. You have ſo.
Bar. One that's like
To be my heir; the only one of my name
That's left: and one that may in time be made
A pretty fellow.
Haz. Very well; proceed.
Bar. You know, or you imagine, that I have
A pretty eſtate too.
Haz. Y'are held a main rich man, ſir;
In money able to weigh down an alderman.
Bar. I have more than I ſhall ſpend: now I come cloſe;
I would have this nephew of mine, converſe with gentlemen.
Haz. And he does ſo.
Bar. I'll not pinch him in's allowance;
The univerſity had almoſt ſpoil'd him.
Haz. With what?
Bar. With modeſty; a thing, you know,
Not here in faſhion: but that's almoſt cur'd;
I would allow him to be drunk.

Haz.

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Hax. You may, sir.

Bar. Or any thing to speak him a fine gentleman.

Hax. With your favour, sir, let me be bold a little
To interrupt you; were not you a citizen?

Bar. 'Tis confess'd, sir.

Hax. It being a thriving way,
A walk wherein you might direct your nephew,
Why d'ye not breed him so?

Bar. I apprehend;
And thus I satisfy you: we that had
Our breeding from a trade; cits as you call us;
Tho' we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen:
In three generations they return again;
We for our children purchase land; they brave it
I'th' country; beget children, and they sell;
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices.
There is a whirl in fate. The courtiers make
Us cuckolds; mark, we wriggle into their
Estates; poverty makes their children citizens;
Our sons cuckold them. A circular justice!
The world turns round. But, once more, to the purpose.

Hax. To your nephew.

Bar. This nephew of mine I do love dearly;
He is all my care; I would be loath to lose him;
And to preserve him both in life, and honour,
I come to you.

Hax. Now you come to me, indeed, sir.

Bar. What shall I give you, sir, to let him——

Hax. What?

Bar. Pray, be not angry!

Hax. By no means.

Bar. There is no such security i'th'world;
I'll pay for't heartily.

Hax. For what?

Bar. What shall I give you troth, and let him——

Hax. What?

Bar. Beat you, sir!

Acre. How!

Bar.

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Bar. Nay do not, ſir, miſtake me: for altho'
I name it coarſely; I deſire it ſhould be
With your conſent, no otherwiſe. My nephew
Is raw, and wants opinion; and the talk
Of ſuch a thing, to beat a gentleman
That all the town's afraid of, would be worth,
In's credit, heaven knows what! Alas, you cannot
Blame a kind uncle, to deſire all means
To get his nephew fame, and keep him ſafe;
And this were ſuch a way!——

Haz. To have me beaten.

Bar. Y'are i'th' right; but do not miſconceive me,
Under your favour, my intention is not
He ſhould much hurt you: if you pleaſe to let him
Quarrel, or ſo, at tavern, or where elſe
You ſhall think fit; and throw a pottle-pot——

Haz. At my head?

Bar. Yes; or ſay it be a quart; ſtill under your correction,
Only that ſome of your acquaintance and
Gentlemen may take notice, that he dares
Affront you, and come off with honour handſomely.
Look, here's a hundred pieces! tell 'em i'th' ordinary;
Th'are weight, upon my credit: play 'em not
Againſt light gold. This is the prologue to
My thanks, beſide my nephew ſhall in private
Acknowledge himſelf beholden.

Haz. A hundred pieces! I want money.

Bar. Right.

Haz. You give me this to let your nephew beat me?

Bar. Pray, take me with ye: I do not mean he ſhould
By beating, hurt you dangerouſly. You may
Contrive the quarrel, ſo that he may draw
Some blood; or knock you o'er the pate, and ſo forth;
And come off bravely: this is all.

Haz. Well, ſir;
You do not mean, you ſay, he ſhould endanger
My life or limbs; all you deſire, if I
Miſtake not, is to get your nephew credit:
That being fleſh'd, he may walk ſecurely; and be held
Valiant,

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Valiant, by gaining honour upon me.
Bar. You understand me right.
Hax. I'll put it up;
Pray send your nephew to me; we'll agree.
Bar. Agree, sir? you must quarrel; and he must beat you;
Else, 'tis no bargain.
Hax. Not before
We have concluded how things shall be carry'd.
Bar. I must desire your secresy, and——
Hax. Here's my hand.
Bar. And there's my money.
Hax. Your nephew shall be a blade.
Bar. Why there's ten pieces more, 'cause you come off
So freely; I'll send him to you.
Hax. Do so; why this, if the dice favour me, may bring all
My lands again. Be sure you send him; but
No words! for your nephew's credit.
Bar. Mum—I thank you heartily. [*Exit.*
Hax. Be there such things i' th' world? I'll first to the tavern:
There I am staid for; gentlemen, I come;
I'll be beat every day for such a sum. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Mistress Wilding and the Page.

Mis. WHERE's your master, boy?
Page. I know not, mistress.
Mis. Come nearer, sirrah; you are of your master's
Counsel sometimes; come, be true in what
I shall desire, and I shall find a time for your reward.
Page. How d'ye mean, mistress?
We pages meet rewards of several natures:

This

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This great man gives us gold; that lady, gloves;
T'other, ſilk ſtockings, roſes, garters: but
The lady and miſtreſs whom we ſerve in ordinary,
Reſerves another bounty for our cloſeneſs.

Miſ. I ſee you can be a wag; but be juſt to me, and ſecret.

Page. As your phyſician, or your looking-glaſs;
That in your abſence cannot be corrupted
To betray your complexion.

Miſ. What private miſtreſſes does maſter Wilding viſit?

Page. Who, my maſter?
Alas, forſooth, d'ye think he lets me know?

Miſ. Nay, nay, diſſemble not.

Page. I hire a coach
Sometimes, or ſo, but ride always i'th' boot;
I look at nobody but the paſſengers.
I do not ſit i'th' ſame box at plays with him;
I wait at tavern, I confeſs, and ſo forth;
And when he has ſup'd, we muſt have time to eat too:
And what ſhould I trouble my conſcience
With being too officious till I am called for?
'Tis true, he waits upon the ladies home;
But 'tis ſo dark, I know not where they dwell:
And the next day we have new ones; 'las, meer ſtrangers
To me, and I ſhould be unmannerly
To catechize 'em. If now and then there be
Any ſuperfluous caſt waiting-woman,
There be ſo many ſerving-men about her,
I cannot come to aſk a queſtion;
And how ſhould I know any thing?

Miſ. I ſee you are old enough for vice.

Pa. Alas, forſooth,
You know 'tis ill to do a thing that's wicked,
But 'twere a double ſin to talk on't too,
If I were guilty: beſide, forſooth, I know
You would ne'er truſt me again, if I ſhould tell you.

Miſ. Thou art deceiv'd, it ſhall endear thee more.

Page,

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Pa. I muſt beſeech you
To be excus'd. My maſter is my maſter:
My feet are at your ſervice, not my tongue:
I would not forfeit my recognizanee,
And ſhame the tribe. Pages and midwives are
Sworn to be cloſe.

Miſ. Hence, thou old in villainy!
But 'tis in vain to chide: leave me, and bid
Miſtreſs Penelope come hither.

Pa. Yes, forſooth.

Miſ. I know not which way to begin: to me
He has betray'd he loves her. She is preſent.

Enter Penelope.

Pen. Will you be ſad ſtill, couſin? Why d'ye grieve?
Be kinder to yourſelf. Truſt me, I weep
When I am alone for you.

Miſ. Sorrow and I
Are taking leave, I hope; and theſe are only
Some drops after the cloud has wept his violence.
Were one thing finiſh'd, I ſhould ne'er be ſad more;
And I cannot deſpair to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.

Pen. My love! 'tis juſtice you command my ſervice:
I would I were ſo happy.

Miſ. Make me ſo,
By your conſent to my deſire.

Pen. Pray name it.

Miſ. I only aſk your love; pray give it me.

Pen. My love! why do you mock my poor heart, which
Pours all it has upon you? y'are poſſeſs'd of that already.

Miſ. You examine not
The extent of my requeſt; for when you have
Given what I aſk, your love, you muſt no more
Direct it as you pleaſe: the power's in me
How to diſpoſe it.

Pen. And you ſhall for ever;
I have no paſſion that ſhall not know obedience to you.

Miſ. Your love, by gift
Made mine, I give my huſband. Do you love him?

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Pen. I always did.

Mif. But in a nearer way:
Love him as I do, with a reſolution
To give yourſelf to him, if he deſire it.

Pen. I underſtand you not; or if you do
Suſpect I cheriſh any lawleſs flame——

Mif. Thou art too innocent: be leſs, and do
An act to endear us both. I know he loves thee;
Meet it, dear cuz; 'tis all I beg of thee:
I know you think it a moſt ſtrange requeſt,
But it will make me fortunate.

Pen. Grief, I fear,
Hath made her wild.—D'ye know what you deſire?

Mif. Yes, that you love my huſband: modeſty
Will not allow me to diſcourſe my wiſh
In every circumſtance; but think how deſperate
My wound is, that would have ſo ſtrange a cure.
He'll love me then; and, truſt me, I'll not ſtudy
Revenge, as other wives perhaps would do,
But thank thee; and indeed an act like this,
So full of love, with ſo much loſs and ſhame too,
For mine and his ſake, will deſerve all duty.

Pen. I have no patience to hear more; and could
I let in a thought you meant this earneſt,
I ſhould forget I knew you; but you cannot
Be fall'n from ſo much goodneſs. I confeſs
I have no confidence in your huſband's virtue:
He has attempted me; but ſhall hope ſooner
To leave a ſtain upon the ſun, than bribe
Me to ſo foul a guilt. I have no life
Without my innocence; and you cannot make
Yourſelf more miſerable than to wiſh it from me.
Oh, do not loſe the merit of your faith
And truth to him, tho' he forget himſelf,
By thinking to relieve yourſelf thus ſinfully:
But ſure you do but try me all this while.

Mrs. Wild. And I have found thee pure: be ſtill preſerv'd ſo.
But he will ſtraggle farther—

Pen. Cheriſh hope;

He

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He rather will come back: your tears and prayers
Cannot be loſt.

Mrs. Wild. I charge thee by thy love,
Yet be rul'd by me. I'll not be ſo wicked
To tempt thee in a thought ſhall blemiſh thee;
But as thou would'ſt deſire my peace, and his
Converſion, if his wantonneſs laſt with him,
Appear more tractable; allow him ſo much
Favour, in ſmile or language, that he may not
Think it impoſſible to prevail at laſt.

Pen. This may engage him farther, and myſelf to diſhonour.

Mrs. Wild. It ſhall work our happineſs,
As I will manage things; 'tis but to ſeem:
A look will coſt thee nothing, nor a ſyllable,
To make his hopes more pleaſing: on my life
Thou ſhalt be ſafe both in thy fame and perſon.
Will you do this for my ſake?

Pen. I'll refuſe no danger, if I ſuffer not in honour,
To do you any ſervice.

Mrs. Wild. I have caſt it
Already in my brain; but do not yet
Inquire my purpoſe. As his folly leads
Him to purſue you, let me know; and I'll
By fair degrees acquaint you with my plot;
Which, built on no foul ends, is like to proſper;
And ſee, how aptly he preſents himſelf!
Pr'ythee ſeem kind, and leave the reſt to me.
He ſhall not ſee me. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Wilding.

Wild. How now, cuz, was that
My wife went off?

Pen. Yes, ſir.

Wild. Let her go: what ſaid ſhe to thee?

Pen. Nothing.

Wild. Thou art troubled!

Pen. Pray, to your knowledge, ſir, wherein have I
Done injury to you, or her?

Wild. Has ſhe abus'd thee?
I'll go kick her.

Pen.

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Pen. By no means, ſir—I ſteal away your heart,
And meet at ſtol'n embraces?

Wild. Does ſhe twit thee? I'll kick her like a foot-ball,
Say but the word.

Pen. By no means think upon't: I have forgiven her.
You ſha'not, ſir, ſo much as frown upon her;
Pray do not, as you love me:
We may ſtudy a more convenient revenge.

Wild. How's this?
I pr'ythee, if ſhe has been peremptory,
Which was none of our articles, let me inſtruct thee
How we ſhall be reveng'd.

Pen. Sir, I acknowledge
The growth and expectation of my fortune
Is in your love; and tho' I would not wrong her——
And yet, to have my innocence accus'd,
Is able to pervert it. Sir, your pardon;
I have been paſſionate: pray love your wife.

Wild. No, no, I'll love thee; indeed, indeed, I will.
Is ſhe jealous?

Pen. You know ſhe has no cauſe.

Wild. Let us be wiſe, and give her cauſe: ſhall's, cuz?

Pen. Sir, if I be a trouble to your houſe,
Your breath ſhall ſoon diſcharge me: I had thought
The tie of blood might have gain'd ſome reſpect.

Wild. Diſcharge thee the houſe? I'll diſcharge her,
And all her generation, thee excepted;
And thou ſhalt do't thyſelf; by this, thou ſhalt.
Ha, ſhe kiſſes with more freedom! this is better [*Aſide.*
Than if my wife had pleaded for me. Pen,
Thou ſhalt be miſtreſs. Wil't? come, thou ſhalt:
She's fit for drudgery.

Pen. Oh, do not ſay ſo.

Wild. Then I wo'not; but I love thee for thy ſpirit,
'Cauſe thou wilt be reveng'd. Puniſh her jealouſy
The right way: when 'tis done, I do not care
To tell her: it may kick up her heels too, another way.

Pen. Tell her what? you make me bluſh.

Wild.

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Wild. No, no, I'll tell nobody, by this hand.
Stay, I have a diamond will become this finger;
Wear it, and let my wife ſtare out her eyes upon't.
Pene. I wo'not take't on ſuch conditions.
Wild. Take it on any.—She is come about. [*Aſide.*

Enter Page.

Pa. Sir, maſter Hazard deſires your company at tavern. He ſays there are none but gentlemen of your acquaintance, mr. Acreleſs, mr. Littleſtock, and mr. Sellaway, the three gameſters.
Wil. He muſt excuſe me.
Pene. As you love me, go, ſir.
Have no ſuſpicion that I with your abſence:
I'll wear your gift, and ſtudy to be thankful. [*Exit.*
Wil. Well, there's no great hurt in all this yet;
The tide's not ſtrong againſt me. No talk now
Of wife's conſent: I'll not remove my ſiege.
She'll ſtudy to be thankful; ſhe's mine own
As ſure as I were in her maidenhead.
Now to the tavern, boy, and drink to the purpoſe.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hazard, Acreleſs, Littleſtock, Sellaway, as in a tavern. Drawers.

Ha. More wine! Is not this better, gentlemen,
Than ſpitting conſtables? you would have fought now;
And had your brain-pans open'd.
Acr. Right noble Hazard,
Here's to thee.
Ha. Let it come, boy; fill it me ſteeple high:
I am in a vein of mirth, and I ha' cauſe,
As you ſhall ſee in due time, gentlemen.
Mr. Littleſtock, thou art dreaming o'th' dice.
Sel. He's melancholy.
Lit. Who, I?
Ha. I'll play the farrier then, and drench thee for the ſullens. A health to all our miſtreſſes; we have had 'em ſingle, let's ſhuffle 'em now together.
Mr. Acreleſs.

Enter Fiddler.

Fi. Will you pleaſe, gentlemen, to have a ſong?

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Ha. You have not waſh'd to-day: go, get clean manners; [*Flinging a glaſs of wine in his face.*
You raſcal, we have no wenches.

Fi. I ſee nobody, ſir; you have waſh'd my eyes out.

Ha. It is not neceſſary thou ſhould'ſt have any.
Fill me again.

Acr. This fellow would ha' t'other cup.

Fi. I have had a cup too much already, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Ha. Let it go round; and then in hope you may
Look double, I'll ſhew you a fight. I wonder
Jack Wilding ſtays.

Enter Mr. Wilding and Page.

He's come i'th' nick.

Wil. Save, ſave you, gallants; may a man come i'th' rear?

Ha. Give him his garniſh.

Wil. Y'are not priſoners for the reckoning, I hope.

Ha. For the reck'ning! Now y'are all together, gentlemen,
I'll ſhew you a wonder; but come not too near,
Keep out o'th' circle, whatſoever you think on't;
This is a hundred pound! nay, not ſo cloſe;
Theſe pictures do ſhew beſt at diſtance, gentlemen:
You ſee it; preſto——— [*putting it up again.*

Wil. Nay, let's ſee't again.

Ha. Like to your cunning juggler, I ne'er ſhew
My trick but once: you may hear more hereafter.
What think you of this, mr. Acreleſs, mr. Littleſtock,
And mr. Sellaway?

Acr. We do not believe 'tis gold.

Ha. Periſh then
In your infidelity.

Wil. Let me but touch it.

Ha. It will endure, take my word for't. Why, look you,
For your ſatisfactions; no gloves off;
You have devices to defalk;---preſerve
Your talons, and your talents, till you meet
With more convenient gameſters.

Lit.

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Lit. How cam'ſt by it?
Wil. Thou'dſt little or none this morning.
Ha. I have bought it, gentlemen; and you in a miſt
Shall ſee what I paid for it. Thou haſt not drank yet;
Ne'er fear the reck'ning, man: --- More wine, you varlets!
And call your miſtreſs, your ſcolopendra:
If we like her complexion, we may dine here.
Wil. But, hark thee, hark thee, Will, did'ſt win it?
Ha. No; but I may loſe it e'er I go to bed;
Do'ſt think't ſhall muſty? what's a hundred pound?
Sel. A miracle! but they are ceas'd with me.
Acr. And me too. Come, let's drink.
Wil. No matter how it came, Will: I congratulate
Thy fortune, and will quit thee now
With good news of myſelf. My cuz, I told thee on,
Is wheel'd about: ſhe has took a ring o' me;
We kiſs'd, and talk'd, time out o' mind.
Ha. I know it;
My almanack ſays 'tis a good day to woo in;
Confirm'd by Erra Pater, that honeſt Jew too.
I'll pledge thee.

Enter Drawer.

Dr. Mr. Hazard, there are two gentlemen below
Inquire for you.
Ha. For me?
Dr. One's ſomewhat antient, I heard him call
The t'other nephew.
Ha. Say I come to 'em preſently.
Gentlemen, I do caution you before
To be fair condition'd. One of them, the nephew,
Is of a fiery conſtitution,
And ſenſible of any affront: let this
Character prepare him for you.
Wil. Bring him not hither.
Ha. There is a neceſſity in't. I would not for
A hundred pound but entertain him, now
He knows I am here. [*Exit.*

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Enter mr. Hazard again, with Barnacle, his Nephew, and Dwindle.

Wil. This is old Barnacle.

Acr. One that is to fine for alderman.

Lit. And that's his nephew; I have been in's company.

Sel. Is this the youth Hazard prepar'd us for?
How busy they are!

Ha. You could not wish better opportunity:
These are all gentlemen of quality.
I'll call him cousin first, if it please you,
To endear him to their acquaintance.

Bar. I'll not be a witness of your passages myself; these will report as much as I desire. Sir, if you be beaten, I am satisfied.

Ne. But d'ye hear, uncle, are you sure you have made
Your bargain wisely? they may cut my throat
When you are gone; and what are you the wiser?
Dwindle, be you close to me.

Ha. I warrant you, we shall do things with discretion;
If he has but grace to look and talk courageously.

Bar. He may be valiant for aught I know;
Howsoever this will be a secure way
To have him thought so, if he beat you soundly.

Ne. I do not like the company;
But I have drank wine too, and that's the best on't;
We may quarrel on even terms. Look to
Thy basket-hilt, Dwindle, and have a stool ready.

Dw. I will give your worship a stool.

Ha. As I am a gentleman, be confident
I'll wait on you down, sir.

Bar. By no means; let him beat you to purpose, sir.

Ne. 'By, uncle. [*Exit Bar.*

Ha. Come, sir. Pray, gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome; a spark that will deserve your knowledge.

Wil. His kinsman! you are welcome.

Acr. He has power to command your welcome.

Lit. If I mistake not, I have had the happiness
To ha' been in your company afore now.

Ne.

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Ne. Mine, ſir?---D'ye hear, what if I quarrel'd [*Aſide to Hazard.*
With him firſt? 'twill prepare me the better.

Ha. Do as you pleaſe; that's without my conditions.

Ne. I'll but give him now and then a touch; I'll cloſe
Well enough, I warrant you.---You been in my Company, ſir?

Lit. Yes, and at the tavern.

Ne. I paid the reck'ning then.

Lit. You came into our room——

Ne. Tell me of coming into your room!
I'll come again. You are a ſuperfluous gentleman.

Wil. How's this?

Ha. Let him alone.

Lit. Sir, remember yourſelf.

Ne. I'll remember what I pleaſe: I'll forget what
I remember. Tell me of a reck'ning! what is't?
I'll pay't: no man ſhall make an aſs of me,
Farther than I liſt myſelf. I care not a fiddle-ſtick
For any man's thund'ring: he that affronts
Me, is the ſon of a worm, and his father a
Whore. I care not a ſtraw, nor a broken point
For you. If any man dare drink to me, I
Wo'not go behind the door to pledge him.

Acr. Why here's to you, ſir.

Ne. Why there's to you, ſir.
Twit me with coming into a room! I could find in my heart to throw a pottle-pot,----I name nobody. I will kick any man down ſtairs, that cannot behave himſelf like a gentleman. None but a ſlave would offer to pay a reck'ning before me. Where's the drawer? there's a piece at all adventures. He that is my friend, I care not a ruſh; if any man be my enemy, he is an idle companion, and I honour him with all my heart.

Wil. This is a precious humour. Is he us'd to theſe miſtakes?

Lit. Your kinſman gives him privilege.

Ne. I deſire no man's privilege: it ſkills not whether I be kin to any man living.

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Ha. Nay, nay, couſin, pray let me perſuade you.

Ne. You perſuade me! for what acquaintance? Mind your buſineſs, and ſpeak with your taylor.

Ha. An' you be thus rude——

Ne. Rude, ſir! what then, ſir?---Hold me, Dwindle.

Dw. Are you ready to have a ſtool, ſir?

Wil. Nay, nay, Will, we bear with him for your ſake:
He is your kinſman.

Ha. I am calm again:
Couſin, I am ſorry any perſon here
Hath given you offence.

Ne. Perhaps, ſir, you
Have given me offence: I do not fear you.
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my days.

Ha. And may again——

Wil. Be knock'd! A pox upon him: I know not what to make of him.

Ha. Let me ſpeak a word in private, ſir.

Ne. I can be as private as you, ſir.

Ha. Strike me a box o'th' ear preſently.

Ne. There's my hand on't.

Wil. Nay, nay, gentlemen——

Act. Mr. Wilding.——

Ne. Let him call me to account: the reck'ning's paid. Come, Dwindle. [*Exit.*

Sel. I did not think the fool durſt ha' done this:
'Tis a ſtrange youth.

Ha. You ſhall hear more to-morrow.

Dr. All's paid, and you are welcome, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonora, Violante.

Leo. Why ſhould not we two live together, being
So equal in our paſſions? Oh Violante,
Our knowledge grew from children, and our loves
Ally us in our natures.

Vio. 'Tis my wiſh
To dwell with thee. I never knew that woman
In whom I took more pleaſure to converſe with.

Leo. But I have a father; and, rememb'ring him,

A

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A ſorrow ſteals upon me, to betray
My hopes of bleſſing; for, altho' he love me,
And dearly, as he ſays, for children muſt not
Diſpute with fathers, he affects not him
In whom I place all thoughts that can delight me:
He loves not Delamore; and what to me
Is all the world without him? I ſhall never,
I fear, have his conſent to be made happy
In marriage: and this, altho' our thoughts
Reflect with equal honour on our lovers,
Makes the diſtinction, and concludes me miſerable.
Thy will depends upon no rigid parent;
Thy path is ſtrew'd with roſes, while I climb
A ragged cliff, to meet whom I affect.

Vio. Indeed, Leonora, I much pity thee.

Leo. I pr'ythee counſel me; how ſhall I wreſtle
With my ſad deſtiny, and yet preſerve
My filial obedience: I muſt loſe
A father, or a huſband.

Vio. Would I knew
Which way to bid thee ſteer; but, leſſon'd by
My own affection, I would have thy mind
Conſtant to him thou lov'ſt. Time may correct
A father's harſhneſs; and be confident,
If poor Violante have a power to ſerve thee,
She will forget her own heart e'er prove falſe to thee.

Leo. Oh, my dear ſoul, I know't.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Oh miſtreſs!

Leo. What's the matter?

Vio. This face betrays ſome miſerable accident.

Leo. Speak, and aſſure us what diſaſter makes
Thy countenance ſo wild.

Ser. A friend of yours——

Leo. Is ſick, is dead! what more? and yet I have
So few, I can ſpare none.

Ser. Is dead; ſince you appear ſo fortify'd.

Leo. Is my father living, and Delamore?

Ser. Your father is in health; but——

Leo. Stay, as thou would'ſt preſerve thy miſtreſs in

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The number of the living.

Vio. How my fears increaſe!

Leo. Except Violante, whom I ſee
Enjoys her health, I have no friend but Delamore:
I hope he is not dead.

Ser. Your Delamore is dead. [*She ſwoons.*

Vio. Friend! Leonora!
'Twas indiſcreetly done to open ſorrow
So like a torrent. Leonora! friend!

Leo. Why do'ſt thou call me from him? Sure I was
Going to meet my Delamore.

Vio. Give not ſuch
Belief to this ſad news, until you hear it
Confirm'd. Did'ſt ſee him dead?

Ser. I did not ſee him.

Vio. Have comfort then: this may
Be check'd again.

Leo. Would I could hope it.

Vio. Have more courage, friend:
Did'ſt hear the circumſtance?

Ser. He was ſlain, they ſay.

Vio. Nay, then believe it not. He was ſo innocent,
He could provoke no angry ſword againſt him.

Ser. I wiſh your confidence were not deceiv'd.
The laſt part of my ſtory will concern
Your faith and ſorrow.

Vio. Mine! in her! I ſhare
Too much; but pr'ythee, ſince thou haſt not been
Slow to wound her, let me know my affliction.

Ser. The general voice is mr. Beaumont ſlew him,
Your ſervant, lady.

Vio. Tell the general voice
It lies. My Beaumont prove a murderer,
And of his friend? he would not kill an enemy.

Ser. All I can ſay in proof of this, I ſaw him
Guarded to priſon. Pardon my relation.

Vio. If thou believ'ſt thy eyes abus'd thee not,
Thou might'ſt, with one breath, ha' ſpoken 'em both dead;
For the ſurvivor lives but to give up

His

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His life with more ſhame. All my comfort is,
I ſhall not live to ſee it. Oh, Leonora,
Who is moſt wretched now? Let thou and I,
The few days that we have to live, be friends,
And die in perfect charity. I muſt leave you
To manage your own grief: I have enough
To break my poor heart too. [*Exit.*

Leo. What ſeas break in
Upon us? I that could have died within
A gentle wave, now ſtruggle for my life.
My father!

Enter Sir Richard Hurry.

Hur. What, it ſeems you heard the news:
Come, let your ſorrows dry up; you may ſee
What 'tis to be ſo raſh. When you chuſe next,
You'll conſult me, I hope. Wipe, wipe your eyes,
Your tears are vain: I could ſay more.

Leo. What, ſir?

Hur. They are more than he deſerv'd; and yet 'tis better
Thou ſhould'ſt beſtow thy tears upon his funeral,
Than I ſigh'd at thy marriage. Come, heaven has
Been kind in this divorce; preparing thus
Thy better fortune, and preſerving mine.
I am ſorry for the gentleman that kill'd him.

Leo. Oh murderer!

Hur. You are a fool, and know not
His provocation. In my youthful days
I was not patient, when affronts were offer'd me;
Nothing more dear to gentlemen than honour.

Leo. Honour in murder!

Hur. This was otherwiſe:
In my own defence I would kill a family.
He ſhew'd his generous ſpirit; all the town
Speak nobly of him, pity him, and pray for him;
And, were he not deſertful, by this time
The general vote had hang'd him.

Leo. Oh, my fate!

Hur. T'other a looſe and inconſiderate man;
Loſt in eſtate, and would ha' marry'd thee,

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To ha' ſqueez'd mine; 'tis better as it is.
Leo. Good ſir, be charitable to the dead.
Hur. Be you firſt charitable to the living.
Speak well, and think ſo too; you do not know
What benefit may follow; and howe'er
Your womaniſh ſorrow, for the preſent, may
So miſt your eyes, they will hereafter open,
To ſee and thank my care.
Leo. Indeed your language,
Pardon my boldneſs, ſir, is dark and myſtical.
Hur. You have your wit to apprehend ſometimes;
But 'tis not paſſion muſt excuſe your duty to me.
Leo. I hope——
Hur. Your hopes may fail you, if you do:
Be obedient hereafter, if you pleaſe,
And love my directions.
Leo. I'll not have
A thought ſhall diſobey you; and if ever
I love again——
Hur. If ever! why, ſuppoſe
I ſhould propound one to you, now i'th' heat
Of this misfortune, can your heart be obſtinate
To me and your own good?
Leo. This is too ſoon
A conſcience, ſir; before his blood be cold,
To whom I profeſt love, to like another!
The world would much condemn me.
Hur. Is the world
Or I to be prefer'd? this makes the act
Of your obedience perfect; and, becauſe
I'll have aſſurance of what power I hold,
This minute I'll prefer one to your thoughts;
Diſpoſe your heart to love the gentleman
That now's in priſon.
Leo. Whom d'ye mean, dear ſir?
Hur. He that kill'd Delamore, mr. Beaumont:
Do not ſuſpect I trifle: he is of
A noble houſe, of a fair expectation,
Handſome in every part——
Leo. Shall not he ſuffer

For

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For the dark deed already done?

Hur. Compose
Yourself to love him: I'll find a way how to
Secure his life, and bring him freely off.

Leo. Oh consider! e'er you move too far,
If having slain my comfort, for I must
Give it no other name, call not your justice
To my revenge; yet let me not be forc'd
To have a thought, so full of shame to women,
That he should be my husband: 'tis a stain
Time nor repentance can wash off. I know
You cannot mean so cruelly; beside
I shall commit a sin, foul as his murder,
Upon poor Violante, and rob her.
Their heart's love hath seal'd up i'th' eye of heaven;
'Twere sacrilege to part them: she's my friend too,
One that will rather die than injure me:
And he will rather suffer, if he be
Noble as you profess him, than consent to
So foul a guilt.

Hur. Let me alone for that;
If he refuse this offer for his life,
Why let him die: I'll put him to't. Consider,
In this I shall behold thy naked soul:
Be rul'd, and prosper; disobey, and be
Thrown from my care and blood. At better leisure
I'll tell you more. [*Exit.*

Leo. Has heaven no pity for me?
What killing language doth a father speak!
Poor heart, prevent more grief, and quickly break.
[*Exit.*

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ACT. III.

Enter master Wilding and Penelope.

Wil. THIS humour does become thee; I knew when
Thou didst consider what was offer'd thee,
Thy sullenness would shake off. Now thou look'st
Fresher than morning; in thy melancholy,
Thy clothes became thee not.
Pen. Y'are i'th' right;
I blam'd my tailor for't, but I find now,
The fault was in my countenance. Wou'd we had
Some musick; I could dance now; la, la, la, bra, &c.
Wil. Excellent! an' she be a bed but half so nimble,
I shall have a fine time on't: how she glides!
Thou wot not fail?
Pen. This night——
Wil. At the hour of twelve.
Pen. But you must be as punctual i'th' conditions,
For my vow's sake; not speak a syllable.
Wil. I'll rather cut my tongue out than offend thee;
Kissing is no language.
Pen. If it be not too loud;
We must not be seen together, to avoid
Suspicion; I would not for a world my couzen
Should know on't.
Wil. She shall die in ignorance.
Pen. No piece of a candle.
Wil. The devil shall not see us
With his sawcer eyes: and if he stumble in
The dark, there sha'not be a stone i'th' chamber
To strike out fire with's horns. All things shall be
So close, no lightning shall peep in upon us.
Oh, how I long for midnight!
Pen. I have a scruple.
Wil. Oh, by no means, no scruples now.

Pen.

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Pen. When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soon
Grow cold in your affection and neglect me.
Wil. Why, hang me if I do, I'll love thee ever;
I have cast already: to preserve thy honour,
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, cuz;
Let me alone to find thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough; we will love then too.
Pen. When I am married?
Wil. Without fear, or wit;
Cum privilegio: when thou hast a husband,
Dost think I will forsake thee, Penelope? 'twere pity
O' my life, sweet. Oh, there is no pleasure
To those embraces! I shall love thee better;
And the assurance that thou hast two fathers
Before thou hast a child, will make thee spring
More active in my arms; and I tell thee,
'Tis my ambition to make a cuckold;
The only pleasure o'th' world: I wou'd not
Wish to injoy thee now, but in the hope
Of t'other harvest, and to make thy husband
Hereafter cuckold; that imagination
Sweetens the rest, and I do love it mainly, mainly.
Pen. 'Tis double sin.
Wil. 'Tis treble pleasure, wench;
But we lose time, and may endanger thus
My wife into a jealousy, if she see us.
Farewell, farewell, dear Penelope, at night, remember;
I wo'not lose my sport for half the country.
[*Exit.*

Enter mistress Wilding.

Mis. Wild. Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.
Pen. I have made work for somebody: you have put me
Upon a desperate service; if you do not
Relieve me, I am finely served.
Mis. Wild. All has succeeded to my wish: thy place
I will supply to night: if he observe
All the conditions, I may deceive
My husband into kindness; and we both

Live

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Live to reward thee better. Oh, dear cuz!
Take heed by my example, upon whom
Thou placeſt thy affection.

Enter Hazard.

Pen. Maſter Hazard.

Haz. Save ye miſtreſs Wilding.

Miſ. Wil. You are welcome, ſir.

Pen. He is a handſome gentleman.

Haz. Gone abroad?

Miſ. Wil. I am not certain, I'll inquire.

Haz. Your ſervant.

Ha! this is the froſty gentlewoman! in good time;
I care not if I caſt away ſome words on her.
And yet ſhe's ſo preciſe and over honeſt,
I had as good ne'er attempt her. Your name is
Penelope, I take it, lady.

Pen. If you take it,
I hope you'll give it me again.

Haz. What again?

Pen. My name.

Haz. What ſhould I do with it?
No, no, keep thy name;
How e'er thou doſt thy maidenhead.

Pen. Can you tell me
Of any honeſt man, that I may truſt with it?

Haz. I'll tell thee a hundred.

Pen. Take heed what you ſay, ſir.
A hundred honeſt men! Why if there were
So many i'th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter; but perhaps you live in the ſuburbs.

Haz. This wench will jeer me.

Pen. I hope you are not one, ſir.

Haz. One of what?

Pen. One of thoſe honeſt men, you talk'd of ſo;
One to whoſe truſt a virgin might commit
A maidenhead, as you call it.

Haz. Yes, you may truſt me;
I have poſſeſt a hundred maidenheads.

Pen. How long?

Haz.

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Haz. Nay, nay; they are no commodities to keep.
No fault of ours: truth is, th' are not worth
Preſerving; ſome of your own ſex acknowledge it:
And yet, by your complexion, you have yours ſtill;
Away with 't, and in time.

Pen. Why, you are modeſt.

Haz. Y'have hit me, lady: come I give thee counſel;
And more, I'll help thee to a chapman too,
Beſides what e'er he pay's for't, ſhall be at charge
To mold it of himſelf; how light thou 'lt be
Without thy maidenhead? does't not ſpoil thy ſleep,
And breed the night-mare?

Pen. Who can help it? you
Gentlemen are ſuch ſtrange creatures, ſo unnatural,
So infinitely chaſte, ſo mortified
With beef and barly-water; ſuch ſtrange diſcipline
And hair-cloth.

Haz. Who wears hair-cloth, gentlewoman?

Pen. Such ſevere ways to tame your fleſh; ſuch friends
To frydays, lent, and ember-weeks; ſuch enemies
To ſack and marrow-pyes, caudles and crabs,
Fiddlers and other warm reſtoratives,
A handſome woman can not reach your pity.
We may e'en grow to our pillows, ere you'll comfort us;
This was not wont.

Haz. Not wont to be, in my
Remembrance, lady.

Pen. You are a handſome gentleman;
Why may not you drink wine ſometimes, or eat
Sturgeon, or forrage in your luſty-py
Of artichoke or potato? or why may not
Your learned phyſician dictate ambergriſe,
Or powders, and you obey him in your broths?
Have you ſo ſtrange antipathy to women?
To what end will gentlemen
Come to, if this froſt hold?

Haz. You are witty,
But I ſuppoſe you have no cauſe of ſuch
Complaint; however ſome men do want heat,
There is no general winter: I know a gentleman

Can

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Can drink and eat, and bear you company
A bed, for all your jeering: do not think
'Tis I: thou ſhalt recant this profane talk
And woo me for a kiſs, ere I'll ſtoop to thee.
Here's none but friends; if maſter Wilding ha' not
Told you already, I will juſtify
'Tis poſſible you may be got with child.

Pen. By whom?

Haz. By him; you are but couzens afar off;
If you allow't, he need not travel far
For other diſpenſation: what ſay you to him?

Pen. Was this at his intreaty?

Haz. My own meer motion
And good will toward him, 'cauſe I know his mind.

Pen. You are a fine gentleman; where's your land?
You may be knight o'th' ſhire in time; farewell, ſir.

Haz. I know not what to make of her; ſhe may be
A tumbler, for all this: I'll to her again.

[*Exit.*

Enter old Barnacle, and Leonora.

Bar. Nay, nay, be comforted, and miſtake me not;
I did not mention Delamore to provoke
Theſe tears: he's gone; think on your living friends.

Leo. If you be one, good ſir——

Bar. Yes, I am one:
And yet miſtake me not, I do not come
A wooing for myſelf; I am paſt tilting:
But for my nephew; oh that nephew of mine!
I know ſir Richard Hurry, your wife father,
Will think well of him.
Nay, nay, weeping ſtill.

Leo. It is too ſoon to think of any other.

Bar. Too ſoon to think of any other! why,
What woman of diſcretion but is furniſh'd
With a ſecond huſband, ere the firſt be coffin'd?
He that ſtays till the funeral be paſt,
Is held a modeſt coxcomb; and why ſhould not
Maids be as early in their proviſion?

Leo. I bluſh to think my father of his mind;
Diſtreſſed Leonora! Good ſir, loſe

No

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No more breath; I am resolved to die a virgin:
I know not what love is.
Bar. And yet these tears
Are shed for one you lov'd.
Leo. He that was all
My treasure living, being lost must needs
Be a great part of sorrow: but my eyes,
Though they can never pay too many drops
To the sad memory of Delamore,
Shed not all these for him; there is another
That makes me weep.
Bar. Another whom you love?
Leo. Heaven knows, I never let into my heart
Affection to a second. I am so far
From loving him, I wish we may ne'er meet;
I am not safe in my own bosom, while
I think upon him; it begets new springs
Within my eyes, which will in little time
Rise to a flood and drown me.
Bar. I conceive
This is no friend of yours; come, I'll relieve you;
Nay, and there be any man that troubles you,
If there be any you'd have talk'd withall,
I'll rid you of that care; he that shall offer
But to disturb you in a thought, d'y' mark me,
I'll take an order with him.
Leo. What will you do?
Bar. Do not mistake me neither, I'll do nothing;
But send my nephew; he shall top him,
And top him; and scourge him like a top too.
You know not how my nephew is improv'd
Since you last saw him. Valiant as Hercules,
He has knock'd the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzal del phebo of the time, and all
The blades to reverence him. I'll say no more;
Name but the man whom you do frown upon,
And let me send my nephew to him.
Leo. It sha'not need.
I have no enemy to engage his sword;

My

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My diſcontents flow from a nearer perſon;
I grieve to ſay, my father.
Bar. How? your father!
Say but the word, and I will ſend my nephew
To him, and he were ten fathers, he can mollify him
To pleaſe you, lady; my nephew will never ſpare him:
Oh, had you ſeen him baffle a ſquire this morning!
Leo. Pray no more; you ſhall do me a noble office
To leave me to myſelf.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs Violante
Is come to viſit you.
Leo. I wait upon her:
Your gentle pardon. [*Exit.*
Bar. Would my nephew had her.
She is ſir Richard's heir, and here he is.
Sir Richard!

Enter ſir Richard Hurry, and Surgeon.

Hur. Oh, maſter Barnacle, I'll wait upon you.
Bar. That's maſter Probe the ſurgeon.
Hur. No more, you know my meaning.
Probe. Yes, ſir.
Hur. Let him be bury'd.
Probe. I underſtand you, ſir. [*Exit.*
Bar. I have been diſcourſing
With your fair daughter.
Hur. Where is Leonora?
Serv. She's within, ſir.
Hur. Bid her come hither.
Maſter Barnacle, I am ſomething troubled about a gentleman.
Bar. And I am glad I met with you:
If you be troubled with any gentleman,
I'll ſend my nephew to him.
Hur. To whom, or whither?
Bar. To any man alive; I care not whither.
Hur. Send him to Jeruſalem.

Bar.

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Bar. That's ſomething o'th' fartheſt; I ſhall be
Unwilling he ſhould travel out o'th' kingdom,
Enter Leonora, Violante aloof.
Hur. Leonora! Nearer——
Bar. Who is that?
A pretty gentlewoman! ſave you, miſtreſs,
What is your name, I pray?
Vio. I am call'd Violante.
Bar. Are you a maid?
Vio. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.
Bar. D'y' know my nephew?
Vio. Not I, ſir.
Bar. Not my nephew! how have you been bred?
Why, he's the only gallant o'th' town;
Pleaſe you, I'll ſend him to you.
Vio. What to do, ſir.
Bar. He ſhall do any thing; the town's afraid on him.
Vio. Oh! pray keep him from me then.
Bar. He'll hurt no women; but for the men——
Vio. There's one has hurt too much already.
Bar. What is he? I'll ſend my nephew to him, lady;
If you have any occaſion, never ſpare him.
Vio. Not I, ſir.
Hur. Look to't, and correct this humour; [*To Leonora.*
I'll to him preſently. Maſter Barnacle,
Let me intreat your company to a gentleman;
I'll wait as much on you.
Bar. You ſhall command me:
If't be any man you care not for,
We'll take my nephew along. [*Ex. Hurry and Barnacle.*
Hur. It ſha' not need.
Leo. Oh, Violante! I
Muſt now require ſome fruit of all thy promiſes.
Vio. You hold me not ſuſpected.
Leo. Leonora
Cannot be ſo ingrateful; but we have
Small limit for diſcourſe; my father means
To viſit Beaumont, now in priſon; thou
Wilt hear too ſoon the ſtory, and without
Prevention find thyſelf more miſerable.

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Oh Violante! I will ſuffer with him,
Rather than injure thee. I pr'ythee go,
Viſit thy friend, not mine; and as thou lov'ſt me,
As thou lov'ſt him, or thy own life, Violante,
Bid him be conſtant to thee: tell him what fame
Dwells upon noble lovers, that have ſeal'd
Faith to their miſtreſſes in blood: what glory
Can perjur'd men expect, that loſe their honour
To ſave a poor breath? bid him be aſſur'd,
If for the hope of life his ſoul can be
So much corrupted to embrace a thought,
That I ſhall ever love him——

Vio. You, Leonora?

Leo. Never, oh never; tell him ſo: by virtue,
And the cold blood of my ſlain Delamore,
Altho' my father threaten death-----

Vio. Your father?

Leo. Make haſte, ſweet Violante, to the priſon;
There thou ſhalt know all; there thou ſhalt have proof
How much thou art belov'd; and by my death,
If he prove falſe to thee, how much I love thee. [*Exit.*

Vio. I am amaz'd; and my ſoul much diſtracted
'Twixt grief and wonder. It grows late i'th'morning;
I'll viſit the ſad priſoner: my heart trembles;
More can but kill me too. I'm fit to die;
And woes but haſten immortality. [*Exit.*

Enter Hazard and a box-keeper.

Haz. How now? what gameſters?

Box. Little to any purpoſe yet; but we
Expect deep play to night.

Enter Wilding.

Wild. Will Hazard, I have been ſeeking thee this
Two hours; and now I have found thee, avoid me!

Haz. Thou 'rt not infectious.

Wild. No, but I ſwell with imaginations,
Like a tall ſhip bound for the fortunate iſlands;
Top, and top-gallant, my flags and my ſigaries
Upon me with a luſty gale of wind,
Able to rend my ſails; I ſhall o'errun
And ſink thy little bark of underſtanding

In

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In my career, boy.

Haz. Pray heaven rather
You do not ſpring a leak, and forfeit your
Ballaſt, my confident man of war; I
Have known as ſtout a ſhip been caſt away
In ſight o'th' harbour.

Wild. The wench, the wench, boy!

Haz. The veſſel you have been chaſing——

Wild. Has ſtruck ſail;
Is come in; and cries, aboard my new lord of
The Mediterranean. We are agreed:
This is the precious night, Will, twelve the hour,
That I muſt take poſſeſſion of all,
Of all! there are ſome articles agreed on.

Enter a lord and Sellaway.

Who's this?

Haz. Oh, the gameſters now come in:
That gay man is a lord, and with him Sellaway.

Wild. They are well coupled; a lord, and Sellaway.

Haz. He wears good cloaths you ſee, and in the ſtreet
More look'd at than the pageants; he will talk little.

Wild. To purpoſe.

Haz. Right; he cannot walk
Out of his ſinco-pace, and no man carries
Legs more in tune; he is danc'd now from his ſempſtreſs.

Wild. A man much bound to his taylor.

Haz. And his barber;
He has a notable head.

Wild. Of hair thou mean'ſt.

Haz. Which is ſometime hung in more bride-laces
Than well would furniſh out two country weddings.

Wild. Is he a ſcholar?

Haz. 'Tis not neceſſary;
He is neither ſcholar, nor a courtier,
If report wrong him not.

Wild. Will he play's money freely?

Haz. With more pride than he wears embroidery.
'Tis his ambition to loſe that; and
A wench maintains his ſwearing; let him paſs.

Wild.

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Wild. What's next?

Enter a knight, and Acreleſs.

Haz. A knight, and Acreleſs.

Wild. Good again, a knight and Acreleſs; what's his condition?

Haz. A gameſter both ways.

Wild. Where be his ſpurs?

Haz. Hung in his miſtreſs's petticoat; for which he pawn'd
His knighthood too, till a good hand redeem'd it.
He will talk you nothing but poſtillions,
Embroideries for his coach, and Flanders mares;
What ſeveral ſuits for the twelve days at Chriſtmas;
How many ladies doat upon his phyſiognomy:
That he is limited but a hundred pound
A month for diet; which will ſcarce maintain him
In pheaſant eggs and turkey. For his motion
Now does his barge attend him, if he came
By water; but if the dice chance to run counter,
He ſtays till twelve in anger; devours ſmoak;
And deſperately will ſhoot the bridge at midnight,
Without a waterman.

Wild. The houſe fills apace;
What are theſe, ha?

Enter a conntry gentleman and Littleſtock.

Wild. A country gentleman, and Littleſtock.

Wild. A country gentleman? I have ſeen him ſure
Appear in other ſhape; is he a chriſtian?

Haz. Why doſt thou doubt him?

Wild. 'Cauſe I have met him with a turbant once,
If I miſtake not; but his linnen was not
So handſome altogether as the Turks;
In quirpo with a crab-tree cudgel too,
Walking and canting broken Dutch for farthings.

Haz. The apparition of an angel once
Brought him to this.

Wild. Doſt call him country gentleman?

Haz. His generation is not known i'th'town:
You ſee what dice can do; now he's admir'd.

Wild. For what, I pr'ythee?

Haz.

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Haz. For talking nonſenſe. When he has loſt his money,
You ſhall meet him going up and down the ordinary
To borrow money upon his head.
Wild. His head!
Will he go upon his head, or will he pawn it?
Haz. Pawn it, if any man will lend him money on't;
And ſays 'tis good ſecurity, becauſe
He cannot be long without it; they ſhall have
The wit for the uſe too. He will talk deſperately,
And ſwear he is the father of all the bulls
Since Adam; if all fail, he has a project;
To print his jeſts.
Wild. His bulls, you mean.
Haz. Y'are right;
And dedicate 'em to the gameſters. Yet he will
Seem wiſe ſometimes; deliver his opinions
As on the bench: in beer, he utters ſentences;
And after ſack, philoſophy.
Wild. Let's not be troubl'd with him; who are theſe,
Young Barnacle?

Enter Nephew and Dawindle.

Will you endure him.
Haz. Yes, and the vinegar-bottle his man too: but now I think on't he ſhall excuſe me; I'll loſe no time: if I win, I ſhall have leſs cauſe to repent; if I loſe, by theſe hilts, I'll make him the cauſe, and beat him.

Enter Sellaway.

Are they at play?
Sel. Deep, deep gameſters.
Haz. Then luck with a hundred pieces.
Wild. I'll follow. How now, Frank? what, in the name of folly, is he reading?
Nep. Save you, gentlemen; ſave you, noble gallants; May a man loſe any money? I honour, ſir, your ſhadow.
Sel. This is another humour.
Nep. D'ye hear the news, gentlemen?
Wild. What news, I pray?
Nep. The new curranto.
Sel. Good, ſir, impart.

Nep.

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Nep. Be there no more gentlemen to hear it
Here? 'tis extraordinary fine news, in black and white,
From Terra incognita.

Wild. Terra incognita?

Nep. Ay, sir, the quinteſſence of the world: for our four parts
Europe, Aſia, Africk, and America, are as the four
Elements; and this, as the learn'd geographers ſay, is
Like Cœlum, a fifth eſſence or quinteſſence of the world.

Wild. Pray, ſir, what news from this quinteſſence? it muſt
Needs be refin'd novelties.

Nep. From Sclavonia.

Wild. That's no part of Terra incognita; we know that.

Nep. But you do not know that Sclavonia I mean; 'tis
Inhabited by a nation without a head.

Dwin. Without a head? in what part are their eyes?

Nep. Peace, Dwindle: a curſed kind of people, that have
Neither law, nor religion, but for their own purpoſes:
Their country is ſomewhat low, and open to the ſea.

Sel. Do they not fear drowning?

Nep. They are ſafeſt in a tempeſt; if they be taken at any time by their enemies and caſt over-board, they turn other creatures; ſome rocks, ſome ſharks, ſome crocodiles, and ſo retain part of their former nature.

Wild. What do thoſe that dwell ashore?

Nep. They follow their work, and make nets not only to catch
Fiſh, but towns, and provinces: the Jews
Are innocent to 'em, and the devil a dunce; of whoſe
Trade they are.

Sel. A dangerous generation.

Nep. In Perwiggana, a fruitful country, the moon ſhines
All day, and the ſun at night.

Sel. That's ſtrange;
He has a moral in't: have not we gentlemen, that ſit up all night a drinking, and go to bed when the ſun riſes?

Nep.

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Nep. In this province the king never comes out of his palace.

Wild. How does the court remove then?

Nep. When he does purpose to change the air, he has an elephant richly trapped, that carries the court upon his back into what part of the kingdom he pleases.

Wild. I have heard of elephants that have carried caſtles.

Nep. Snails, ſnails in compariſon: and to increaſe your wonder, this beaſt does never drink.

Wild. I would be loth to keep him company.

Sel. How then?

Nep. Eat, eat altogether; and what? nothing but men? and of what rank or condition? none but great men, and the fatteſt nobility; but like your good Monſieur, he cares for nothing but the head; and it is confidently reported, he has devour'd more within this three laſt years, than the elephant we had in England eat penny-loaves in ſeven.

Dwin. The devil choak him! would he had London-bridge in his belly too.

Nep. The ſubjects of the great duke of Lubberland have been lately in rebellion.

Wild. I am ſorry it will be inconvenient to hear out your curranto: I am weary of a little money; when that's loſt, I may be a ſuitor for the reſt of your news: and ſo I commend me to all your friends in Lubberland. [*Exit.*

Nep. Dwindle, didſt hear this? now could I be angry.

Dwin. Go to play then, ſir; if you loſe your money, you may talk roundly to 'em; for they cannot be ſo uncivil, as not to give loſers leave to ſpeak.

Nep. But if I win——

Dwin. Why then you may be drunk to-night, and I'll hold the caſter to you.

Enter Littleſtock and Acreleſs.

Lit. A curſe upon theſe reeling dice! that laſt in and in
Was out of my way ten pieces. Canſt lend me any Money? how have the cards dealt with thee?

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Acre. Loſt, loſt——I defy thee. If my knight recover not,
I muſt be ſober to-morrow.

Lit. Oh, for a hundred, and all made now.

Enter Sellaway.

Sal. Yonder's Hazard wins tyrannically, without Mercy, he came in but with a hundred pieces.

Lit. I'll get a fancy preſently.

Acre. And how thrive the bones with his lordſhip?

Sel. His lordſhip's bones are not well ſet; they are maliciouſly bent againſt him; they will run him quite out of all.

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Nep. More money! Dwindle, call my uncle! I muſt have it, for my honour: two hundred pieces more will ſerve my turn: in the mean time, I will play away my cloak, and ſome ſuperfluous things about me.

Dwin. By that time you are come to your ſhirt, I ſhall be here.

Sel. He's blown up too. [*Exit.*

Enter Hazard.

Haz. So, ſo, the dice in two or three ſuch nights will be out of my debt, and I may live to be a landlord again.

Sel. You are fortune's minion, maſter.

Haz. You wou'd ſeem to be no fool, becauſe ſhe doats not
Upon you. Gentlemen, I muſt take my chance; 'twas
A lucky hundred pound! Jack Wilding,

Enter Wilding, gnawing a box.

What eating the boxes?

Acre. Let us in again.

Wild. Chewing the cud a little; I have loſt all my money, Will;
Thou haſt made a fortunate night on't: wo't
Play no more?

Haz. 'Tis the firſt time I had the grace to give off a winner;
I wou'd not tempt the dice.

Wild. What haſt won?

Haz.

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Haz. You do not hear me complain; I have not been so warm This ten weeks.

Enter Acrelefs.

Wild. 'Tis frost in my breeches.

Acre. Master Hazard, I was afraid you had been gone; there's a fresh gamester come in, with his pockets full of gold: he darles the gamesters, and no man has stock to play with him.

Wild. What is he?

Acre. A merchant he seems: he may be worth your return.

Haz. Not for the exchange to night, I am resolv'd.

Wild. Temptation! now have I an infinite itch to this merchant's pieces.

Haz. If thou wo't have any money, Speak before I launch out, and command it.

Wild. A hundred pieces.

Haz. Call to the master o'th'house by this token—— thou wo't venture again then?

Wild. They may prove as lucky as thine—but what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home, that expects me.

Haz. I had forgot too: you wo'not play now?

Wild. 'Tis now upon the time.

Haz. By any means go.

Wild. Hum, I ha' lost my money, and may recover a pretty wench. Which hand? here covetousness, this letchery; money is the heavier. Will, dost hear? I'll requite thy courtesie: Thou hast lent me a hundred pounds, I'll pay thee again; and thou shalt have for the use, the flesh-device at home that expects me. Thou shalt supply my place, Will.

Haz. You wo'not lose this opportunity, and fool yourself? [*Exit Acre.*

Wild. I am resolv'd; five hundred pieces? say, I'll come to him. You love the sport as well as I; to-morrow you shall thank me for't: be secret; he'll never know thee, for our condisions are to—— [*Whispering him.* neither light, nor—and she must needs conceive 'tis I.

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Haz. Are you in earneſt?

Wild. Have you wit to apprehend the courteſie?
Let me alone; the wench, and I ſhall meet
Hereafter and be merry: here's my key,
The merchant's money cools: away; be wiſe,
And keep conditions: touſe her at thy pleaſure,
There will be enough for me. Nay, no demurs;
You have not loſt your ſtomach to this game?
Howe'er I ſpeed to-night, we'll laugh to-morrow
How the poor wench was couzen'd.

Haz. But would'ſt ha'me go?

Wild. I wou'd ha' thee ride, boy; I muſt to the gameſter:
Farewell; remember not to ſpeak a word; but
Kiſs and embrace thy belly full.

Haz. If I do not,
The puniſhment of an eunuch light upon me.

ACT. IV.

Enter Hazard and Wilding.

Wild. HOW now, Will! thou look'ſt deſperately this morning.
Did'ſt ſleep well to-night?

Haz. Yes, 'tis very like
I went to ſleep; but ſuch a bedfellow!

Wild. What ails ſhe; was ſhe dull?

Haz. Do not enquire,
But curſe yourſelf till noon. I am charitable;
I do not bid thee hang thyſelf: and yet
I have cauſe to thank thee. I would not have loſt
The turn for all the money I won laſt night, Jack.
Such a delicious theft!

Wild. I think ſo.

Haz. I found it ſo, and dare make my affidavit.

Wild. Thou did'ſt not ſee her?

Haz.

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Ha. Nor ſpeak to her; to what purpoſe?
She was ſo handſome i'th' dark (you know
My meaning) t'had been pity any light,
Or voice ſhould interrupt us.
Wild. Now do I
Grow melancholy.
Ha. If thou do'ſt envy me,
There is ſome reaſon for't; thou do'ſt imagine
I have had pleaſure in my days; but never,
Never, ſo ſweet a ſkirmiſh! how like ivy
She grew to my embraces! not a kiſs,
But had Elyſium in't.
Wild. I was a raſcal!
Ha. If thou didſt know but half ſo much as I,
Or couldſt imagine it, thou wouldſt acknowledge
Thyſelf worſe than a raſcal on record.
I have not words to expreſs, how ſoft, how bounteous,
How every thing a man with full deſires
Could wiſh a lady: do not queſtion me
Further; 'tis too much happineſs to remember;
I am ſorry I have ſaid ſo much.
Wild. Was not I curs'd
To loſe my money, and ſuch delicate ſport?
Ha. But that I love thee well, ſhou'ſt ne'er enjoy her.
Wild. Why?
Ha. I would almoſt cut thy throat.
Wild. You wou'd not.
Ha. But take her! and if thou part'ſt with her one night more, for leſs than both the Indies, thou'lt loſe by her; ſhe has paid me for my ſervice; I aſk nothing elſe.
Wild. If ſhe be ſuch a precious armful, Will,
I think you may be ſatisfied.
Ha. Take heed,
And underſtand thyſelf a little better:
I think you may be ſatisfied! with what?
A handſome wench! 'tis hereſy; recant it,
I never ſhall be ſatisfied.
Wild. You do not purpoſe
A new encounter.

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Ha. For thy ſake,
'Tis poſſible I may not; I would have
My game kept for me. What I have done,
Was upon your entreaty; if you have
The like occaſion hereafter, I
Should have a hard heart to deny thee, Jacke.

Wild. Thou haſt fir'd my blood; that I could call back time,
To be poſſeſt of what my indiſcretion
Gave up to thy enjoying! but I am comforted;
She thinks 'twas I; and we hereafter may
Be free in our delights——Now, ſir, the news
With you?

Enter Page.

Page. My miſtreſs did command my diligence
To find you out, and pray you come to ſpeak with her.

Wild. When I am at leiſure.

Page. 'Tis of conſequence.

Wild. Is Penelope
With her?

Page. Not when ſhe ſent me forth.

Wild. Let her expect: wait you on me.

Ha. I ſpy my bluſtring gameſter.

Wild. The younger, Lovet.

Ha. I care not if I allow thee a fit of mirth;
But your boy muſt be in the conſort.

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Dwin Pray, ſir, do not behave yourſelf ſo furiouſly;
Your breath is able to blow down a houſe, ſir.

Nep. My uncle ſhall build it up again. Oh, Dwindle,
Thou doſt not know what honour 'tis to be
So boiſterous; I would take the wall now
Of my lord-mayor's giants.

Wild. Do as I bid you, ſirrah.

Page. Alas, ſir, he'll devour me.

Ha. He ſha'not hurt thee.

Page. Be at my back then pray, ſir: now I think on't.
I have the beard here too, with which I frighted
Our maids laſt night.

Dwin.

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Dwin. You know theſe gentlemen.

Nep. Hazard and Wilding, how is't? how is't, Bulchins?

Wou'd ye had been with us; I ha' ſo maul'd a captain
O'th' train-band yonder.

Page. Is not your name, Barnacle?

Ha. Ancient Petarre?

Nep. What's this?

Wild. The admiration of the town.

Nep. For what?

Wild. For valour.

Nep. This inch and a half?

Wild. There's the wonder; oh the ſpirit, the tall ſpirit
Within him! he has the ſoul of a giant.

Nep. He has but a dwarf's body; ancient Petarre!

Page. Sirrah, how dare you name a captain?
Thou tun of ignorance! he ſhall eat my piſtol,
And ſave me the diſcharge.

Nep. Tell me of a tun? I'll drink twenty tuns to thy
Health. Who ſhall hinder me, if I have a
Mind to't? Your piſtol's a pepper-corn; I will eat
Up an armory, if my ſtomach ſerve, ſo long as I
Have money to pay for't; an you were as little again
As you are. Fright me with your potguns! my name's
Barnacle, ſir, call me what you pleaſe; and my
Man's name's Dwindle, an you go there too. Do not
Think but I have ſeen fire-drakes afore now, tho'
I never talk'd on't; and rockets too, tho' my man
Be a coxcomb here; and balls of fire, no diſpraiſe
To you: d'ye think to thunder me with your pick-
Tooth by your ſide?

Page. Let my ſword ſhew him but one flaſh of lightning,
To ſinge the hair of his head off!

Ha. Good ancient Petarre.

Dwin. 'Tis a very devil in *decimo ſexto*: Peter d'ye call him?

Page. Thou dog-bolt, and couſin-german to Cerberus.

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Ha. Two heads once remov'd, he's ſomewhat like him.

Nep. I begin to think——

Dwin. And I begin to——

Page. Again?

Wild. He does but think.

Page. He think? is this a place for him to think in? Miniature, vaniſh immediately; or I will ſhoot death From my muſtachio's, and kill thee like a porcupine.

Nep. Ancient Petarre, I know thy name, and I Honour it; thou'rt one of the moſt vain glorious Pieces of fire-work that ever water wet. I am a Gentleman; and if I have ſaid any thing to diſguſt Thee, I can aſk thee forgiveneſs, as well as the Proudeſt vaſſal on 'em all. Extend thy paw, thou Invincible epitome of Hercules; and let thy ſervant Kiſs it.

Wild. Come pray, ſir, be reconcil'd; he ſubmits

Page. I ſee thou haſt ſomething in thee of a ſoldier, to no purpoſe; and I will cheriſh it. Thou art a raſcal in thy underſtanding; thou ſhalt excuſe me, Turk, in honourable love: I remember thy great grand-father was hang'd for robbing a pedler-woman of ſix yards of inckle, and thou mayſt, (mauger the herald) in a right line, challenge the gallows by his copy; mongrel, of Mongrel-hall, I am thy humble ſervant; and will cut the throat of any man that ſays thou haſt either wit or honeſty more than is fit for a gentleman. Command my ſword, my lungs, my life; thou art a puff, a mulligrub, a metaphyſical coxcomb, and I honour you with all my heart.

Nep. I thank you noble ancient, and kind gentlemen: Come, Dwindle, we'll go roar ſomewhere elſe.

Wild. Was ever ſuch an oaf? [*Exit.*

Ha. The boy did hit his humour excellently: Here, cheriſh thy wit.

Page. Now ſhall I tell my miſtreſs, you'll come to her?

Wild. How officious you are for your miſtreſs, ſirrah? What ſaid ſhe I came not home all night?

Page.

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Page. Nothing to me; but my eyes ne'er beheld
Her look more pleasantly.

Hax. Now farewel, Jack; I need not urge your secrecy
Touching your mistress I have mounted for you:
Only I'll caution you, look when you meet
That you perform your business handsomely,
I ha' begun so well; she may suspect else,
And put thee out of service: if she do,
You know your wages; I shall laugh at thee,
And heartily: so farewel, farewel Jack. [*Exit.*

Wil. To say the truth, I have shewed myself a coxcomb.
A pox a' play! that made me double loser.
For aught I know, she may admit me never
To such a turn again; and then I ha' punish'd
Myself ingeniously.

Enter mistress Wilding, Penelope, and mistress Leonora; a servant waiting on them.

My wife!

Page. My mistress, sir.

Wil. Keep you at distance.
She's as the boy reported, something more
Pleasant than ordinary.

Mis. 'Tis he! good cousin,
Pretend some business; offer at some wares,
Or ask the goldsmith what your diamond's worth;
Something to trifle time away; while I
Speak with my husband a few words.

Wil. She comes toward me.

Mis. I can contain no longer.
How d'ye, sweetheart?

Wil. Well; but a little melancholy.
You look more sprightfully, wife; something has pleas'd you.

Mis. It has indeed; and if it be no stain
To modesty, I would enquire how you
Sped the last night.

Wil. I lost my money.

Mis. I do not mean that game.

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Wil. I am not betray'd I hope! I do not mean that game?

Mif. Y'are a fine gentleman!

Wild. 'Tis ſo; could ſhe not keep her own counſel?

Mif. And haye behav'd yourſelf moſt wittily, [*Aside.*
And I may ſay moſt wrongfully: this will
Be much for your honour, when 'tis known.

Wil. What will be known?

Mif. Do you not bluſh? oh fie!
Is there no modeſty in man?

Wil. What riddle
Have you got now?—I wou'd not yet ſeem conſcious.

Mif. 'Tis time then to be plain; it was a wonder
I could be ſo long ſilent: did you like
Your laſt night's lodging?

Wil. Very, very well;
I went not to bed all night.

Mif. You did not lie with
Miſtreſs Penelope my kinſwoman?

Wil. Refuſe me, if I did——

Mif. You need not ſwear;
But 'twas no fault of yours; no fault, no virtue:
But 'tis no place to expoſtulate theſe actions.
In brief, know 'twas my plot; for I obſerv'd
Which way your warm affection mov'd, and wrought
So with my honeſt couſin to ſupply
Her wanton place, that with ſome ſhame at laſt,
I might deceive your hard heart into kindneſs.

Wil. That, that again, ſweet wife; and be a little
Serious: Was it your plot to excuſe your couſin,
And be the bedfellow?

Mif. Heaven knows, 'tis truth.

Wil. I am fitted, fitted with a pair of horns
Of my own making!

Mif. Thank, and think upon
That providence, that would not have you loſt
In ſuch a foreſt of looſe thoughts; and be
Yourſelf again; I am your hand-maid ſtill;
And have learn'd ſo much piety to conceal
Whatever ſhould diſhonour you.

Wil.

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Wil. It buds,
It buds already: I ſhall turn ſtark mad,
Horn mad!
Miſ. What ails you? are you vex'd becauſe
Your wantonneſs thriv'd ſo well?
Wil. Well, with a vengeance.
Miſ. I did expect your thanks.
Wil. Yes, I do thank you, thank you heartily;
Moſt infinitely thank you.
Miſ. Doth this merit
No other payment but your ſcorn? then know,
Bad man, 'tis in my power to be reveng'd;
And what I had a reſolution
Should ſleep in ſilent darkneſs, now ſhall look
Day in the face; I'll publiſh to the world
How I am wrong'd, and with what ſtubbornneſs
You have deſpis'd the cure of your own fame;
Nor ſhall my couſin ſuffer in her honour.
I ſtoop as low as earth to ſhew my duty;
But too much trampl'd on, I riſe to tell
The world, I am a woman.
Wil. No, no; hark you,
I do not mock you. I am taken with
The conceit; what a fine thing I have made myſelf!
Ne'er ſpeak on't, thy device ſhall take; I'll love thee,
And kiſs thee for't; thou'ſt paid me handſomely:
An admirable plot, and follow'd cunningly.
I'll ſee thee anon again; and lie with thee
To-night, without a ſtratagem. The gentlewomen
Expect thee; keep all cloſe; dear wife, no ſentences.
I am trick'd and trim'd at my own charges rarely!
I'll ſeek out ſomebody again. [*Exit.*
Miſ. I have preſum'd too much upon your patience;
I have diſcover'd, and I hope t'will take.
Pen. I wiſh it may.
Miſ. You are ſad ſtill, Leonora.
Remove theſe thoughts: come, I'll wait on you now
To the Exchange: ſome toys may there ſtrike off
Their ſad remembrance.
Leo. I attend you.

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Mif. Farewel.

Enter Beaumont and his keeper.

Keep. The gentleman, that was yeſterday to ſpeak with you,
Is come again to viſit you.

Beau. Sir Richard Hurry?

Keep. The ſame, ſir.

Beau. You may admit him;
Men of his quality
Do ſeldom court affliction; this, I muſt
Allow, is a moſt noble gratitude
For thoſe good offices my father did him.

Enter ſir Richard.

Hur. Sir, the reſpects I owe you make me again
Solicitor for your ſafety; and altho',
On the firſt propoſition, it appear
Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,
Which might diſpoſe you to the ſlow embrace
Of what I tender'd; yet again brought to you,
After a time, to examine and conſider
What moſt concerns you, I am confident
You will accept, and thank me.

Bea. Noble ſir,
You do expreſs ſo rare a bounty, men
Will ſlowly imitate: I am not ſo
Loſt in my wild misfortune, but my reaſon
Will guide me to acknowledge, and pay back
My ſervice and myſelf, for ſo much charity
As you have pleas'd to ſhew me.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Here's for thy pains: they are the ſame; make good
Thy word, and place me where I may unſeen
Hear their diſcourſe.

Ke. This way.

Bea. But, with your pardon,
I would deſire to hear again how much
I ſhall be oblig'd, that, knowing the extent
Of your deſert, I may pay back a duty
That may, in every circumſtance, become

My

My fortune and the benefit.

Hur. Then thus: you are a prisoner; that alone
Is misery:
But your's the greater, in that guilt of blood,
Not sums that may be recompenc'd, detain you.
I'll not dispute the circumstance: Delamore
Slain by your hand.

Bea. I have confest:
The first jury having found it murder.

Hur. His blood calls to the law for justice; and you
cannot,
Left to yourself, and looking on the fact,
Expect with any comfort what must follow:
Yet I, in pity of your sufferings,
In pity of your youth, which would be else
Untimely blasted, offer to remove
Your sorrows, make you free and right again,
With clear satisfaction to the law.

Bea. Good sir,
Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not,
Howe'er your will and charity may be active
In my distress to save me, that you can
Assure my life and freedom; since, in causes
Of such high nature, laws must have their course,
Whose stream as it were wickedness to pollute,
It were vanity for any private man
To think he could resist. I speak not this,
To have you imagine I despise my life;
But to express my fears, your will does flatter you
'Bove what your power can reach.

Hur. For that, I urge not
My being a commissioner alone
To do you service: I have friends in court,
And great ones, when the rigour of the law
Hath sentenc'd you, to mediate your pardon;
Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
Where provocation, and not malice, makes
Guilty, to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
Sometimes to execution. I am so far
From doubting your discharge, that I dare forfeit

My

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My life, if I ſecure not yours from any
Danger for this offence.
Bea. You ſpeak all comfort:
Which way can I deſerve this?
Hur. That I'll ſhew you:
I had an obligation to your father,
Whoſe love, when all my fortunes were i'th' ebb,
And deſperately, reliev'd me with large ſums;
By whoſe careful manage I arriv'd at what
I am: and I ſhould be a rebel to
Nature and goodneſs, not to love the ſon
Of ſuch a friend, by his misfortune made
Ripe for my gratitude.
Bea. You ſpeak your bounty;
But teach not all this while how to deſerve it.
Hur. 'Tis done, by your acceptance of my daughter
To be your bride.
Bea. To be my bride! pray tell me,
Is ſhe deform'd, or wanton? what vice has ſhe?
Hur. Vice, ſir! ſhe will deſerve as good a husband:
She is handſome, tho' I ſay't, and ſhall be rich too.
Bea. She is too good, if ſhe be fair or virtuous;
Pardon, I know ſhe is both; but you amaze me:
I did expect conditions of danger:
A good wife is a bleſſing above health:
You teach me to deſerve my life firſt from you,
By offering a happineſs beyond it.
Hur. If you find love to accept, 'tis the reward
I look for: Leonora ſhall obey,
Or quit a father.
Bea. Ha, goodneſs defend!
I know you do but mock me, and upbraid
My act, that kill'd her ſervant. Wound me ſtill;
I have deſerv'd her curſe: I ſee her weep,
And every tear accuſe me.
Hur. May I never
Thrive in my prayers to heaven, if what I offer
I wiſh not heartily confirm'd.
Bea. I now
Suſpect you are not Leonora's father.

'Twere

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'Twere better you diſſembled, than made her
So paſt all hope of being cur'd again.
I marry Leonora! can her ſoul
Think on ſo foul a rape? ſhe cannot ſure.
Hur. She ſhall: I command.
Bea. By virtue but
She ſha'not; nor would I, to graſp an empire,
Tempt her to ſo much ſtain. Let her tell down
Her virgin tears on Delamore's cold marble,
Sigh to his duſt, and call revenge upon
His head, whoſe anger ſent him to thoſe ſhades,
From whence ſhe ne'er muſt ſee him. This will juſtify
She lov'd the dead: it were impiety
One ſmile ſhould bleſs her murderer; and, howe'er
You are pleas'd to compliment with my affliction,
I know ſhe cannot find one thought within her,
So foul to look upon me.
Hur. Let it reſt on that. Will you conſent, and
timely make proviſion for your ſafety?
Bea. For my life,
You mean, now on the chance. Then I may live,
You are confident; and think it not impoſſible
Your daughter may affect: there's at once
Two bleſſings; are they not? and mighty ones,
Conſidering what I am, how low, how loſt
To th' common air ——
Hur. Now you are wiſe.
Bea. But if
Your daughter would confirm this, and propound
Herſelf my victory ——
Hur. What then?
Bea. I ſhould condemn her, and deſpiſe the conqueſt.
Theſe things may bribe an atheiſt, not a lover:
But you perhaps are ignorant I have given
My faith away irrevocably: 'tis
The wealth of Violante, and I wo'not
Baſely ſteal back a thought; and yet, I thank you,
I am not ſo inhuman.
Hur. Will you not
Prefer your life

To

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To honour and religion?

Bea. For ſhame, be ſilent. Could you make me lord
Of my own deſtiny, and that Leonora
Had empires for her dower, and courted me
With all the flatteries of life, to quit
My vows to Violante, I would fly
Upon her boſom to meet death.

Hur. And death
You muſt expect, which will take off this bravery.

Bea. And I will kiſs it; kiſs it like a bride.

Hur. So reſolute?

Bea. And if I cannot live
My Violante's, I will die her ſacrifice.
Good ſir, no more: you do not well to trouble
The quiet of a priſoner thus, that cannot
Be a too careful ſteward of thoſe minutes
Left him to make his peace: tempt me no farther.
The earth is not ſo fix'd as my reſolves,
Rather to die, than in one thought tranſplant
My love from Violante.

Hur. Be undone!
And this contempt ſhall haſten the divorce
Of ſoul and love. Die, and be ſoon forgotten.

Exit.

Enter Violante.

Bea. My Violante! if there can be any joy
Neighbour to ſo much grief, I'll pour it out
To pay thy bounteous viſit: if my eyes
Admit no fellowſhip in weeping, 'tis
Becauſe my heart, which ſaw thee firſt, would bid
Thee welcome thither; ſcorning to acknowledge
There can be any thing but joy where thou art.

Vio. But ſadneſs, my dear Beaumont, while there is
A cauſe that makes thee priſoner. I muſt weep,
And empty many ſprings: my eyes are now
No prophets of thy ſorrow, but the witneſs;
And when I think of death, that waits upon thee,
I wither to a ghoſt.

Bea. Why, Violante,
We muſt all die——Reſtrain theſe weeping fountains,

Keep

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Keep 'em till I am dead; diſpenſe 'em then
Upon my grave, and I ſhall grow again;
And, in the ſweet diſguiſe of a fair garden,
Salute the ſpring that gave me green and odour.
Why ſhould not love transform us?
Vio. Be not loſt
In theſe imaginations.
Bea. Or perhaps
Th'aſt ambition: ſhe whoſe love made up
A wonder to the world, beſide the pledge
Of duty to her lord, fam'd Artemiſia,
Shall be no more in ſtory for her tomb;
For on the earth that weighs my body down,
When I am dead, thy tears, by the cold breath
Of heaven congeal'd to Beaumont's memory,
Shall raiſe a monument of pearl, to out-do
The great Mauſolus' ſepulchre.
Vio. No more
Of this vain language, if you have any pity
On the poor Violante.
Bea. I ha' done;
And yet now I am going to a long ſilence,
Allow my ſorrow to take leave, Violante.
Vio. It ſhall be ſo:—be valiant, my heart.
Beaumont, I come not to take leave of thee.
Bea. Perhaps you'll ſee me again.
Vio. Again, and often.
Thy ſtars are gentle to thee; many days
And years are yet between thee and that time
That threatens loſs of breath. See, I can thus
Diſperſe the clouds ſate heavy on my brow,
And wipe the moiſture hence: 'tis day again:
Take beams into thy eye, and let them ſink
Upon thy better fortune. Live, live happily.
Bea. Is Delamore alive?
Vio. Dead, and interr'd.
Bea. From what can this hope riſe?
Vio. From thyſelf, Beaumont,
If thou wilt ſave thyſelf. I have heard all;
And, by the duty of my love, am bound

To

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To chide your resolution: can you be
So mercileſs to yourſelf to refuſe life,
When it is offer'd with the beſt advantage
In Leonora's love? a price, that ſhould
Buy you from all the world. Be counſell'd, ſir:
Oh, do not loſe yourſelf in a vain paſſion
For thought of me! I cancel all your vows,
And give you back your heart; be free again,
If you will promiſe me to live and love.

Bea. Leonora?

Vio. That beſt of womankind; a mine of ſweetneſs,

Bea. But can you leave me then?

Vio. I juſtify
Thy choice of me in that; that, to preſerve thee,
Dare give thee back again. Be Leonora's;
For being mine, th'art loſt to all the world.
Better a thouſand times thou be made her's,
Than we both loſe. I'll pawn my faith ſhe'll love thee,
I'll be content to hear my Beaumont's well,
And viſit thee ſometimes, like a glad ſiſter,
And never beg a kiſs: but if I weep
At any time, when we are together,
Do not believe 'tis ſorrow makes my eyes
So wet, but joy to ſee my Beaumont living.
As it is now, to hope——

Bea. If thou do'ſt mean thus,
Thou do'ſt the more inflame me to be conſtant.
Be not a miracle, and I may be tempted
To love my life above thee; by this kiſs——
Oh, give me but another in my death,
It will reſtore me! By this innocent hand,
White as I wiſh my ſoul, I wo'not leave thee
For the world's kingdom.

Vio. But you muſt, unleſs
You change for Leonora. Think of that;
Think, e'er you be too raſh.

Bea. I'll think of thee;
And honour to be read I lov'd Violante,
But never could deſerve her. Live thou happy,

And

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And by thy virtue teach a nearer way
To heaven. We may meet yonder! Do not make me
More miserable than I am, by adding perjury
To my bloody sin. The memory of thee
Will, at my execution, advance
My spirit to a pitch, that men shall think
I have chang'd my cause for martyrdom.
Vio. Then here,
As of a dying man, I take my leave:
Farewell, unhappy Beaumont! I'll pray for thee.
Bea. 'Tis possible I may live yet, and be thine.
Vio. These tears condemn thee!
If in this world again we never meet,
My life is buried in thy winding-sheet.
Bea. This exceeds all my sorrow!

ACT V.

Enter Wilding.

Wil. I Am justly punish'd now for all my tricks,
And pride o'th' flesh! I had ambition
To make men cuckolds: now the devil has paid me,
Paid me i'th' same coin; and I'll compare
My forehead with the broadest of my neighbours:
But, e'er it spreads too monstrous, I must have
Some plot upon this Hazard. He supposes
He has enjoy'd Penelope, and my trick's
To drive the opinion home, to get him marry her,
And make her satisfaction. The wench
Has oft commended him: he may be won to't.
I never meant to part with all her portion:
Perhaps he'll thank me for the moiety;
And this dispos'd on, she's conjur'd to silence.
It must be so.

Enter

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Enter Hazard.

Ha. Jack Wilding, how is't, man?
How goes the plough at home? what says the lady
Guinever, that was humbled in your absence?
You have the credit with her, all the glory
Of my night's work: does she not hide her eyes,
And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman!
Turn a one side, or drop a handkerchief,
And stoop, and take occasion to leer
And laugh upon thee?

Wil. Nothing less: I know not
What thou'ast done to her, but she's very sad.

Ha. Sad! I'll be hang'd then.

Wil. Thou must imagine,
I did the best to comfort her.

Ha. She's melancholy
For my absence, man: I'll keep her company
Again to night.

Wil. She thinks 'twas I enjoy'd her.

Ha. Let her think whom she will, so we may couple.

Wil. And nothing now but sighs, and cries I have
Undone her.

Haz. She's a fool, I hurt her not;
She cryed not out, I am sure; and for my body
I defy the college of physicians;
Let a jury of virgins search me.

Wil. To be plain,
Although she has no thought but I was her bed-fellow,
You are the only argument of her sadness.

Haz. How can that be?

Wil. When I had merrily
Excus'd what had been done, she fetch'd a sigh,
And with some tears reveal'd her love to you;
That she had lov'd you long, but by this act
Of mine, d'ye mark, she was become unworthy
To hope for so good a fortune; I cannot tell,
But she is strangely passionate.

Haz. For me?

Wil.

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Wil. For you; but thou art soft and tender-hearted,
And in that confidence I did forbear
To tell her who had done the deed.
Hax. You did so?
'Twas wisely done, now I collect myself,
She has sometimes smil'd upon me.
Wil. Nay, believe it,
She is taken with thee above all the world.
Hax. And yet she was content you should——
'Bove all the world.
Wil. But 'twas your better fate
To be the man; it was her destiny
To have the right performance: thou art a gentleman,
And canst not but consider the poor gentlewoman.
Hax. What would'st ha' me do?
Wil. Make her amends, and marry her.
Hax. Marry a strumpet?
Wil. You had first possession,
And th'adst been married earlier, couldst but had
Her maidenhead; besides, no body knows but we ourselves.
Hax. Be not abus'd, I had
No maidenhead.
Wil. My greater torment: come, come, thou art modest;
Heaven knows she may be desperate.
Hax. A fair riddance,
We have enough o'th' tribe; I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a pair
Of my own garters.
Wil. I—— of Athens grown;
I know thou art more charitable; she may prove
A happy wife; what woman but has frailty?
Hax. Let her make the best on't; set up shop
I'th' Strand, or Westminster; she may have custom,
And come to speak most learnedly i'th' nose.
Bid her keep quarter with the constable
And justice's clerk, and she in time may purchase.
Wil. She has a portion will maintain her like
A gentlewoman and your wife.
Hax. Where is't?

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Wil. In my poſſeſſion, and I had rather thou
Shouldſt have it than another.
Haz. Thank you heartily;
A ſingle life has ſingle care; pray keep it.
Wil. Come, thou ſhalt know I love thee; thou ſhalt have
More by a thouſand pound, than I refuſ'd
To part with, 'cauſe I wou'd call thee couſin too;
A brace of thouſands, Will, ſhe has to her portion,
I hop'd to put her off with half the ſum;
That's truth, ſome younger brother would ha' thank'd me,
And given my quietus: tuh, 'tis frequent
With men that are ſo truſted. Is't a match?
Haz. Two thouſand pound will make a maidenhead
That's crooked, ſtraight again.
Wil. Th'art in the right;
Or for the better ſound, as the grammarians
Say, I will call it twenty hundred pound:
By lady, a pretty ſtock; enough, an' need be,
To buy up half the maidenheads in a county.
Haz. Here's my hand; I'll conſider on't no farther;
Is ſhe prepar'd?
Wil. Leave that to me.
Haz. No more.
Wil. I'll inſtantly about it. [*Exit.*
Haz. Ha, ha.
The project moves better than I expected;
What pains he takes out of his ignorance?

Enter Barnacle.

Bar. Oh! ſir, I am glad I ha' found you.
Haz. I was not loſt.
Bar. My nephew, ſir, my nephew!
Haz. What of him?
Un. He's undone, he's undone! you have undone him.
Bar. What's the matter?
Un. You have made him, ſir, ſo valiant, I am afraid
He's not long liv'd; he quarrels now with every body:
And roars and domineers, and ſhakes the pent-houſes.

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A woman that sold pudding-pies, but took
The wall on him, and he trips up her heels;
And down fell all; the kennel ran pure white-pot.
What shall I do? I fear he will be kill'd:
I take a little privilege myself,
Because I threaten to disinherit him;
But no body else dares talk, or meddle with him.
Is there no way to take him down again,
And make him coward?

Hax. There are ways to tame him.

Bar. Now I wish heartily you had beaten him
For the hundred pound.

Hax. That may be done yet.

Bar. Is't not too late? but do you think 'twill humble him?
I expect every minute he's abroad
To hear he has kill'd somebody, or receive him
Brought home with half his brains, or but one leg.
Good sir!

Ha. What wou'd you have me do?

Bar. I'll pay you for't,
If you will beat him soundly, sir, and leave him
But as you found him: for if he continue
A blade, and be not kill'd, he won't 'scape
The gallows long; and 'tis not for my honour
He should be hang'd.

Ha. I shall deserve as much
To allay this metal, as I did to quicken it.

Bar. Nay, 'tis my meaning to content you, sir;
And I shall take it as a favour too,
If for the same price you made him valiant,
You will unblade him: here's the money, sir;
As weighty gold as t'other; 'cause you should not
Lay it on lightly: break no limb, and bruise him
Three quarters dead, I care not: he may live
Many a fair day after it.

Ha. You shew
An uncle's love in this; trust me to cure
His valour.

Bar. He's here; do but observe.

Enter

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Enter Nephew.

And beat him, sir, accordingly.

Nep. How how, uncle?

Bar. Thou art no nephew of mine, th'art a rascal!
I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman;
Pay for your dice and drinkings; I shall have
The surgeons bills brought shortly home to me;
Be troubled to bail thee from the sessions;
And afterwards make friends to the recorder
For a reprieve; yes, I will see thee hang'd first.

Nep. And be at the charge to paint the gallows too;
If I have a mind, the waits shall play before me;
And I'll be hang'd in state, three storys high, uncle;
But first I'll cut your throat.

Bar. Bless me! defend me.

Enter Acreless, Sellaway, Littlestock.

Acr. How now, what's the matter?

Sel. Master Barnacle!

Bar. There's an ungracious bird of mine own nest,
Will murder me.

Lit. He wo'not sure?

Ha. Put up,
And ask your uncle presently forgiveness;
Or I will huff thee.

Nep. Huff me? I will put up
At thy intreaty.

Ha. Gentlemen, you remember
This noble gallant.

Acr. Cousin of yours, I take it.

Ha. Cousin to a killing, in your company
Lent me a box o'th' ear.

Nep. No, no, I gave it,
I gave it freely; keep it, never think on't;
I can make bold with thee another time;
Wou'd 't had been twenty.

Ha. One's too much to keep.
I am a Gamester, and remembred always
To pay the box; there's first your principal,
Take that for the use.

Nep. Use? wou'd th'adst given it my uncle.

Ha.

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Ha. They have cost him already two hundred pounds
And upwards, shotten herring, thing of noise!
Nep. Oh, for my man Dwindle
And his basket-hilt now! my uncle shall rue this.
Ha. Down presently, and before these gentlemen
Desire his pardon.
Nep. How! desire his pardon?
Ha. Then let this go round.
Nep. I will ask his pardon; I beseech you, uncle——
Ha. And swear.
Nep. And do swear.
Ha. To be obedient, never more to quarrel.
Nep. Why, look you, gentlemen, I hope you are persuaded,
By being kick'd so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.
Bar. I suspect him still.
Nep. For more assurance, do you kick me too.
[*Barnacle kits him.*
Am not I patient and obedient now?
Will you have any more, gentlemen, before I rise?
Ha. If ever he prove rebellious, in act
Or language, let me know it.
Nep. Will you not give
Me leave to roar abroad, a little, for
My credit?
Bar. Never, sirrah; now I'll tame you.
I thank you, gentlemen, command me for
This courtesy.
Nep. 'Tis possible I may
With less noise grow more valiant hereafter:
Till then I am in all your debts.
Bar. Be ruled,
And be my nephew again: this was my love,
My love, dear nephew.
Nep. If your love consist
In kicking, uncle, let me love you again.
Bar. Follow me, sirrah.
Acr. Then his uncle paid for't?
Ha. Heartily, heartily.

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Lit. I thought there was some trick.

Ha. And whither are you going, gentlemen?

Sel. We are going to visit Beaumont in the prison.

Ha. 'Tis charity; but that I have deep engagements, I'd wait upon you, but command my service to him to I'll visit him ere night: you saw not Wilding?

A. L. S. We saw his wife and kinswoman enter Sir Richard Hurry's half an hour ago.

Ha. His kinswoman? I thank you,
You have sav'd me travail; farewell, gentlemen,
Farewell.

Enter Leonora, and Violante; mistress Wilding, and Penelope.

Leo. My father has some design, and bade me send for thee.

Wil. Y'are both too sad; come, we must divert This melancholy.

Vio. I beseech your pardon;
But is my Beaumont sent for?

Leo. Yes, we are
Too private.

Vio. I much fear Leonora now;
She looks not sad enough; although I could
Resign my interest freely to preserve him,
I would not willingly be present, when
They interchange hearts; she will shew too much
A tyrant, if she be not satisfied
With what was mine, but I must be moited
To be their triumph.

Enter Hazard.

Mis. Master Hazard!

Ha. All things
Succeed beyond your thought; pray give me a little
Opportunity with your kinswoman.

[*Exit mistress Wilding, Leonora, Violante.*

Leo. We'll withdraw.

Ha. I know not how to woo her now.—Sweet lady!

en. Your pleasure, sir?

Ha. Pray let me ask you a question.
If you had lost your way, and met one,

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A traveller like myself, that knew the coast
O'th' country, would you thank him to direct you?
Pen. That common manners would instruct.
Ha. I think so.
But there are many ways to the wood, and which
Would you desire; the neareſt path, and ſafeſt,
Or that which leads about?
Pen. Without all queſtion,
The neareſt and the ſafeſt.
Ha. Can you love then?
Pen. I were a devil elſe.
Ha. And can you love a man?
Pen. A man! what elſe, ſir?
Ha. Y'are ſo far on your way. Now love but me,
Y'are at your journy's end; what ſay you to me?
Pen. Nothing, ſir.
Ha. That's no anſwer, you muſt ſay ſomething.
Pen. I hope you'll not compel me.
Ha. D'y' hear, lady?
Setting this foolery aſide, I know
You cannot chuſe but love me.
Pen. Why?
Ha. I have been told ſo.
Pen. You are eaſy of belief;
I think I ſhould be beſt aquainted with
My own thoughts, and I dare not be ſo deſperate
To conclude.
Ha. Come, you lie; I could have given't
In ſmoother phraſe: y'are a diſſembling gentlewoman.
I know your heart; you have lov'd me a great while.
What ſhould I play the fool for? if you remember
I urg'd ſome wild diſcourſe in the behalf
Of your lewd kinſman, 'twas a trial of thee;
That humour made me love thee; and ſince that, thy virtue.
Pen. Indeed, ſir?
Ha. Indeed, ſir? why I have been contracted to thee.
Pen. How long?
Ha. This half hour; know thy portion, and ſhall have it.

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Pen. Strange!

Ha. Nay, I'll have thee too.

Pen. You will?

Ha. I cannot help it; thy kind couſin will have it ſo:
'Tis his own plot, to make thee amends; is't not
Good mirth? but 'tis not love to thee or me,
But to have me poſſeſt he is no cuckold:
I ſee through his device, thou art much beholden to him:
He meant to have put thee off with half thy portion;
But that, if things come out, we ſhould keep counſel.
Say, is't a match? I have two thouſand pound too,
I thank the dice: let's put our ſtocks together,
Children will follow——He is here already.

Enter Wilding.

Wil. So cloſe! I am glad on't, this prepares Will Hazard,
And my young couſin——A word, Penelope.

Ha. Now will he make all ſure.

Wil. You us'd me coarſely,
But I have forgot it; what diſcourſe have you
With this gentleman?

Pen. He would ſeem to be a ſuitor.

Wil. Entertain him, d'ye hear; you may do worſe, be rul'd.
'Twas in my thought to move it; does he not
Talk ſtrangely?

Pen. Of what?

Wil. Of nothing; let me counſel you
To love him; call him huſband.

Pen. I reſolve
Never to marry without your conſent.

Enter Acreleſs, Littleſtock, Sallaway.

Ha. Gentlemen, welcome.

Pen. If you beſtow me, ſir, I will be confident
I am not loſt, I muſt confeſs I love him.

Wil. No more then; loſe no time.—Kind gentlemen,
Y'are come moſt ſeaſonably to be the witneſſes
Of my conſent; I have examin'd both
Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kinſwoman:
No

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No sooner shall the church pronounce you married,
But challenge what is hers.
Ha. Two thousand pound.
Wil. I do confess it is her portion.
You sha'not stay to talk; nay, gentlemen,
Pray see the business finish'd.
A. L. S. We attend you.
Wil. So, so; this will confirm him in the opinion,
Penelope was the creature he injoy'd,
And keep off all suspicion of my wife;
Who is still honest, in the imagination
That only I embrac'd her: all's secure,
And my brow's smooth again. Who can deride me,
But I myself? Ha, that's too much, I know it;
And spight of these tricks, am a Cornelius.
Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant?
Why then I ha' done nothing: yes, advanc'd
The man, that grafted shame upon my fore-head:
Vexation! parted with two thousand pound,
And am no less a cuckold than before:
Was I predestin'd to this shame and mockery?
Where were my brains? yet why am I impatient?
Unless betray'd, he cannot reach the knowledge;
And then no matter——yes, I am curst again;
My torment multiplies; how can he think
He plaid the wanton with Penelope,
When he finds her a maid? that ruins all:
I wou'd she had been strumpeted; he knows
My wife's virginity too well. I am lost,
And must be desperate---kill him? no, my wife.
Not so good——death is over black and horrid;
And I am grown ridiculous to myself.
I must do something.

Enter Sir Richard Hurry,

Hur. Master Wilding, welcome;
Y'have been a great stranger.
Wil. Do you know me?
Hur. Know you?
Wil. They say, I am much alter'd o' late,

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Hur. There is some alteration in your forehead.
Wil. My forehead?
Hur. 'Tis not smooth enough, you're troubled:
Your wife's within.
Wil. She loves your daughter, sir.
Hur. When saw you master Beaumont?
Wil. Not to day.
Hur. I have sent for him; pray stay and witness
His farther examination. I propounded
A way to do him good, but he is obstinate.
Wil. Would I could change condition with him!
He is not troubled now with being a cuckold! [*Aside.*
You shall command.

Enter mistress Wilding and a servant.

Hur. Your husband, lady.
Wil. Wife, you are a whore!
You shall know more hereafter;
I must go live i'th' forest.
Mis. And I i'th' common.
Wil. She'll turn prostitute.
Hur. Attend him hither. Master Beaumont's come;
Nay you shall favour me so much, here's the gentleman

Enter master Beaumont with officers.

Already.
Bea. Sir, your pleasure? by your command I am brought hither;
I hope you have no more to charge me with
Than freely I have confest.
Hur. Yes.
Bea. I must answer,
You can have but my life to satisfy;
Pray speak my accusation.
Hur. Besides the offence known and examin'd,
You are guilty
Of that which all good natures do abhor.
Bea. You have a privilege; but do not make me,
Good sir, to appear monstrous; who are my
Accusers?

Hur.

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Hur. I am one.

Bea. And my judge too?
I have ſmall hope to plead then: but proceed,
And name my treſpaſs.

Hur. That which includes all
That man ſhould hate, ingratitude.

Bea. You have
Preferr'd a large indictment, and are the firſt
That ever charg'd me with't: it is a ſtain
My ſoul held moſt at diſtance. But deſcend
To ſome particular: this offence doth riſe
Or fall in the degree or reference
To perſons ſin'd againſt: to whom have I
Been ſo ingrateful?

Hur. Ingrate, as high as murder.

Bea. To whom?

Hur. Thyſelf; to whom that life thou ought'ſt to cheriſh,
Thou haſt undone.

Bea. I am not ſo uncharitable,
However you pleaſe to urge it; but I know
Why you conclude ſo. Let me, ſir, be honeſt
To heaven and my own heart; and then, if life
Will follow, it ſhall be welcome.

Hur. Still perverſe?
Stand forth, my Leonora——look upon her.

Bea. I ſee a comely frame, which cannot be
Without as fair a mind.

Hur. With her I make,
Once more, a tender of my wealth and thy
Enlargement.

Wil. How can you diſcharge him, ſir?

Hur. Take you no care for that; it ſhall be ſecur'd,
If he accept: 'tis the laſt time of aſking;
Anſwer to purpoſe now.

Bea. There ſhall need none,
Sir, to forbid this marriage but myſelf:
My reſolution, but warm before,
Is now a flame. I honour this fair virgin,
And am too poor to thank your love; but muſt not

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Buy life with ſo much ſhame; I am Violante's,
My laſt breath ſhall confirm it.
Wil. Beaumont, think on't
A little better; be not mad: if this be poſſible,
Embrace her inſtantly.
Bea. She does not look
With any countenance of love upon me.
See, ſhe does weep.
Wil. She'll love thee afterwards;
An' ſhe do not, ſhe can but cuckold thee:
There be more i'th' pariſh, man.
Hur. Since you are ſo peremptory,
So peremptory: here receive your ſentence,
Live and love happily.
Vio. My deareſt Beaumont!
Wil. To what purpoſe is this? he muſt be hang'd for Delamore.
Hur. Here's one can clear the danger.
Wil. The ſurgeon! Did not you ſay he was dead?
Sur. I did, to ſerve his ends, which you ſee noble:
Delamore is paſt danger, but wants ſtrength
To come abroad.
Leo. You give me another life.
Hur. I ſee heaven has decreed him for thy huſband,
And ſhalt have my conſent too.
Leo. Now you bleſs me!
Hur. I wiſh'd to call thee ſon; pardon my trial.
Joy ever in your boſoms!
Bea. I feel a bleſſing
That only can be thought. ſilence, my tongue,
And let our hearts diſcourſe.

Enter Hazard, Penelope, Acreleſs, Littleſtock, and Sellaway.

Ha. Your leave, gentlefolks: who wiſhes joy,
And a bundle of boys the firſt night?
Hur. Married?
Pen. Faſt as the prieſt could tie us.
Acr. Sel. Lit. We are witneſſes.

Ha.

Ha. Couſin, two thouſand pound! and, lady, now
I muſt thank you for this, among the reſt.
'Tis time to clear all.
Wil. I'll be divorc'd now:
Wife, y'are a whore.
Ha. Ho, there, no bug-words. Come,
We muſt tell ſomething in your ear: be merry;
You are no cuckold, make no noiſe. I know
That's it offends your ſtomach.
Wil. Ha!
Ha. I touch'd nor her, nor this with one rude action.
We'll talk the circumſtance when you come home:
Your wife expected you, but when I came
She had prepar'd light, and her couſin here,
To have made you bluſh, and chide you into honeſty;
Seeing their chaſte ſimplicity, I was won
To ſilence, which brought on my better fortune.
Wil. Can this be real?
Miſ. By my hopes of peace
I'th' t'other world, you have no injury:
My plot was only to betray you to
Love and repentance.
Pen. Be not troubled, ſir;
I am a witneſs of my couſin's truth;
And hope you'll make all proſper, in renewing
Your faith to her.
Ha. Be wiſe, and no more words:
Thou haſt a treaſure in thy wife; make much on her.
For any act of mine, ſhe is as chaſte
As when ſhe was new-born. Love, love her, Jack.
Wil. I am aſham'd: pray give me all forgiveneſs.
I ſee my follies---heaven invites me gently
To thy chaſte bed.—Be thou again my deareſt:
Thy virtue ſhall inſtruct me. Joy to all.
Here be more.——Delamore is living,
And Leonora mark'd to enjoy him:
Violante is poſſeſs'd of Beaumont too.
Ha. Theſe be love's miracles: a ſpring-tide flow
In every boſom.

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Hur. This day let me feaſt you:
Anon we'll viſit Delamore.
Lee. My ſoul
Longs to ſalute him.
Ha. Here all follies die;
May never gameſter have worſe fate than I.

THE

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THE BIRD in a CAGE.

A

COMEDY.

BY

Mr. *JAMES SHIRLEY.*

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TO

Master WILLIAM * PRINNE,

Utter-Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn.*

SIR,

THE Fame of your Candor and innocent Love to Learning, especially to that musical Part of human Knowledge, Poetry, and in particular to that which concerns the Stage and Scene (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a Tragedy) doth justly challenge from me this Dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy Retirement, but no Poem could tempt me with so fair a Circumstance as this in the Title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without Imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite Names for your own Compositions, as Health's Sickness, The Unloveliness of Love-locks, &c.) how aptly I may present you at this time with The Bird in a Cage, a Comedy, which wanteth, I must confess, much of that Ornament which the Stage and Action lent it, for it comprehending also another Play or Interlude, personated by Ladies, I must refer to your Imagination, the Musick, the Songs, the Dancing, and other Varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely

* This is he who wrote *Histrio-mastix*, the *Players-Scourge*, or *Actors Tragedy*, Printed in 1633. It is a large railing Rhapsody, consisting chiefly of stupid Quotations from the Fathers, from whence he endeavours to prove, that all who write, act, or frequent Plays, are certainly damn'd. He particularly reflected upon the King and Queen for the Countenance and Encouragement they gave to Plays, for which he was prosecuted in the Star-Chamber, and sentenc'd to stand twice in the Pillory, lose an ear each time, pay 5000 *l.* suffer perpetual Imprisonment, and have his Book burnt by the common Hangman.

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finitely in the Presentment. I was the rather invited to make this Oblation, that Posterity might read you a Patron to the Muses, and one that durst, in such a critical Age, bind up the Wounds which Ignorance had printed upon Wit and the Professors. Proceed, (inimitable Mecænas) *and having such convenient Leisure, and an indefatigable* Pegasus, *I mean your Prose, (which scorneth the Road of common Sense, and despiseth any Stile in his Way) travel still in the Pursuit of new Discoveries; which you may publish, if you please, in your next Book of* Digressions. *If you do not happen presently to convert the Organs, you may in time confute the Steeple, and bring every Parish to one Bell.*

This is all I have to say at this time; and my own Occasions not permitting my personal Attendance, I have intreated a Gentleman to deliver this Testimony of my Service. Many Faults have escaped the Press, which your Judgment will no sooner find than your Mercy correct; by which you shall teach others a Charity to your own Volumes, tho' they be all Errata. *If you continue where you are, you will every day inlarge your Fame; and, beside the Engagement of other Poets to celebrate your* Roman *Constancy, in particular oblige the Tongue and Pen of your devout Honourer,*

James Shirley.

Dra-

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of *Mantua*.
Perenotto, captain of his guard.
Philenzo, lover of *Eugenia*, under the diſguiſe and name of *Rafliardo*.
Fulvio, *Orpiano*, } noblemen.
Morello, *Dondolo*, *Grutti*, } courtiers.
Embaſſador of *Florence*.
Bonamico, a mountebank, or decay'd artiſt.
Servant, *Guard*, *Attendants*.

Eugenia, the duke's daughter.
Donella, *Katharina*, *Mardona*, *Fidella*, *Caſſiana*. } ladies, attendant on the princeſs.

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THE BIRD in a CAGE. A COMEDY.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

Enter Fulvio, Orpiano.

Orp. HE does not mean this building for a college, I hope?

Fulv. That were an ill foundation; there are more scholars than can live one by another already: 'tis pity we should have more plenty of learned beggers.

Orp. 'Tis past all my conjecture why he built it.

Ful. Signior Perenotto, captain o' th' guard,
Is of counsel only with the duke in't.

Enter

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Enter Morello.

Mor. Signior Orpino, and Fulvio.

Fulv. My ſpark! whither in ſuch haſte? Let us change air a little.

Mor. You are travelling to your miſtreſs.

Orp. Madam Donella is newly return'd to court.

Fulv. With the princeſs?

Orp. She was but late retir'd into the country: What's the matter?

Mor. Your lordſhips, I hope, have heard the duke ſent poſt for them, as they ſay. There is ſomething in it.

Fulv. What?

Mor. Does not your lordſhip know?

Fulv. Not I.

Mor. Your lordſhip's wiſdom and mine is much about a ſcantling then; yet, for aught I hear, there be others of the court as ignorant as we——Your honour's pardon, I beſeech you, I muſt in all haſte to the princeſs's lodging.

Orp. Farewell, ſignior.
Your amorous look has a hair out of order.

Mor. Um! what an overſight was this of my barber! I muſt return now and have it corrected, dear ſignior.

[*Exit.*

Fulv. Here's a courtier, that will not miſs a hair of his compliment when he is to appear before his miſtreſs. Every morning does this fellow put himſelf upon the rack, with putting on's apparel; and manfully endures his taylor, when he ſcrews and wreſts his body into the faſhion of his doublet.—But that the court cannot ſubſiſt without a fool, I ſhould marvel what this fellow does to follow it.

Orp. There are more have much about his parcel of brains: the benefit of youth and good clothes procur'd their places, and ignorance and impudence have ſince maintain'd 'em.

Fulv. Two great helps, as the world goes.

Enter Gentleman-ushers, Dondolo, Grutti.

Gent. Clear the preſence, the duke is entering.

Enter

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Enter Duke, Eugenia, Prospero. Attendants.

Eug. I ever was obedient——

Duke. 'Tis for thy honour, which I know
Is to thyself a precious sound.——That building,
I late erected, then shall be thy palace.

Eug. Or my prison, sir, if I do rightly understand.

Duke. That name
Is too unworthy of it, my Eugenia;
Nor will it seem restraint to my lov'd daughter,
Since, free to all delights, thy mind shall be
Its own commander; every day shall strive
To bring thee in fresh rarities; Time shall be
Delighted with thy pleasures, and stay with thee.

Eug. Indeed I shall think Time has lost his wings,
When I am thus cag'd up.

Duke. Thou shalt give
To him feathers when thou pleasest. Mantua
Shall pour her raptures on thee.—Why have I
A crown, but to command what thou can'st wish for,
My dear Eugenia?

Eug. A deer, it seems;
For, as you had suspicion of my wildness,
You'll measure out my walk.

Duke. I am thy father,
Who, by example of the wisest kings,
But build a place to lay my treasure in,
Safe from the robber, where I'll place a guard——

Eug. Do you suspect I shall break prison?

Duke. To keep off violence, and solliciting,
Which may disturb thy pleasures, until we
Shall find out one to match thy birth and virtues:
My dukedom is too poor that way. Maintain
Thy father's soul: thou hast no blood to mix
With any beneath prince. Forget, as I shall,
Thy love was ever falling from thy greatness,
Into the arms of one carries but title of honour.

Eug. Sir, I am your daughter.

Duke. Thou'st deserv'd my blessing; and thy obedience
In this now crowns thy father. I see I need not

Urge

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Urge what I am to move thee, and lay forces
Thy understanding does appear convinc'd,
And loving duty teaches thee to more
Than the command.
Eug. What narrow ground I tread! I know he is
Too passionate to be denied his will,
And yet to yield will make me miserable:
'Tis my misfortune to be born so great.
Each common man and woman can enjoy
The air, when the condition of a princess
Makes me a prisoner: but I must obey,
In hope it will not last.—I have a soul
Is full of grateful duty, nor will suffer me
Farther dispute your precept: you have power
To steer me as you please.
Duke. All the Graces
Speak in my girl—each syllable doth carry
A volume of thy goodness: all my cares,
So well rewarded, do convert to sweetest:
I thank thy filial piety. Know, my girl,
That place wherein I lock so rich a jewel,
I do pronounce again shall be thy paradise.
Thy paradise, my Eugenia, saving that
In this man only finds no being, other
Delights shall stream themselves into thy bosom;
And those that pass shall flow again, t' invite
Thy taste to tasting.—Perenotto.
Per. Your grace's pleasure?
Duke. Admit those ladies that attend.
Fulv. The duke shews much indulgence.
Orp. Observe the issue.
Duke. We will not limit thy companions;
Elect what Mantuan beauties thou can'st best
Delight in, they shall serve thee; or if some
Of your own train, whom we have thought most proper
To be your personal guard, affect you, they
Enter Donella, Katharina, Mardona, and Fidelia.
Attend our pleasures: see, they are ignorant
Yet of our purpose. If to any thy
Affection be not free, thy breath discharge them,

And

And 'point thy own attendants.

Eug. I shall be pleas'd with your appointment.
Ladies, I know you love me. [*She goes to the ladies.*

Don. Doth your grace hold suspicion any of us
Serve you not with our heart?

Eug. I do not doubt;
Or if I did, you now approach a trial:
For my sake can you be content to be
All prisoners?

Ladies. Prisoners!

Eug. Yes, shut up close prisoners, and be barr'd
The conversation, nay the sight of men.

Kath. Marry, heaven defend! wherein have we offended,
That we must lose the sweet society
Of men?

Mar. How have we forfeited our freedom?

Duke. No one argue——'tis our pleasure.

Don. 'Las, madam, I am new contracted to a handsome signior.

Kath. I have but newly entertain'd a servant, that gave me these gloves: they smell of him still, a sweet courtier!

Don. Not one man among so many ladies!
Not a gentleman-usher! not a page!
How shall we do, madam?

Mar. I beseech your grace let me be exempted:
If I have committed an offence deserves your anger,
Let one of your lords cut off my head rather, signior Dondolo.

Fid. Shall we express
So cold a duty to her highness? fie, ladies.

Eug. You shall but suffer with me. I partake
As much severity as any of you shall.

Duke. I will expect your duties, lords, in silence.
Orpiano, you shall to Ferrara with
Our daughter's picture: your commission's seal'd.—
Now, fair ladies,
I hope y'are fix'd to wait upon Eugenia.
If your restraint be a burthen, it shall be

In

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In her power to inlarge you, and elect
New friends into your places.
Ladies. 'Tis our duties
To obey your grace and her.
Duke. Perenot, are all things prepar'd?
Per. They are, my lord.
Duke. For once then let us usher you.
Kat. Whither do we go?
Per. I'll tell you.
Don. Whither?
Per. To take phyfick, madam.
The duke has prepar'd to ſtay all looſeneſs in your bodies:
You muſt be all faſt: ſtone-walls and mortar will bind.
Fid. Come, follow with a courage.
Don. I hope we ſhall be allow'd our little dogs and monkeys.
Dond. Sweet madam. [*Exit omn.*
Manent Fulv. Orp. Dond. Grutti.
Grut. Madam Katherina—they are gone, ſignior.
Dond. Would I had known this afore.
Ful. The duke will be cenſur'd for this act.
Orp. 'Tis very ſtrange! good lady,
I read a fore'd obedience in her eye,
Which hardly held up rain.
Enter Morello.
Mor. Save you, dear ſignior. Which way went the ladies?
Grut. News, ſignior, news.
Mor. I beſeech you I may partake.
Ful. Have you forgot there was ſuſpicion
She affected ſignior Philenzo, the cardinal's nephew?
Orp. Alas, poor gentleman, he ſuffers for't.
Ful. By this reſtraint he would make her ſure: his jealouſy
Is not yet over.--Signior Morello, is your lock teſtify'd?
You have miſs'd your lady but a hair's breadth.
Mor. Nay but, my lords and gentlemen, where are the ladies gone, indeed?
Grut. We ha' told you.

Mor.

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Mor. What, committed to New-prison?

Ful. Very true, signior.

Dond. Our dancing days are done: shut up close, not a man must enter.

Mor. Would I were a mouse then.--Why, but is the duke mad?

Orp. Take heed what you say, signior: tho' we be no informers, yet walls have eats.

Mor. Ears! would I had left mine behind me: dicke's News indeed!

Ful. An' y'ad come a little sooner, you might ha' taken your leave; but 'twas your barber's fault.

Mor. Would he had left me i'th' suds an hour ago! What shall we do, gentlemen? 'Tis a hard case, when a man that has an intention to marry and live honest——

Enter Rolliando.

How now, what art thou?

Roll. Any thing, nothing, yet a man, yet no man; For I want——

Mor. What? th'art no capon, I hope.

Roll. Money, sir: will you spare any from your precious sins?

Grut. Th'art very free.

Roll. Yet, sir, I am in debt.

Dond. What do'ft owe?

Roll. Nobody harm.

Ful. Whence cam'ft?

Rol. I dropt from the moon.

Orp. So methinks; thou talk'ft very madly: Th'aft much humour in thee.

Rol. Ha' ye any thing to do, that ye account impossible, gentlemen?

Ful. Why, wilt thou do't?

Rol. An' you'll pay for't. Let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Orp. Hold, hold.

Rol. Yes, I will hold.

Mor. I'll lay with thee; what wilt hold?

Rol. Why paradoxes.

Grut. Dond. Paradoxes!

Mor.

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Mar. I hold you a paradox.

Ful. Let's hear ſome.

Roll. There are no beaſts but cuckolds and flatterers; no cold weather but i'th'dog-days; no phyſick to a whore, no fool to an alderman, no ſcholar to a juſtice of peace, nor no ſoldier to a belt and buff jerkin.

Orp. A ſmart fellow.

Enter Duke.

Mor. The duke.

Duke. So, my fears are over, in her reſtraint I bury all my jealouſies:---How now, what fellow's this?

Ful. Such an humouriſt as I never before convers'd withal: it ſeems he makes himſelf free of all places.

Duke. What would he have?

Roll. Thy pardon, mighty man, if it be no treaſon to pray for thee. Save thee, wilt employ me? 'tis vacation, and I want work: aſk me not what I can do, let me have money enough, and I'll do any thing.

Duke. You have your ſenſes?

Roll. Five, the ſmall birds dare not peep for 'em, I take it: I can ſee greatneſs big with an impoſthume, yet tow'ring in the air like a faulcon: I can hear a man ſwear I am thy eternal ſlave, and will ſerve thee; when if oppor'unity were offer'd, for price of a pluſh cloak, he will be the firſt ſhall ſtrip thee to the very ſoul: I can taſte wine that another man pays for, and reliſh any thing that comes of free coſt: I can ſmell a knave thro' a furr'd gown, a politician thro' a ſurplice, a fool thro' a ſcarlet out-ſide: I can touch a wench better than a lute, and tell money with a ſecretary, to ſhew I ha' loſt my feeling: tuſh, all's nothing, I have a humour to do ſomething to be talked on, nothing can come amiſs to me, let me have money enough, and my life to a cheeſe paring, I'll do any thing.

Duke. You'll except ſomewhat.

Roll. Not to do o'er the ſeven wonders of the world, and demoliſh 'em when I ha' done. Let me have money enough, what ſtar ſo high, but I will meaſure by this Jacob's ſtaff? Divine money, the ſoul of all things ſublunary, what lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with ſilver? and

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and will not money with a judge make it a plain caſe? Does not gouty greatneſs find eaſe with *Aurum palpabile?* and he's a ſlight phyſician cannot give a golden gliſter at a dead lift. O—Money, I adore thee, it comes near the nature of a ſpirit, and is ſo ſubtle, it can creep in at a cranny, be preſent at the moſt inward councils, and betray 'em: money, it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, ſells honeſty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds alms-houſes.

Duke. A wild fellow.

Ful. Will your grace have him puniſh'd for this inſolence?

Duke. No, his humour is good mirth to us; whence art?

Roll. I am of no country.

Duke. How?

Roll. I was born upon the ſea.

Duke. When?

Roll. In a tempeſt, I was told ——

Mor. A bluſt'ring fellow.

Duke. Thy name?

Roll. Rolliardo.

Duke. And how long haſt thou been mad thus?

Roll. Your highneſs may be merry—and if you have no employment for me, I am gone.

Duke. Stay, we command you, and bethink again, What to except in your bold undertaking.

Roll. I except nothing, nothing duke, it were no gloty
Not to be general; active in all: let me have money Enough, and I'll do any thing.

Duke. You ſhall.

Ful. Will your grace ſet him awork?

Roll. Name the action.

Duke. What ſay you to a lady?

Roll. I will fall upon her, as Jupiter on Danae: let me have a ſhower of gold, Acriſius' brazen tower ſhall melt again, were there an army about it; I would compaſs her in a month, or die for't.

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Duke. Ha?—A lady without guard would try your wit and money, to get her love.

Roll. A toy, a toy.

Duke. Thro' a credulity, you may too much
Traduce the sex, and merit such a justice
No money will buy off:---admit some branches
Grow not so strait and beautiful, as nature
Intended them, will you disgrace the stem?
Or for some woman's lenity, accuse
That fair creation? money buy their love!
Promise a salary of that sacred flame
Themselves cannot direct, as guided by
Divine intelligence?

Roll. Your highness pardon; if you prohibit, I must not undertake; but let me have freedom and money enough (for that's the circle I walk in) and if I do not conjure up a spirit hot enough to enflame a frozen Lucretia's bosom, make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries. Try me with some master-piece; a woman's love is as easy as to eat dinner without saying grace, getting of children, or going to bed drunk: let me have money enough, and task me to the purpose.

Ful, Orp. He's constant.

Duke. Admit there be a lady, whom a prince
Might court for her affection, of a beauty,
Great as her virtue; add unto them birth,
Equal to both, and all three but in her
Not to be match'd---Suppose this miracle
(Too precious for man's eye) were shut up, where
A guard more watchful than the dragons did
Forbid access to mankind:----Men pick'd out,
Between whose souls and money were antipathy
Beyond that which we know; and you as soon
Might bribe to be a saint:----what would you do
With your enough of money, were your life
Engag'd to win her love?

Roll. The sky may fall, and aldermen cry larks About the city.

Duke. The fellow's impudent---Sirrah, thou hast landed thyself upon a rock; you shall have sense of what you

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you would contemn, a life: put on a moſt fortified reſolution, you ſhall need it; we have a daughter thus lock'd up----

Ful. What does the duke mean?

Duke. A virgin.

Orp. He is in a paſſion.

Duke. Shalt not engage thee on a work ſo much
Impoſſible as procurement of her love,
Make it appear, with all thy art, thou canſt
Get but acceſs to her. A month we limit;
But take heed, boaſter, if you fail, your life
Shall only ſatisfy our charge, and teach
All other mountebanks to be at diſtance,
With ſuch bold undertakings: you ſhall expect
A ſevere juſtice.
By this, I ſhall know the fidelity of thoſe are truſted.

Roll. 'Tis a match. I ſhall have money enough?

Duke. You ſhall. What d'ye call enough, yet it ſhall be under twenty thouſand crowns: I will not leave the pawn here for twice ſo much.

Roll. I will not be particular and agree o'th' ſum; you look I ſhould die if I perform not, and I'll look to be merry, and want nothing while I live, I'll not take the advantage on you, becauſe I hope to receive credit by it: if I uſe now and then a round ſum, ſet me up o'th' tick for't. But who ſhall paſs his word, if I do this feat, you'll let me keep my head o'my ſhoulders?

Duke. Our royal word ſecures thee.

Roll. 'Tis enough.

Ful. What ſecurity can your grace expect for his Forth-coming, if he fail?

Duke. We ha' ſtudied that,
'Tis but the loſs of ſome ſuperfluous crowns,
Let the end carry what ſucceſs fate pleaſe,
All the expence will not be loſt, to try
The faith of thoſe we ſhall employ in this.
Our city's ſtrong, the river that environs
On three parts, ſhall be carefully attended;
A wall makes ſafe a fourth, which ſhall be guarded.
Our vigils ſhall be ſo exact, he ſhall

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Deserve his liberty, if he escape us.
We are constant, sir.

Ful. Would he might pay for his curiosity.

Roll. I'll wait upon your highness for some earnest: I have a month good, let me have fair play, and my bargain, money enough; if I do come short, let my head be too heavy for my shoulders; if I do more than is expected, you'll believe it possible hereafter: when a man has money enough he may do any thing.

Duke. Maintain your humour still——attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Morello, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Mor. Here's a mad fellow, does he mean to get into the ladies?

Don. It seems so.

Gr. Or I would not be in his taking when the moon changes.

Mor. Our best course then is to observe and humour him, he may have a trick more than we know; he seems to be a good fellow, let's be drunk together, and get him to confess it——ha!

Don. and Grut. A match.

Mor. Like errand knights our valiant wits must wrestle,
To free our ladies from the enchanted castle.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter Bonduca and a servant.

Serv. D'YE think this hair
And habit will sufficiently disguise you,
From your inquiring creditors?

Bon. No question.
Have you dispersed my bills about the city?
Does every publick place carry the scrole,
As I commanded? *Serv.*

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Serv. I have been careful.

Bon. What do they say abroad, do they not wonder?

Serv. They are strucken dumb at reading; he that has
The use of tongue, employs it to express
His admiration of your art, your deep,
Invisible art.

Bon. There's hope then we shall prosper.
In this believing age, Italy is full
Of juggling mountebanks, that shew tricks with oyls
And powders. Here an empirick dares boast
Himself a Paracelsian, and daub
Each post with printed follies, when he went
O'th'trick with some midwife, or old woman,
For his whole stock of physick. Here a fellow
Only has skill to make a handsome perriwig,
Or to sow teeth i'th' gums of some state madam,
Which she coughs out again, when so much phelgm
As would not strangle a poor flea, provokes her:
Proclaims himself a rectifier of nature,
And is believ'd so, getting more by keeping
Mouths in their quarterly reparations,
Than knowing men for all their art, and pains
In th' cure of the whole body---Shall we doubt
To be made rich, rich, Carlo, by our art,
Whereof I am the first and bold professor
In Italy? we shall grow fat and purchase,
Dost not think so?

Serv. To go invisible
Who will not learn at any rate?

Bon. True, Carlo.
There may be in the throng of our admirers,
Some will presume 't above the power of art
To make men walk and talk invisible,
But we can clear the mystery, and make
Mantua in the proof acknowledge it
A matter feasible---Here's some customer:

Enter Rolliardo.

Ha! 'tis the humorist, the undertaker,
The bird I spread my art for; he has money
Enough, and's apt to prove a fortune to me.

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Roll. So, the covenants are ſeal'd: I am like a famous cathedral with two rings of bells, a ſweet chime o'both ſides. Now 'tis nois'd I ha' money enough, how many gallants of all ſorts and ſexes court me! here's a gentleman ready to run himſelf in the kennel for haſte to give me the wall; this cavalier will kiſs my hand, while t'other ſignior crinckles in th' hams, as he were ſtudying new poſtures againſt his turn comes to ſalute me. As I walk, every window is glaz'd with eyes, as ſome triumph were in the ſtreet; this Madona invites me to a banquet for my diſcourſe, t'other Bona-roba ſends me a ſpark, a third a ruby, a fourth an emerald, and all but in hope to put their jewels to uſury, that they may return again with precious intereſt.----Thus far it goes well; very well, what's next?

Bon. Save you, ſignior.

Roll. What art thou?

Bon. One appointed by fate to do you ſervice, ſir.

Roll. But I gave fate no commiſſion to take you up for me. I ha' more followers than the duke already; pr'ythee have me commended to the lady Deſtinies, and tell 'em I am provided.

Bon. Miſtake me not, he ſpeaks to you, has power
To make you happy.

Roll. Pr'ythee make thyſelf happy with a warm ſuit firſt, thy houſe is but poorly thatch'd: and thou be'it ſo good at making happy, why haſt no better cloaths?

Bon. 'Tis no felicity: or admit the ſun
Diſpenſeth a rich warmth about the world,
Yet hath no heat itſelf.

Roll. Philoſophy!

Bon. To omit circumſtance, I know what you
Have undertaken, to the general
Amazement: upon penalty of death,
You muſt procure acceſs to the fair princeſs.
'Tis in my art to help —— to perfect what
The duke holds ſo impoſſible.

Roll. How canſt thou aſſiſt me?

Bon. Altho' my outſide promiſe not, my brain
Is better furniſh'd, I ha' gain'd by ſtudy

A

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A ſecret, will advance the work you labour with,
I'll teach you, ſir, to go inviſible——

Roll. How? t'haſt no cloven foot: I ſcent brimſtone, and thou be'ſt a devil, tell me.

Bon. I trifle not, I am a man, whoſe fame
Shall out-live time, in teaching you this myſtery,
For which I muſt expect reward——you are,
(Loud noiſe proclaims it) able, and can pay me
Out of the duke's exchequer, being yourſelf
His walking treaſury.

Roll. You'll teach me to go inviſible, you ſay.

Bon. I can, and with your ſafety; for I deal not
With magick, to betray you to a faith
Black and ſatannical, I abhor the devil.

Roll. Very like ſo.

Bon. Which ſome have conjur'd into a ring,
To effect the wonder: I admit of no
Suffumigation, incenſe offer'd to
Infernal ſpirits; but by art, whoſe rules
Are lawful and demonſtrative——

Roll. You think I admire you all this while——harke, when did you eat? or do you hope again, that you are put to this pitiful and deſperate exigent? I ſee you my would-be-inviſible, fine knave!

Bon. D'ye mock me, ſir?

Roll. I'll tell you a better project, wherein no courtier has prefool'd you. Stick your ſkin with feathers, and draw the rabble of the city for pence apiece to ſee a monſtrous bird brought from Peru: baboons have paſs'd for men already, been taken for uſurers, i'their furr'd gowns and night-caps: keep a fool in play, to tell the multitude of a gentle faith, that you were caught in a wilderneſs, and thou may'ſt be taken for ſome far-country howlet.

Bon. Do you deſpiſe my art?

Roll. Art! but ſuch another word, and I ſhall mar the whole expectation of your inviſible traffick: in, to your nieſt and leave me; diſtinguiſh men before you practiſe on 'em, 'tis wholſome caution.

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Bon. I leave you to the misery of your unbelief. When you hear of me hereafter, you will curse your fortune to have thus neglected me: fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Perenotto, with three or four of the guard.

Roll. This is Perenotto, captain of the guard.

Per. Not yet attempted you?

1. *Guard.* We have not seen him, my lord.

Per. He's here.

2. *Guard.* Is that he that has gold enough? wou'd I had some of his yellow-hammers.

Roll. D'ye hear, you are one of the list.

1. *Guard.* A poor halbert man, sir.

Roll. Poor! hold thee, there's gold for thee:---thou wo't be honest now?

1. *Guard.* O yes, sir.

Roll. Not a penny; and thou had'st not been a fool, thou would'st ha' been a knave, and so thou might'st have got by me: yet by those scurvy legs there's some hope thou'lt be converted, at all adventures take it.

1. *Guard.* I will be what you please, sir.

Roll. Tell me what condition is that signior of, is he rich?

1. *Guard.* He loves money.

Roll. Come, shalt be my pensioner---here's more gold for thee; and will he take a bribe?

1. *Guard.* D'ye make question of that, sir? he bought his office, and therefore may sell his conscience; he has sold two hundred on's twice over; he was brought up at court, and knows what belongs to his place, I warrant you.

Roll. Good.

1. *Guard.* Am I not a knave now, sir?

Roll. I like thee.

1. *Guard.* To your cost:----I hope you wo'not tell him what I say; but if you do, and he chance to turn me out of my office, your gold is restorative.

Per. To your stations, and be circumspect.

[*Exit Guard.*

Roll. Noble sir, you are the only man I have ambition to honour.

Per. I should be proud to merit such a phrase. *Roll.*

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Roll. 'Tis in your power to oblige my ſoul---we're private,
I am jealous of the wind, leſt it convey
Our noiſe too far. This morn I had ſome traffick
With a jeweller, and if my judgment err not,
H'as richly furniſh'd me.
What ſays your lordſhip to this diamond?

Per. 'Tis a glorious one.

Roll. Does it not ſparkle moſt divinely, ſignior?
A row of theſe ſtuck in a lady's forehead,
Would make a Perſian ſtagger in his faith,
And give more adoration to this light
Than to the ſun-beam. I ha' fellows to 'em,
A neſt of bright ones.

Per. This box is ſtudded like a froſty night with ſtars.

Rol. You have out-bid their value, make me a gainer
In changing them for your commands.

Per. How, ſir!

Roll. I'm ſerious.

Per. I never ſhall deſerve this bounty: if
You'd point me out ſome ſervice to begin my gratitude---

Roll. You have a noble ſoul,
I'll teach you how to merit more.

Per. I am covetous of ſuch a knowledge.

Rol. Make but my path a ſmooth one to the princeſs,
I am brief, you know my undertaking.

Per. So I ſhould be a traitor.

Roll. It comes not near the queſtion of a life: do't,
I'll enable you to buy another dukedom, ſtate, and title.

Per. Altho' 'twere neceſſary in the affairs
Of ſuch high conſequence to deliberate,
Yet for this once I'll be as brief as you,
I will not do't.

Roll. How!

Per. No indeed, ſignior, you ſhall pardon me
At this time, and I'll keep your jewels too,
For they are gifts: hereafter you will know me,
So fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

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Roll. Was I not told this officer was corrupt?
I want faith to believe the miracle.
Sure he does but jeſt with me, ha?

Enter Morello, Dondolo, and Grutti.

Mor. The guard will accept no money.

Don. What an age do we live in, when officers will take no bribes!

Grut. Not the golden one.

Don. Here's Rolliardo.

Roll. I'm quite loſt.

Grut. 'Tis he.

Roll. Yet he keeps my jewels; there may be ſome hope:
I'll to him again; 'tis but his modeſty
At firſt not to ſeem eaſy; he muſt be courted.
Stateſmen, like virgins, firſt ſhould give denial,
Experience and opportunity make the trial.---
Save you, gallants.

Mor. And you go there too, ſave yourſelf, you are in a worſe pickle than we are.

Don. And how is't w'ye, ſignior?

Grut. Do you thrive in your hopes?

Roll. I do not deſpair, gentlemen; you ſee I do not wear my hat in my eyes, crucify my arms, or intreat your lordſhip's brain to melt in a petition for me.

Mor. I did but jeſt, I know you have a way to the wood in your pericranium, what is't? we are honeſt ſimple-minded lords.

Roll. I think ſo.

Grut. Nay, nay, impart.

Don. We tell no tales.

Mor. Wou'd we were whip'd an'we do.

Rol. Why, ſhall I tell you?---You are three---

Mor. Very ſecret---

Rol. Coxcombs.

All 3. How?

Rol. A miſerable leaſh of court mimicks.

Mor. Mimicks! what's that?

Rol. You perfum'd goats.

Mor.

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Mor. Oh, is that it? I never heard what a mimick was before.

Rol. D'ye think I am ſo wretched, in a point that concerns my life and honour, to truſt my ways and purpoſes to you that have no ſouls?

Don. No ſouls!

Mor. Peace, how comes he to know that?

Grut. Why, haſt thou none?

Mor. 'Twas more than ever I could ſee in myſelf yet.

Rol. Things that have forfeited their creation; and had not your taylors took compaſſion on you, you had died to all mens thoughts, who long ſince wou'd have forgotten that ever there were ſuch things in nature.

Don. Shall we ſuffer this?

Rol. Yes, and make legs, in token of your thankfulneſs. If I were at leiſure, I would make you ſhew tricks now.

Mor. Do I look like a jackanapes?

Rol. But I wo'not.

Mor. It were not your beſt courſe.

Rol. How?

Mor. Alas, ſir, I ſhould but ſhame myſelf, and be laugh'd at 'fore all this company.

Rol. When you ſee me next, avoid me as you would do your poor kindred when they come to court. Get you home, ſay your prayers, and wonder that you come off without beating, for 'tis one of my miracles. [*Exit.*

Mor. Had we not better a'gone to tavern, as I plotted at firſt? he could not have been more valiant in his drink.

Grut. I'm glad he's gone.

Don. I know not what to make on him.

Mor. Make on him, quotha! he made little reckoning of us, and he had not gone as he did, I ſhould ha' made——

Don. What?

Mor. Urine in my breeches——he ſqueez'd me, I think I was ready to melt o'both ſides.

Grut. But harke you, ſignior, we forget the ladies ſtill.

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Mor. Well remember'd.

Don. Let's conſult to purpoſe about that---ſhall we?

Mor. No, every one think what he can by himſelf, my thoughts ſhall be private, and not free at this time; every one ſcratch his own head.

Grut. And he that gets the firſt hint, communicate---

Don. A match.

Mor. Let me ſee——hum.

Don. What if I did---nothing, my brains are dull.

Grut. Ten to one, but if I did----let it alone, a pox on't, I were beſt drink ſome ſack, they ſay it helps invention.

Mor. O rare!

Both. Rub, rub, out with it.

Mor. No, 'tis gone back again, I drank butter'd ſack this morning, and it ſlipt back when 'twas almoſt at my tongue's end---but it was a delicate project, whatſoever it was.

Grut. Recover it with thy finger.

Don. Follow it, Morello.

Mor. Now, now, now, let me alone---make no noiſe, 'tis coming again, I ha't, I ha't---

Don. Hold it faſt now.

Grut. Looſe it not, thou art great with wit, let us deliver thee, what is't?

Mor. Some wiſer than ſome——

[*They follow him up and down for diſcovery.*

Don. Wilt not tell us?

Grut. Didſt not promiſe?

Mor. No haſte---as occaſion ſerves---it coſt more than ſo, yet you may know't.

Don. Well ſaid.

Mor. Hereafter, but not now---away, do not tempt me, I will eat the ſweat of my own brain: O rare! never was ſuch a ſtrain of wit invented.---D'ye hear, gentlemen, if you will command me any ſervice to the ladies, I do purpoſe to viſit them---with a quirk---hey.

Grut. How?

Mor. Marry do I.

Don. Nay, Morello.

Mor.

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Mor. Gentlemen, as I told you, if you have any thing to the ladies before I go, I am the messenger,---there is a crochet, and so forth---a carwhichet is found out---your ears---I will do such a stratagem as never the like was heard of in the world.---Oh rare!--- [*Ex.*

Don. He's mad.

Grut. So am I, that he is so reserv'd.
What shall's do?

Enter Bonamico.

Bon. Save you, signiors, pray whereabouts is the sign of the invisible man?

Don. and Grut. The invisible man!

Bon. Cry ye mercy, now I see it. [*Exit.*

Don. See't! he does more than we can: the gentleman's mistaken, here's no such sign, yet he went in there.

Grut. He has better eyes than we to distinguish it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. This, ay this is it.

Don. What is it, pray?

Ser. What's that to you?

Grut. In courtesy we ask.

Ser. Then by the sign this is the house, whither I am going to enquire for a gentleman that teaches men to walk invisible.

Grut. That wou'd be seen, this is news.

Ser. News! either you have slept long, or you are gentlemen of very small intelligence; examine the next paper you see advanc'd, and inform yourselves. Farewell, gallants. [*Exit.*

Don. He's enter'd there too.

Grut. Teach men to walk invisible? a very fine trade!

Don. Would 'twere true, we should desire no other device to get in to the ladies.

Enter Bonamico and Servant.

Grut. 'Tis impossible---see, see, more gentlemen! pr'ythee let's to him, this will be a trick worth our learning.

Don. Stay, we are not acquainted, let's knock first.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your pleasures, gentlemen?

Don. Pray, sir, what sign is this?

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Ser. The invisible man, sir.

Grut. Man! I see no man.

Don. Here's nothing but a cloud.

Ser. Right, sir, and he's behind it, the man's invisible.

Don. Pretty faith, it may be the man i'the moon for aught we know.

Ser. Wou'd ye any thing with my master?

Grut. He does teach to walk invisible, they say.

Ser. He is the only professor of the miraculous invisible art.

Don. May we change a little discourse with him?

Ser. There are some gentlemen with him---but I'll tell him—I am prevented, he's coming forth himself.

Enter Bonamico.

Don. Signior Altomaro, I take it.

Bon. 'Tis my name, sir, a poor artist, not warm in these parts o. Italy.

Grut. And you were not too busy, sir---

Bon. Please you walk in, I am now alone, your persons will grace my poor habitation.

Don. We saw four or five enter but now.

Bon. I ha' dispatch'd 'em, they are fresh departed.

Don. Which way?

Grut. Here's not a man; are they not sunk? came they out here?

Ben. Upon my credit, sir, no other way.

Don. Then they went invisible.

Bon. Right, sir, they came hither to that purpose, their designs required haste.

Grut. This man can do't, I see already.

Don. Sir, if you can assure us this invisible walking, for we are not so ignorant as we seem, we have seen the play of the Invisible Knight, and——.

Bon. That of the Ring too, ha'ye not?

Don. Yes.

Bon. The one was magick, and t'other an imposture: what I do is by art, fair and natural. Are you in debt, and fear arresting? you shall save your money in protections, come up to the face of a serjeant, nay, walk by a shoal of these mankind horse-leaches, and be mace-proof.

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proof. If you have a mind to rail at 'em, or kick ſome o' their looſe fleſh out, they ſha'not ſay black's your eye, nor with all their lynx's eyes diſcover you: would you ſee, when the mercer's abroad, how his man plays the merchant at home with his miſtreſs' ſilkworm, and deals underhand for commodity—would yourſelf talk with a lady in ſecret; ſit down, play with her, raviſh a diamond from her finger, and bind her ſoft wriſt with a bracelet, kiſs her abroad, at home, before her ſervants, in the preſence of her jealous huſband; nay truſs her up, when the tame lord is abed with her, and to his eyes be undiſcovered, as the wind, ſignior?—do you ſuſpect your miſtreſs plays double? would you hear how ſhe entertains t'other's love, and know what ſhe does i'the cloſet with the ſmooth page?—would you be preſent at ſecret counſels, betray letters, ſee how ſuch a lord paints his thighs, this perfume his breath, t'other marſhal his fine French teeth, ſee this ſtateſman's eyes put out with a bribe, how that officer cozens the duke, and his ſecretary abuſes 'em both, this lawyer take fees o' both ſides, while the judge examines the fertility, and price of the manor, before the witneſſes, and then decrees who ſhall have the land?—would you ſee juſtice employ her ſcales to weigh light gold, that comes in for fees or corruption, and flouriſh with her ſword like a fencer, to make more room for cauſes i'the court?—

Don. All this and more may be done, if we can but go inviſible; but how can you aſſure us of that? I would fain ſee any man go inviſible once.

Bon. See him, ſir?

Grut. Video pro intelligo, I mean, ſir.

Bon. Nay ſir, you need not diſtinguiſh, for it is poſſible to ſee a man inviſible. Obſerve me, you ſee me now perfectly in every part: if I ſhould walk before you without a body—

Grut. How?

Bon. My head only viſible, and hanging in the air like a comet.

Don. That were a ſtrange ſight.

Ron.

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Bon. Sometimes nothing shall be seen but my arms, another while one of my legs, hopping without a body.

Grut. This is admirable.

Bon. When I please, I will have nothing conspicuous but my hand; nay, perhaps my little finger.

Don. Do not you conjure then?

Grut. Come, you will cast a mist before our eyes.

Bon. 'Tis a mystery indeed, but a safe one, signiors.

Don. Why, look you, sir, if you will be pleased that we may see you first walk invisible, we shall not only credit your art, but at any rate be ambitious to be your disciples.

Bon. Why, gentlemen, you speak but justice, you shall have experiment. I will be invisible first, but m'other in this kind, I will not demonstrate without half in hand; let me have fifty crowns apiece, I'll point you a day when I will be invisible.

Grut. Can you not do it presently?

Bon. I can be invisible in a twinkling; but what assurance can you have, that I am here at the same instant, when you see no part of me? I may deceive you.

Don. He says true.

Bon. I do purpose therefore to give you reality and proof, for I will walk invisible, all but——my hand.

Both. Your hand?

Bon. Only my hand, you shall touch it, see every line in't, and the rest of my body be to you invisible. This will require a little time for preparation, and when with the consent of your eyes and understandings I keep my promise in this point, you will think your money's well expended to be taught the mystery.

Don. This is very fair.

Grut. The crowns are ready, sir.

Don. Expect 'em within this hour.

Enter Rolliardo.

Bon. At your own pleasures.——Ha, Rolliardo! I must not be seen, gentlemen.

Both. Farewell incomparable signior——what luck had we to light upon this artist! he sha'not publish it, we'll

we'll buy the whole secret at any value, and then get him remove into some other province.——Who's this?

Roll. Am not I mad? sure I am, though I do not know it, and all the world is but a Bedlam, a house of correction to whip us into our senses. I ha' known the time when jewels and gold had some virtue in 'em; the generation of men now are not subject to corruption. Democritus, the world's refin'd.

Don. 'Tis Rolliardo, he looks melancholy; let's have a fling at him.--Give you joy of the great lady, sir: which is the next way to the moon pray?

Roll. Bolt upright musk-cat, and if you make haste, you may be one of her calves; next time she appears, you shall see her beckon to you, with a pair of horns, just o' the size of those are preparing for your forehead, my precious animal.

Don. Ha, ha, ha, the fellow's mad.

Grut. Can you tell, sir, what became of all the swallows, cuckoes, and small birds, we had here last summer?

Roll. Marry sir, they went to sea, to avoid the cranes, and there have been mustering ever since; but for want of a woodcock they ha' left behind 'em, they dare not venture upon the pygmies; you may do well to overtake the buzzard, and relieve the army, sir.

Grut. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Roll. I shall be grin'd to death, as I walk the streets; 'tis no policy to be dull and modest——but let me see, which way to compass my work, and put myself out of the common laughter; the very children will jeer me shortly I think, and point me out with stones, the precious undertaker. I might have more wit, than to run myself into this calamity---Whom have we next?

Enter the Duke, Embassador, Fulvio, Daidalo, Gruttio, Attendants, Courtiers.

The duke? what stranger's that? I must not seem dejected.

Emb. Is this he, your highness discoursed of?

Duke. This is the piece made up of all performance, The man of any thing without exception:

Give

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Give him but gold, kings daughters and their heirs,
Though lockt in towers of braſs, are not ſafe from him.
Nay, though I play the chymiſt with my truſt,
And from a million of ſure confidences
I draw the ſpirit of honeſty into a few,
He can corrupt 'em.

Roll. You are my prince, great ſir, and you have ſpoke
Not much unlike a brave one.

Don. He'll jeer the duke too.

Roll. If my head
Come to be paid to you before ſun-ſet,
That day when it is forfeit, I ha' clear'd with you,
And ſhall depart out of your royal debt;
There's all you can demand, a good ſharp ſword
Will make an even reck'ning.

Emb. He ſeems confident.

1 *Court.* With your grace's leave, let me come to him.

Roll. Now a fierce dog.

1 *Court.* What came into thy mind, thou daring madman? fool is a word of favour to thee——

Roll. So, ſir.

1 *Court.* To undertake ſuch an impoſſible taſk?

Roll. Muſhroom——I'll caſt away a few words on thee:
Had I another life, I'd undertake yet,
Though I be low in all opinion,
To venture it, with the riches I have ſpread
To corrupt others, to make thee my paraſite;
I would engage my life to wear no ſteps
To thy white daughter; thou and thy grave matron
Moſt humbly ſhould preſent her, when I was pleaſed too,
For fear I ſhould refuſe the ſport you brought me.

Duke. I never knew man bear his ſcorn ſo high: to him ſome other.

Grut. Not I, ſir, you ſhall excuſe me, 'twas the laſt thing I did.

2 *Court.* In the poſition general, I'll not touch him,
For money may be ſaid to purchaſe all things;

But

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But to aſpire to my good ſoveraign's daughter
Of bleſſed memory——

Roll. She's not dead, I hope.

2 *Court.* There gold and traſh was impudently inferr'd,
And 'twas a taſk too inſolent: in that point
You'd willingly give a pound of your proud fleſh
To be releas'd.

Roll. I heard a pound of fleſh, a Jew's demand once:
'Twas gravely now remembred of your lordſhip—— releas'd!
Fortune, and courteſy of opinion
Gives many men nobility of birth,
That never durſt do nobly, nor attempt
Any deſign, but fell below their honours.
Cas'd up in chambers, ſcarcely air themſelves
But at a horſe-race, or i'th' park with puppets.
That for which I'm your laughter (I ſpeak to
You flattering tribe of courtiers, to you glow-worms)
Is my chief glory, that perhaps being ſprung
From humble parentage, dare yet attempt
A deed ſo far above me, that ſets all
Your wiſdoms in combuſtion. You may think
I've made a ſorry bargain for my life:
Let ſcorners know, in aiming at her only,
My memory after death receives more honour
Than all your marble pinnacles can raiſe you,
Or alabaſter figures, whiter far
Than e'er your ſouls were; and that hour I die,
If you dare look upon me without fainting
(Which I much fear) you ſhall ſee death ſo ſcorn'd,
I mean for any terror, you ſhall think him
My ſlave to take my upper-garment off.

Don. I told your highneſs——How you ſhou'd find him.

Emb. A brave reſolution.

Duke. Be this the prologue to the mirth, my lord,
Attends to entertain you; ſet on, we'll leave him. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt. Rolliardo pulls Fulvio back.*

Roll.

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Roll. Sir, I obſerv'd you noble, and not apt
To throw deriſion on me with the reſt,
Which does encourage me to aſk you a queſtion.

Fulv. Name it, ſir.

Roll. Pray, what ſtranger's that walk'd with the duke?

Ful. 'Tis an embaſſador from Florence, ſir.

Roll. An embaſſador! his deſign, I pray?

Ful. To treat of marriage betwixt our princeſs
And the great duke's ſon, deſir'd much by our maſter,
Who has ſome hope 'twill be effected too.
H'as brought rich preſents to her.

Roll. This is all.

Ful. You have it freely. [*Exit.*

Roll. Y'ave honour'd me--Married to Tuſcany?--So, if my ambition had been fortunate, I might have been his taſter; but my ſtars want influence, they are too dull, and weary of my fate: Rolliardo then muſt forfeit: why that's the worſt on't; I will make a glorious blaze in death, and while I live make the duke's treaſury pay for't; nor ſhall he accuſe me I exhauſt him poorly; I'll ſtudy out ſome noble way to build me a remembrance--, ha!---a church or college! tedious, my glaſs has but few ſands; I muſt do ſomething I may live to finiſh:---I ha't, I will ſend to all the priſons i'th' city, and pay the poor mens debts for 'em: the would wants ſuch a precedent. I ha' money enough: ſince I fail in my other ends, I will do ſome good deeds before I die, ſo ſhall I be more ſure of prayers than if I built a church; for they are not certain to continue their foundation. Fate, I deſpiſe thee: I ſink under no cheap and common action, but ſell my life to fame, in catching my death by ſo brave an aſpiring.

If I obtain a monument, be this all
Writ on my grave, *This man climb'd high to fall.*
[*Exit.*

Act.

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Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter Guard.

1. COME, gentlemen, we muſt watch ſtill, that none run away with the princeſs.

2. He muſt have an excellent ſtomach, that can break theſe ſtone-walls to come to her.

3. Beſide this moveable wall of fleſh which we carry.

2. One makes toward us.--- 'Tis a lady.

Enter Morello, like a lady.

Mor. So, now am I as valiant as Hercules when he turn'd ſpinſter. Great Jupiter, the patron of 'ſcapes, aſſiſt my petticoat, and at my return I will ſacrifice my linen-breeches to thee.---Here be the men, the men of metal: now Venus I beſeech thee, an' they be men, they will let a lady enter without many queſtions.

1. Save you, ſweet lady; your affairs this way?

Mor. I go but in to the princeſs.

1. From whom?

Mor. From the duke's grace.

1. What may be your ladyſhip's name?

Mor. I never thought to give myſelf a name---My name is madam---um. My name is ſomething an odd name; but--I do not ſtand upon't--my name's Thorn.

1. Indeed, madam Thorn, if his grace hath ſent you to ſuch a purpoſe, you muſt ſhew ſomething for our diſcharge.

Mor. Why, hark'e you, it was but forgotten of the duke to ſeal his ſignet--but I ha' brought ſome of his highneſs's deputies wi' me: I hope that will ſatisfy.

[*As he takes out money, diſcovers breeches.*

2. By this gold, breeches.

3. No, they are but ſilk---here will be ſport: I have a hint already.

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1. Say you ſo? 'Tis very well---but, madam, we are many, and we would be loth to venture: deal ingeniouſly, ſweet lady; have you no more gold in your breeches?

Mor. Not a doit, as I am virtuous and ſinful.

1. Paſs--but, d'ye hear, an' you ſhould not be ſecret now.

Mor. As I am a gentleman---

3. A gentleman! do'ſt hear him? I'll put him to't.

Mor. I have left ſome crowns with your fellow.

2. Tuſh, that wo'not ſatisfy me.

Mor. Indeed, I ha' no more money.

2. You have commodity: hang this tranſitory gold---give me--what's this?

Mor. Nothing but a wart o' my little finger.

2. A wart! let me ſee't. — [*Pulls off his glove.*

Mor. 'Tis a diamond; 'twas my mother's legacy--or elſe---

2. Is it your will I ſhould have it?

Mor. It was my mother's will I ſhould wear it: her ghoſt will haunt me, an' I ſhould give it away.

2. You know the way back, lady.

Mor. You will give me my gold again?

1. Not a doit, as I am virtuous and ſinful. Stand with him for a toy, and know y'ave no warrant from the duke? 'tis in our power---

Mor. D'ye hear, ſir, an' it were a diamond of gold you ſhould have it.

2. Lady, I kiſs your hand.

Mor. Y'ave kiſs'd the ring off my finger, I'm ſure.

2. Uſe your fortune, paſs.

Mor. If I get to the ladies, ſome body ſhall pay for this, that's my comfort.

3. Can you wreſtle, madam?

[*Takes him by the ſhoulder.*

Mor. Ah--wreſtle, ſir, ladies do not uſe to wreſtle.

3. They are thrown down with their good-wills then. Come, you and I will have a bout: I muſt hug your little body.

1. Humour him, and y'are paſt danger.

Mor.

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Mor. Would you ha' me tear my clothes?

1. I'll perſuade him.

2. To tell you true, madam, this fellow is an abominable letcher; there is no 'ſcaping him without a fall; a very ſatyr; he leaps all comes near him: if your ladyſhip's modeſty can diſpenſe with a private favour----you underſtand; for our parts we are ſatisfied otherwiſe, and our lips are ſew'd up. Take him a one ſide, and ſee how you can mollify him: he's a cock o'the game, and will tread you, an' you were ten Thorns.

Mor. Mollify him! doth he uſe ladies ſo? he will mollify me.

2. An' you were his ſiſter, all's one to him: the devil is not more hot and robuſtious, where he finds oppoſition to the ſport; therefore the duke made choice of him, as ſuſpecting ſome lord might come diſguis'd o'this faſhion, to prevent diſhonour to the princeſs and ladies.---Uſe your own diſcretion.

Mor. What will become of me? if he be ſuch a wencher he'll raviſh me, and diſcover all. What a raſcal was I to venture thus! I'll give thee my fan to perſuade him---help, help.

3. Nay then.

[*He throws him down, and diſcovers his breeches.*

Why how now, breeches?

1. This is a man.

2. Sure 'tis a woman.

Mor. To tell you true, gentlemen, I am neither a man nor a woman, I am an hermaphrodite.

1. How, an hermaphrodite? What would you do among the ladies, then?

2. An hermaphrodite!

3. Let's ſearch him.

Mor. Ah!

1. Stay, let's be adviſ'd; if he be ſuch a monſter, 'our beſt way is to carry him to the duke.

2. 3. Agreed.

Mor. I ſhall be undone.---D'ye hear, noble friends, 'tis but a folly to diſſemble, I am no ſuch thing. I am no hermaphrodite, I am a friend of yours.

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All. Of ours?

2. Your name, I beseech you?

Mor. I did but jest all this while; the duke himself put me upon't, to see whether I could cozen you: my name's Morello.

1. Signior Morello! 'tis not possible.

Mor. As I am virtuous, I am: I am no hermaphrodite; no matter for the gold or diamonds, 'tis your own. I'll acquaint his grace how careful I found you; and if he does not reward you beside, I'll say he's the poorest duke in Christendom: I'll tell him presently.

3. Noble signior, we'll wait upon you to him.

Mor. No, no, 'tis better for me to go alone.

1. Your pardon, you shall tell him how careful you found us; we'll relate to him how cunningly you carried the business.

Mor. Nay, d'ye hear, gentlemen----

All. It must be so, sir; come, sweet effeminate signior. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fulvio and Embassador.

Emb. Y'ave done me a noble office, signior, in this Discovery: where now lives her banish'd lover?

Ful. My kinsman lives in Florence; but two days since
I received letters from him.

Emb. In Florence too?

Ful. Sir, you may censure me;
But my affection to the injur'd lord,
And not without respect unto the honour
Of your master too, hath been the cause of
My free language.

Emb. Trust me, signior,
We are all engag'd to study you a recompence:
But Mantua was unjust to banish him,
For being too much a servant.

Ful. Sir, when princes resolve to punish----

Emb. Virtue shall be treason.
'Twas tyranny---why now is she thus eag'd?

Ful. I can conjecture nothing but his jealousy,
Which will be over active. By that love

We

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We interchang'd at Pisa, when we grew
Together in our studies, I conjure
Your nobleness to silence.

Emb. You will dishonour me by suspicion:——I am charm'd.

Enter Perenotto, Dondolo, Grutti.

Per. My honour'd lord!

Emb. Signior Perenotto!

Ful. My gentle sparks!

Do. Gr. Your servants.

Ful. You are all courtship.

Per. Is your lordship for this wonder?

Emb. What wonder, my lord?

Per. Those pair of gentlemen have discours'd me into admiration; there's one has undertaken to go invisible.

Emb. Invisible!

Per. This hour expected, and in this place.

Ful. How?

Don. With a trick that he has.

Ful. Do you believe him, gentlemen?

Grut. You shall see't.

Don. We were hereticks in that point; but our understandings are convinc'd, he did demonstrate.

Grut. And because you shall know the truth of his art, he will be invisible all but his hand: what think you of that? the rarest fellow in Christendom.

Emb. Nothing visible but his hand?

Don. As sure as we have given him a hundred crowns in hand.

Emb. Why is not the duke presented with this novelty?

Don. He's travelling to the emperor first; only as he goes, for our sake, he will shew us a figary of his art.

Enter Rolliardo.

Here's Rolliardo; he's somewhat costive o' t'other side, wants faith.

Roll. Save you, nest of courtiers; smooth faces, rich clothes, and sublime compliments, make you amorous in sight of your ladies. Donzell del Phebo and Roscleer, are

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are you there? what peſtilent diſeaſes have you got, that you wear ſo much muſk and civet about you? Oh for a prieſt of Cupid to ſacrifice you now! how your breeches would burn like incenſe, and your hair diſguis'd in ſweet powder, leave your bodies in a miſt, while your bones were inwardly conſuming with the fire of dame Venus's altar!

Don. The ſame humouriſt ſtill.

Roll. I heard ſay we ſhall have ſtrange apparitions i'th' air, and yet inviſible wonders; a hand muſt appear as fatal to ſome, as that hung o'er the Capitol; for there is a ſuſpicion ſome purſes will be juggled empty, and as ſilent as the moon; no bright Sol appearing, nor a piece of pale-fac'd ſilver in your ſilken hemiſpheres.

Grut. He is an infidel.

Roll. Right, Jehochanan! right, my precious Jew! we are all infidel that wo'not believe the court-catechiſm. My lord ambaſſador, you are welcome from Florence: does the great duke pick ſallads ſtill? I mean continue his aſſize, return into his exchequer, once in ſeven years, the wealth of Tuſcany? Veſpaſian was held covetous for ordaining veſſels to receive the beneficial publick urine; but 'tis heatheniſm among Chriſtians not to hold *dulcis odor lucri è re qualibet.*

Emb. He's mad.

Roll. Signior Perenotto, it has puzzled my underſtanding how you can ſubſiſt at court, without making uſe of the common ſins, flattery and corruption: take heed, y'are a great man, and 'tis ominous to die in your bed; a ſign your children are like to inherit but weak brains: thou may'ſt go to heaven, but thy heir had rather thou ſhould'ſt make a journey to Erebus for the proverb's ſake, happy is that ſon whoſe father goes to the devil.--- Why when comes out my don Inviſible? may be he's here already, for we cannot ſee him. What ſays my ſquirrel? thou look'ſt dull and phyſical methinks: the crowns will return again inviſibly, never fear it. And how does my grave gymnoſophiſt, whoſe ambition is to be regiſter'd an honeſt lord, tho' thou beeſt buried upon alms, carried to church with four torches, and have an inſcription

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inſcription on thy marble worſe than the ballad of the, *devil and the baker*, and might be ſung to as vile a tune too.---Gentlemen, I'll invite you ſhortly to ſee my head cut off; and do only intreat you would not laugh at me when I am dead; 'twill ſhew but poorly in you, and I ſhall revenge it with my ghoſt walking.

Ful. Either he is very confident to atchieve his deſign, or, late grown deſperate, he talks ſo wildly.

Enter Servant.

Don. I wonder ſignior Altomaro forgets us! Now, now ye ſhall hear: this is his ſervant; I know he is not far off. Where is thy maſter?

Ser. He is inviſible——this letter is directed to you.

The Letter.

Gentlemen,

That you may perceive I deal plainly with you, I am now inviſible all but my hand, and here it is; you may with eaſe read every line, as I promis'd upon the receipt of your crowns.—— His hand!

Ser. Ay, ſir, 'tis his own hand I can aſſure you.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

Don. He does not mean to ſerve us ſo? thou do'ſt but jeſt. Where is he inviſible?

Ser. Here, I think, for I cannot ſee him; nor do I know when I ſhall, or where he will be viſible again. Upon diligent ſearch I found this paper, but my maſter is not to be found.

Ful. Then he is inviſible, indeed.

Roll. All but his hand. Ha, ha!

Grut. I do incline to believe that we are cheated.

Per. With a trick that he has. Ha, ha, ha!

Emb. You were hereticks in that point, till he did demonſtrate. Ha, ha, ha!

Roll. I cannot contain my merry ſpleen. Ha, ha!

Ful. Come, my lord, let's leave them now, to be their own deriſion. [*Exeunt Embaſſador, Fulvio.*

Enter Guard, with Morello.

Don. Signior Morello, ha, ha, ha! How came he in a petticoat?

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Mor. Carry me away quickly; they will laugh me out of my little wit.

Roll. No, no, do not, gentlemen; remember yourselves.

Grut. We wo'not then.

Pur. Morello! I'll wait upon him to the duke myself.

Mor. What wise man in Italy would be in my coat now? [*Exit.*

Roll. I was coftive, and an infidel; you are Christian cuccumbs; and so, while I see what will become of the mirth that is gone before, I leave your wise signiorships to the mercy of your garters; which is a speedy way, after a little time, to make yourselves invisible indeed. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Dond. Signior Grutti, we are gull'd.

Grut. I always thought he would cheat us. What shall's do to prevent more laughter?

Ser. I am resolv'd——I shall get no more money by him. Gentlemen, be not hood-hung, droop not; 'tis in this sconce to revenge yourselves, and it may be recover your crowns too.

Dond. How, pr'ythee?

Ser. My master——

Dond. Is invisible, we know't too well.

Ser. What will you give me if I discover him to your eyes again, nay give him to your possession?

Dond. This.

Grut. And this---oh quickly. [*Give him money.*

Ser. Then first know, my master is not that man you took him for, no Altomaro he, but Bonamico the decay'd artist, he that made properties, and grew poor for want of pictures; who, for fear of his creditors, left his dwelling, and, in this quaint disguise, set up the trade of cozening such wise gentlemen as you are.

Grut. Dond. Bonamico!

Ser. The same.

Dond. Oh that we could reach him again!

Ser. Follow me close, and I will bring you within an hair's breadth of his false beard immediately.

I *Grut.*

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Caff. That will be excellent.

Dond. Nimbly, good Mercury, nimbly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, Fidelia, Marriana, Donella, Katharina, Caffiana.

Fid. Madam, you are too paſſive; if you be dejected, what muſt we, whoſe hopes and bliſſes depend upon your fortune?

Don. Oh liberty, liberty! Are all the Roman ſpirits extinct? Never a Brutus in nature to deliver poor ladies from this captivity?

Caff. Since there is no probability of our enlargement, let's be merry, and deſpiſe our ſufferings, laugh, tell tales, ſing, dance, any thing to cozen our melancholy.

Eug. There are ſome thoughts, that ſtick upon my memory, I would fain diſcharge.

Kat. Shall we try our lutes, madam?

Eug. And voices, if you pleaſe.

Don. Yes, you may try: they ſay muſick built the walls of Thebes; it were a greater miracle if you could charm theſe to talk. I ſhall never endure to live an anchorite thus; and, if it were not for the happineſs that I do ſometimes dream of a man, I ſhould leap the battlement. Now would I give all my jewels for the ſight of a pair of breeches, tho' there were nothing in 'em. [*Song.*

This but feeds our dullneſs. Shall we dance, madam, and ſtir ourſelves?

Caff. I am for that muſick: we ſhall grow to the ground, an' we uſe no more activity.

Eug. With all my heart.

Don. None o' your dull meaſures; there's no ſport but in your country figaries; a nimble dance will heat, and make us merry.

[*They dance; which done, a bell rings.*

Eug. Hark, the bell.

[*Exit Donella, and enters again with a letter.*

Don. Some news from the duke; A letter, madam, and theſe jewels.

Eug. Ha! whence—from Florence? [*Reads.*

This is my father's practiſe: I'll peruſe the paper. [*Exit.*

Don. I have an excellent hint, ladies, of a mirth, Cannot but pleaſe the princeſs.

Fid. What is't?

Don. It will require every one's endeavour; What if we play ſome pretty comick ſtory?

Kat. A play?

Caſſ. Shall we?

Don. We! do not diſtruſt your own performance. I ha' known men ha' been inſufficient, but women can play their parts.

Mar. I like it; 'twill be new.

Don. We will not preſent it to the princeſs, But engage her perſon in the action; We ſhall be too few elſe; ſome pretty interlude, To ſquare with our number——d'ye allow it?

All. Willingly.

Don. Come, I'll acquaint you with a plot then inſtantly: refer yourſelves to me for your parts; we can receive no diſparagement, our ſpectators cannot jeer us; for we'll ſpeak but to the people in the hangings, and they have as much judgment as ſome men, that are but clothes, at moſt but walking pictures.

Fid. I ſhall be out.

Caſſ. What part will you give me? I'll be a king.

Kat. Thou'lt play a tyrant bravely.

Don. Let me alone, I'll fit you all, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dondolo and Grutti.

Don. Now our inviſible merchant is cag'd, we may redeem our opinion, and paſs again in the rank of diſcreet courtiers.

Grut. I think now, to moſt of the beholders, he is inviſible all but his head, for he has but a ſmall grate to look out at.

Don. He ſhall gull no more with his art, I warrant him.

Grut. Nay, he is like to lie by't; for I hear ſince, all his

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his creditors, like ſo many crows, have light upon him, and they'll leave him but a thin carcaſs.

Don. Let 'em pick out his eyes, what care we.

Grut. He ſent me an epiſtle to take pity on him.

Don. But, I hope, thou haſt more wit than to ſhew thyſelf a Chriſtian to ſuch a raſcal as he is.

Grut. I return'd him my court-compliment, that I was ſorry I could not ſerve him: I would do him any office that ſtretch'd not to mine own prejudice; that we had taken order with his keepers, upon payment of our ſums diſburſt, he might be enlarged.

Don. Which is impoſſible.

Enter Bonamico below.

Pr'ythee, let me ſee his letter; in what ſubmiſſive language the rogue does beſeech us---Moſt heroick ſignors,--good--I throw myſelf at the feet of your mercy, for to your juſtice I beg I may not be made a ſacrifice---nay, we'll make him beg e'er we ha' done.

Grut. At the grate.

Don. I confeſs I ha' done you wrong---does he ſo? it ſhall not ſerve the turn---there is no hope I ſhall ever ſatisfy you,---all the better, lie and rot---if I be known a priſoner to my creditors, I am irrecoverably loſt; --oh, compaſſionate a miſerable man, who otherwiſe muſt ſoon forfeit his day-light, and die in a dungeon.---Ha, ha, ha!

Bon. Save you, noble ſignors.

Grut. Ha!

Don. 'Tis he.

Grut. Did he not die in priſon, and his ghoſt haunts us, brave?---'Tis not he.

Bon. When this eternal ſubſtance of my ſoul did live impriſon'd in my wanton fleſh, and ſo forth---And how d'ye like don Andreo, gentlemen? poor ſnake! but he has caſt his ſkin, and recover'd a new coat o'th' deſtinies ſpinning. The bird is flown again.

Don. How the devil came he at liberty?

Grut. And thus gallant?

Bon. The ſlave does not beg of your heroick ſignorſhips a court-compaſſion: debts muſt be paid: there

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is no danger of the grate, as the cafe goes, nor of forfeiting his day-light in a dungeon, if I miſtake not, my illuſtrious pair of wigeons, my ſerene ſmooth-faced coxcombs, whoſe brains are curdled this hot weather. Will your neat worſhip ſell your cloak, ha? or you that ſuperfluous double-hatch'd rapier? there be ſums in nature to lend you, upon ſecurity that I ſhall like of.

Don. He jeers us.

Grut. Would we durſt beat him.

Bon. You ſee me now, gentlemen, perfectly; what if I ſhould walk before you without a body, my head hanging in the air like a comet?

Enter Rolliardo.

Grut. Would thou wer't hang'd any way.

Don. Here's Rolliardo too.
Let's be gone.

Bon. Or ſhall I appoint you a day when I will be inviſible all but my hand?

Don. No, I thank you, ſir; we have ſome buſineſs at this preſent.

Grut. Let's to the priſon, and know the wonder better:
Noble ſignior——

Bon. For your crowns——

Don. We are glad we had 'em for you: dear ſignior, talk no more on 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Bon. Farewell phantaſma's then——ha! 'tis he, 'tis I.

Roll. Keep your way.

Bon. You do not know me:
But I ha' brought a life, which by your means
Has been preſerv'd from wretchedneſs: your bounty
Deſerves you ſhould diſpoſe it.

Roll. What are you?

Bon. I was the object of a charity
We ſeldom meet in mankind; from a priſon
You ſent a ſum to free me.

Roll. Pr'ythee, friend, if thou'ſt receiv'd a benefit, go home, and ſay thy prayers:——I would forget it.

Bon. Among many whom your noble acts enlarg'd,

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I came to make you tender of my ſervice:
Deſpiſe not, ſir, my gratitude.

Roll. D'ye mock me?

Bon. May my ſoul want heaven's mercy then: to you,
Next my creator, I do owe this my being:
I have a ſoul is full of thanks; but name
Employment to aſſure you, and you make me twice happy.

Roll. I ha' nothing to ſay to you.

Bon. Then I ha' ſomething to ſay to you.

Rol. How?

Bon. And you ſhall hear it too, and give me thanks;
Y'ave ſow'd your charity in a fruitful ground,
Which ſhall return it tenfold, nay one hundred.
What you have done for me, you ſhall acknowledge
I will deſerve to th' height.

Rol. Th'art liberal in language.

Bon. I'll be active——off with this ſullen face,
It ſcurvily becomes you, d'ye hear?
I ſtudy'd for you ſince you paid my debts:
I'll do you a courteſy, and ſave your life,
Which your attempt upon the princeſs has
Left deſperate: a happy fancy, ſir,
If heaven will pleaſe to proſper it, and you
Not be your own enemy to refuſe it.

Rol. Ha, ha, ha! what mean'ſt?

Bon. Nay you ſhall laugh, and heartily, e'er I ha' done wi'ye.
The duke does love his daughter, ſends her all
Rarities are preſented to him.

Rol. His ſoul's not dearer to him——what of that?

Bon. Why then you ſhall be admitted into the caſtle of comfort, that's all: the conceit is in my brain; and would you could as probably get her conſent to untie her virgin-zone, as I diſpoſe your acceſs to her: it ſhall not coſt you much; if I fail, inſtead of ſaying of my prayers, I'll curſe the deſtinies, and die with you.

Rol. D'ye hear, I ha' beſtow'd three hundred crowns already to ſet your heels at liberty; if you do mock me,

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it shall cost me five hundred but I'll ha' you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate for a meal at night from the basket.

Bon. Are you in earnest now?

Rol. Yes.

Bon. By all that you have threaten'd, so am I: have but the patience to walk and hear me.

Rol. Can thy art procure this?

Bon. My art! why, look you, I made this watch. I'll bestow it on you.

Rol. What to do? to reckon the hours I have to live.

Bon. It sha'not cost me so much trouble as that toy did, to make you master of your wishes still, if heaven prosper it. Come, let's talk privately, you shall ha' the plot.

He that doth many good deeds, it may fall,
Among the rest, one may reward them all.
I long to be discoursing it; pray lead the way.

Rol. Provide, again, you mock me not—come on, sir.

Act. IV. Scen. 1.

Enter Dondolo and Grutti.

Dond. Rolliardo pay his debts? sure, the fellow that never saw much money in's life, now, by the duke made master of so many sums, is grown mad with 'em.

Grut. Many other he hath discharg'd, they say.

Dond. He'll undo the exchequer, an' he hold on; he shall be chronicled for't.

Grut. He has some cause to imagine himself shortliv'd, and that makes him so desperately charitable toward his end. Signior Perenotto!

Enter

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Enter Perenotto.

Per. Dondolo and Gruttl, news, news for ye.

Don. What, we beſeech you?

Per. You have loſt the beſt mirth in Italy in your abſence; your companion Morello----

Don. Was carried to the duke in a petticoat, in which he attempted a paſſage to the ſequeſter'd ladies. What's the iſſue?

Per. Mirth in abundance.

Grut. How came he off?

Per. Nay, 'tis on ſtill: the duke, to make himſelf ſport, would call a council, before whom the poor ſignior muſt be arraign'd: not to hold you in ſuſpence, the buſineſs was merrily diſcuſs'd, and the pitiful projector was judg'd----

Don. How, how?

Per. To wear the petticoat for a month: if he appear without it, during the term, he incurs his perpetual exile from court.

Don. Grut. Ha, ha, ha!

Per. You may imagine with what variety of lamentable faces the courtier heard his unexpected ſentence; ſome would have pleaded for him, but for laughter, which continued ſo long and ſo high, that he had time to collect his ſcatter'd ſenſes; and inſtead of ſwooning, which was expected, he grew fortify'd, and moſt humbly beſought the duke, ſince his ſentence had paſt ſo definitive, he would be ſo merciful to admit him that courſe of a moon to be his jeſter; that ſince he could not ſhake off the fool's coat, that he might have that favourable pretence to keep it on.

Grut. Very good---

Per. 'Twas eaſily granted; but ever ſince, to the aſtoniſhment of the hearers, he is grown ſo jocund and airy, nay as if he had been born with a ſong in's head: he talks everlaſting ballad; no man laughs at him, but he laſhes him in rhime worſe than a ſatyr: the duke has privileg'd his mirth, made him fool-free, and now he plays the tyrant---He's here already!

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Enter Morello the jester.

Mor. O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any one in city or in town,
Can ſhew me a wiſe man, I'll pleaſe him for his pains.

Per. Diſgrace has made him witty.

Dond. What will you ſay to him, will ſhew you a wiſe man?

Mor. Marry, if he go far, he is not ſo wiſe as he ſhould be. Dondolo, Grutti! old acquaintance, how is't? how is't?

Grut. The caſe is alter'd with you.

Mor. It does appear ſo, but nothing can make me proud. I'll know my fellows.

Fer. How do you mean, Morello?

Mor. Your lordſhip may make one at foot-ball. Marry all the ſport now a-days.
What other is the world than a ball,
Which we run after with hoop and with hollow?
He that doth catch it is ſure of a fall,
His heels trip'd up by him that doth follow.

Dond. Do not women play too?

Grut. They are too light, quickly down.

Mor. O yes, they are the beſt gameſters of all,
For tho' they often lie on the ground,
Not one amongſt a hundred will fall,
But under her coats the ball will be found.
With a fading.
But we be three of old, without exception to your lordſhip, only with this difference, I am the wiſeſt fool; for you play the fool in your old cloaths, and I have a new coat on.

Per. Does it not become him?

Dond. Rarely well, do you ever mean to reſign it?

Grut. 'Twere pity but he ſhould have a patent for't, to him and his poſterity.

Mor. Hark you, gentlemen, d'ye hear the news?

Dond. News! what news?

Mor. Do you not hear on't yet? why 'tis in a ballad already.

Grut. And thou can'ſt ſing it.

Mor.

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Mer. 'Twas well guess'd, and I can but hit o'the tune.

There was an invisible fox by chance,
Did meet with two invisible geese,
He led 'em a fine invisible dance,
For a hundred crowns a-piece.
Invisible all but his hand he would go,
But when it came to be try'd,
Not only his hand which was left he did shew,
But a fair pair of heels beside.
Invisible since their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either,
Their wit and their crowns may return again,
Invisible altogether. [Exit.

Grut. And he continue thus but a moon, he'll make the court mad.

Per. Oh 'twill be excellent, since it is not safe for a wise man to speak truth, 'twere pity fools should lose their privilege.---The duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio and Courtiers.

Ful. My lord.

Duke. What is't?

Ful. Here's an important suitor calls himself
An artist, humbly craves admittance with
A present which he'd tender to your acceptance,
And if my judgment err not, a most pleasing one.

Duke. Let us see him and his present,
It will reward my daughter's patience,
Love and obedience:----All the rarities
Ten kingdoms yield, shall not be thought too weighty,
That she may shift each solitary hour
With a fresh object.

Enter Bonamico. A cage discover'd.

Dond. Bonamico!

Grut. 'Tis he.

Duke. By my love to goodness,
It is a master-piece, 'twill feed the eye
With plenty of delight.

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Bon. I am as joyful since I am admitted, I talk as glib
Methinks, as he that farms the monuments.

Duke. Is't not, firs?

Per. My lord, I have not seen so much delight
In any piece these seven years.

Duke. Where's the master of this work?

Bon. My lord,
I am the constable, that put all these in the cage, and you may call it a point of injustice, for they never kept late hours: tho' they all wear feathers, there's not a roarer amongst 'em, and yet, were they suffer'd, they'd fly high, for some of 'em are very lofty-minded.

Duke. A pleasant fellow too.

Bon. Oh, my lord, we are all born in our degrees to make one another merry: the birds make me merry, I make my wife merry, the fool makes your courtiers merry, and the courtiers make your grace merry.

Duke. And whom do I make merry?

Bon. The whole common-wealth, if you govern handsomely.

Duke. There's salt in's mirth:——
I'll have this fellow wait i'the court.

Bon. I shall be kick'd out by the pages.

Duke. Why so?

Bon. Because I cannot flatter.

Duke. A conceited thing:
We lack the humouriſt Rolliardo here.

Dond. We saw him in the court e'er while, my lord.

Duke. This humour would have been a gad-fly to him,
And stung him to the quick.

Bon. Not altogether so, duke.

Grut. Fellow, what bird is that?

Bon. Fellow!—cry mercy, I do forget you, fellow,
I'll tell thee: d'ye not know him? 'tis an Arabian wood-cock, the same that carry'd a bunch of grapes in January last to Bethlem Gabor.

Dond. And what call you this?

Bon. This was the duke of Venice his own bulfinch, and taken by the Turks.

Duke. By the Turks say'ſt thou? he droops indeed.

Bon.

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Bon. Since his captivity the wretch endur'd
Much misery by the infidel, it had nothing
But bread and water for three months.
Ful. A shrewd calamity.
Duke. I do affect this fellow's prate.
Per. What's this?
Bon. This is the blackbird which was hatch't that day
Gondamore died, and which was ominous,
About that time Spinola's thrush forsook him.
Per. Was this he?
Bon. Yes.
Duke. And what was this?
Bon. This was the pigeon was so shrewdly handl'd
For carrying letters at the siege of Bergen.
Per. Alas, pretty bird----
Bon. This, a wagtail of the city, which a silk-man
So dearly lov'd, he called it wife, but could not
(Tho' in much jealousy he had cag'd her up)
Keep her from flying out. This was a rail,
Bred up by a zealous brother in Amsterdam,
Which being sent unto an English lady,
Was ta'en at sea by Dunkirkers.---Name but Rome,
And straight she gapes as she would eat the pope;
A bird to be made much on: she and the horse
That snorts at Spain, by an instinct of nature,
Should ha' shewn tricks together. I could run over---
But your gracious pardon.
Duke. How, our pardon?
Bon. I'm now another man, and know my distance.
Duke. This man is good at all.
Bon. My buffoon face is off, I did but shew
The impudent condition of a mountebank,
That sets off base toys with miraculous lies.
Thus far I'll boast: they are the only choice
Italy, and other parts of Europe yield
For the work; if it prove so fortunate
To receive grace from your divine acceptance,
The workmanship (so duty suffer not)
I freely tender----
Duke. No, that were to quench

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The fire in all deservers---Fulvio.

Ful. My lord.

Duke. Pay the coft double, I'll fend it to my daughter.

Bon. It takes as art could wifh it. [*Afide.*

Duke. I know it is a prefent, the fweet foul
Will raife much joy in.---Signior Ferenotto---

Fer. My lord.

Bon. There are two birds I ha' not nam'd.

Dond. What are they?

Bon. A pair of gulls, which you may fhare between you.

Per. It fhall, my lord.

Duke. If Florence now keep touch, we fhortly fhall
Conclude all fear with a glad nuptial. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, Fidelia, Mardona, Dontella, Caff. Katharina.

Don. You like this ftory beft then?

Eug. That of Jupiter and Danae comes near our own.

Don. Be it fo, we are all perfect in the plot, I think.

Eug. You fhall difpofe the reft.

Don. You will not be ambitious then, and quarrel about the parts, like your fpruce actor, that will not play out of the beft cloaths, and the fine young prince, who if he fight, 'tis fix to four he kills all, and gets the lady.

Fid. We are conftant, you fhall appoint 'em.

Don. Then, madam, without ceremony, you fhall play Danae, that is fhut up in the brazen tower.

Eug. Well, I'm contented, 'twill fuit with my prefent fortune.

Don. I need not to inftruct you in the character: you fhall be the king Acrifius, her father; a jealous, harfh, crabbed man, who in fear of the oracle, commands her to be thus enclos'd.

Mar. So:---I'll fit you for a vinegar king.

Don. No matter for properties---
We'll imagine, madam, you have a beard.

Fid. What fhall I play?

Don.

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Don. You must be ladies, whom the king leaves to keep her company; entertain what humour you please.

Caſ. and Kat. This is our own parts indeed.

Don. You will play it the more natural, and let me alone to play the thunderer, I'll wanton Jove it:---now whet your inventions and about it, imagine our ſcene expreſs'd, and the New-priſon, the title advanc'd in form,

Eug. The New-priſon! why?

Don. O 'tis an excellent name, where ſpectators throng together, as ours do methinks in the arras already: the muſick have their part, diſpoſe yourſelves for your entrances, while I ſpeak the prologue to our mix'd audience of ſilk and cruel gentlemen in the hangings.---Hem.

Kat. Let it be a confident prologue howſoever.

[*Muſick.*

Don. Y'are welcome to New-priſon: we have ſtill
Our ancient keeper, and we fear he will
Speak in his old key too: but do not look for
Choice diet, for alas, we play the cook for
All you are like to feed on; let your palate
Expect at moſt then but a root or ſallad
Pick'd from the priſon garden. We know you are
Judicious hangings, and well ſeen; nor dare
We lift you up (too bold) leſt we incenſe
Your green and ſpreading wits with impudence.
As I began, let me conclude in rhyme:
Hang ſtill, you learned criticks of the time.
Now Danae and the ladies.

Eug. Was ever father to his child
So unkind? it makes me wild.
When to beguile a tedious hour,
From the top of this high tower,
I ſee every other creature,
Enjoy a liberty by nature.
Can the ſilver running fountains,
And the cloud-aſpiring mountains,
Every grove and flow'ry field,
But a new affliction yield?

Don. This is excellent, ſhe has play'd the part before.

Caſ.

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Caſ. Waſte not yourſelf in woeful plaint,
Sorrow will not help reſtraint.
Think, madam, all is but a dream,
That we are in---Now I am out——beam, cream,
Help me Katarina, I can make no ſenſe rhime to't.

Don. Cream is as good a rhyme as your mouth can wiſh; ha, ha, ha.

Caſ. Does not the arras laugh at me? it ſhakes methinks.

Kat. It cannot chuſe, there's one behind does tickle it.

Eug. A dream! Alas, 'tis no relief
For us to flatter ſo much grief!
Fancy wants power to delight,
Or if we could think it might,
Such a dream ſo ſad would make us,
That it could not chuſe but wake us.

Don. My lady has help'd her pretty well out of her dream.

Kat. The ſun with glitt'ring golden rays,
May appear one of theſe days.
You know always after winter,
Comes the ſpring and pleaſant ſummer.

Don. Winter and ſummer! ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Winter and ſummer! by my faith that's well, there's but half a year between: there be ſome call themſelves poets, make their rhymes ſtraddle ſo wide, a twelve month will hardly reconcile 'em, and I hope, a lady may ſtraddle a little by poetical licence.

Caſ. Madam, your father, king Acriſius.

Mard. Muſt I enter already?--hum.

Eug. This is his hour to viſit us.

Mard. How fares our daughter?

Caſ. What voice is that?

Don. The king ſpeaks thro' a trunk.

Mard. How is't heroick birth? what dulneſs, cold
As Saturn's, dwells on thy forehead? be bold
To give thy grief a tongue; inſtruct, child,
My paternal nature, leſt I grow wild
As the rude north;---thought of thee makes my haire
Silver, my blood is curdled with my cares. *Don,*

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Don. Moſt high and mighty nonſenſe! ſure the king has ſwallow'd pills, and his ſtomach not able to digeſt 'em, does vomit 'em up again.

Mard. Is thy organ dumb,
Or am I grown cheap in majeſty? trivial fool,
Shall I reap crabb'd thiſtles in neglect for rich love?

Caſ. Crabbed language I am ſure.

Don. Sure my lady does not underſtand him?

Eug. If my brow ſo ſad appear,
My fortune's livery I wear.

Mar. Weep no more, thy eyes pave the ground with pearl.
My power is rais'd, my crown thy tribute, girl,
Here is nothing to want.

Eug. Nothing to want indeed? to be
A priſoner ſpeaks all miſery.

Mar. Curſe not thy ſoft ſtars, but take thy fair bliſs
With comfort: free from loud noiſe and fear is
Thy gaudy ſtation. When I have unſkrew'd
Myſtical oracles, which not underſtood,
Do perplex with involv'd ſenſe,---I ſhall then
Enlarge thy perſon, Danae; till when,
If aught elſe do clog thy thoughts with unkind
Thoughts, unload the dark burthen of thy mind.
Pronounce thy grief aloud, my amorous darling,
And I will---

Caſ. Let him chuſe his rhyme, I beſeech you, madam.

Mar. Uh, uh---cold phlegm obſtructs my ſpeech---barling, carling.

Don. Ha, ha, 'tis time to make an end,
He was almoſt choak'd with his own phraſe.

Mard. And you get me to play an old man again.---

Don. We'll have a young one for thee, twenty-one and a coat, is a double game:---my turn comes next.

Eug. He's gone, and leaveth us behind
To tell our paſſions to the wind.
Ha! what o'th' ſuddain doth ſurprize

My

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My active motion? On my eyes
What dark and heavy cloud doth sit
To persuade me it is night?
It is some charm, I cannot keep
These windows open, I must sleep.

Enter Jupiter.

Cas. This was well passionated, now comes Jupiter, to take my lady napping; we'll sleep too, let the wanton have her swing, would she were a man for her sake.

Jup. Let the musick of the spheres,
Captivate these mortal ears;
While Jove descends into this tower,
In a golden streaming shower.
To disguise him from the eye
Of Juno, who is apt to pry
Into my pleasures, I to-day
Have bid Ganymed go to play,
And thus stole from heaven to be
Welcome on earth to Danae.
And see where the princely maid,
On her easy couch is laid,
Fairer than the queen of loves,
Drawn about with milky doves.
To thee let Paphian altars smoak,
Priests thy better name invoke.
When Hymen lights his holy fires,
Thou that canst infuse desires
In the gods, from thy lip
Let Jove heavenly nectar sip.
And translate, by kissing thee,
Into thy breast his deity.
But I rob myself of treasure,
This is but the gate of pleasure:
To dwell here, it were a sin,
When Elysium is within.
Leave off then these flatt'ring kisses,
To rifle other greater blisses. [*Bell within.*

Eug. The bell---news from my father.

Cas.

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Caſ. Then your play is interrupted, Jove----Madam I'll ſee.

Don. Beſhrew the bell-man, and you had not wak'd as you did, madam, I ſhould ha' forgot myſelf, and play'd Jupiter indeed with you; my imaginations were ſtrong upon me, and you lay ſweetly---how now?

Caſ. A preſent, madam, from the duke: one of the fineſt pieces of pageantry that e'er you ſaw: 'tis a cage with variety of birds in it: it moves on wheels: your aſſiſtance, ladies, to bring it in.

Eug. A cage--if from Florence, it ſhall to the fire,
Or whenceſoe'er; it cannot be intended
But as mockery of my reſtraint.
I'm very ſad o'th' ſuddain: ha! 'tis ſo:
Break it to pieces.

Don. 'Twere pity, madam, to deſtroy ſo much art.

Eug. Yet ſpare the workmanſhip, in the peruſal
There's ſomething pleads for mercy:---I feel within
Some alteration, I know not what;
Let me intreat your abſence for ſome minutes,
I am in earneſt, pray do without reply.
Your eyes ſhall feed with pleaſeous ſatisfaction
On this gay object, when I call you.

Lad. We obey you.

Eug. Yet can't I ſay I am alone, that have
So many partners in captivity.
Sweet fellow priſoners, 'twas a cruel art,
The firſt invention to reſtrain the wing,
To keep th'inhabitants o'th' air cloſe captive,
That were created to ſky freedom: ſurely
The mercileſs creditor took his firſt light,
And priſons their firſt models, from ſuch bird-loops.
I know yon nightingale is not long liv'd.
See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate!
And doth the duke, my father, think I can
Take comfort either in reſtraint, or in
The ſight of theſe that every moment do
Preſent it to me? were theſe tendered me?

They

They shall no more be prisoners to please me;
Nor shall the woods be robb'd of so much music.

[*She opens the cage, and Rollando comes from the pillar.*

Rol. I take you at your word, fair princess,
I am the truest prisoner, tremble not,
Fear flies the noble mind, for injury dares not come near.

Eug. Sir, what are you?

Rol. The humblest of your servants.

Eug. You are not mine, for in this bold attempt
You have undone me.

Rol. You see I keep at distance.

Eug. Y'are too near, I will discover you, tho'
I fall myself by your presumption.

Rol. Hold, be counsell'd rather
But to calm silence for a pair of minutes,
And none shall perish: you shall save him too
That would for your sake lose himself for ever.

Eug. For my sake? what relation has my birth
Or any passion I call mine, to you?

Rol. Nor doom me unto scorn; I am a gentleman,
And when my inimitable resolution
In those attempts whose very sound breeds earthquakes
In other hearers, shall your knowledge fill
With wonder and amaze; you will at least
Think I fall too low, if I love beneath you.

Eug. Ha? this is a strange accident.

Rol. Was it less
Than death, dear princess, to adventure hither?

Eug. It will be death however.

Rol. Y'are deceiv'd, lady.

Eug. How I am perplex'd!

Rol. It had been death;
Your sight gives me a lease of longer life,
My head stands fast.

Eug. He speaks all mystery, I cannot get him off,
I fear, without some stain.

Rol. The truth is, princess, if you now discover me,
(Tho' I made nice scruple to put your fright by)
You cannot harm me much, I ha' done my task.
Do you fear me still? why is there such a space

Betwixt

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Betwixt us, lady?——Can you keep that man
At so unkind a distance, that for your sake
Has in his undertaking swallow'd danger,
Robb'd death of all his fears?

Eug. For my sake?

Rol. Yours——fair princess, dare you so far trust me yet,
To let me kiss your hand?

Eug. Audacious!——sir,
I shall grow lowd, if you forget your distance
Nor that you may hold long——
I'm studying how I should be rid of him without their
Knowledge: yet that's dangerous too, and might
Shew guilt in me, for he will boast on't.

Rol. Such was the duke, your gracious father's care,
He would put confidence in none about him,
But saw me brought himself.

Eug. This is a fine paradox.

Rol. Which must be to high purpose: come, be wise,
And keep me while you have me, 'tis but reaping
This fruitless harvest, from my cheek and chin,
And you can form the rest. Y'are young and beautiful,
Lose not the blessing of your youth, sweet princess,
Fair opportunity waits upon your pleasure,
You want but the first knowledge of your joy.
Your blood is ripe; come, I am confident
Your will is but controul'd by upstart fears,
Like advanc'd beggers, that will cheek their princes;
My safest way is yours now to conceal me,
It may be thought I have injoy'd you else;
I'll censure soon takes fire, nay perhaps,
To be reveng'd of your stern cruelty,
I'll swear myself, I have possess'd you freely.
Play your game wisely then, your honour lies
Full at my mercy; come, 'tis in your love,
To lead me to a secret couch.

Eug. Bold villain,
For these uncivil, most unhallowed words,
I'll die, but I'll undo thee.

Rol.

Rol. Stay, and let me circle in mine arms
All happineſs at once; I have not ſoul
Enough to apprehend my joy, it ſpreads
Too mighty for me.—Know, excellent Eugenia,
I am the prince of Florence, that owe heaven
More for thy virtues, than his own creation.
I was born with guilt enough to cancel
My firſt purity; but ſo chaſte a love
As thine, will ſo refine my ſecond being,
When holy marriage frames us in one piece,
Angels will envy me.

Eug. Ha, the prince of Florence?

Rol. I ha' made no travail for ſo rich a bleſſing,
Turn me to pilgrimage, divineſt beauty,
And when I ha' put a girdle 'bout the world,
This purchaſe will reward me.

Eug. Purchaſe!---I am not bought and ſold, I hope?

Rol. Give it what name you will, y'are mine, Eugenia.

Eug. Your's prince? I do not know by what title you pretend this claim; I never yet remember that I ſaw you;
And if I had any intereſt in myſelf,
Produce your witneſs, when I gave it you.
I have poſſeſſion yet, e'er I deliver it,
You muſt ſhew ſtronger evidence.

Rol. Are we not contracted?

Eug. Contracted! when? where?—Good prince, I pity your abuſe.

Rol. 'Tis firm between our fathers.

Eug. Mine cannot give away my heart.

Rol. Cannot?

Eug. Shall not, prince: 'tis not your travail and your trouble,
With this conceipt to boot, were it your own
Invention, with all your birds about you,
That can take me.

Rol. Is it my perſon, madam,
You hold unworthy? For my birth and fortune
Cannot deſerve your ſcorn.

Eug. It takes not from
The greatneſs of your ſtate, or blood, my lord, To

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To say I cannot love you, since affection
Flows uncompell'd, and rests in the clear object;
Nor do I rob your person of just value,
If to me other seem as fair and comely.
Form may apparel, and become what we
Affect, not cause true love: you have enough
To promise you a happier choice; attempt
A nobler fate, and leave me to myself,
And humble destiny: for know, Florentine,
I have but one faith, one love, and though my father
Lock up my person, 'tis beyond his will
To make me false to him I gave my faith to.
And y'are not noble now if you proceed.
Be then what you were born, and do not tempt
A woman to commit a sacrilege:
For when I give my heart to any other
Than my Philenzo, I commit that sin.

[*He discovers himself.*

Rol. If you'll not pardon, I'll deliver up
Philenzo to be punish'd for this tryal---See lady.

Eug. My dear banish'd Philenzo!

Roll. O let not such a glorious building stoop;
It is my duty.

Eug. I will make it mine.

Rol. I have a double duty, for I owe
Your constancy as much respect and reverence,
As your most princely person.

Eug. What, for our safety?

Rol. Oh with what willingness could I be lost
In this distracted wilderness of joy!
To morrow, madam, I go to my arraignment.

Eug. How?

Rol. Spend no fear upon't,
Your story shall be pleasing:---I ha' much
To tell you---for your ladies——

Eug. They are mine, what should our innocence
Fear in their knowledge? I desire to hear
The circumstance of this wonder

Rol.

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Rol. It attends.
The ſtory paſt, we muſt ſome counſel find,
The puzzle of our fate is ſtill behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scen. 1.

Enter Dondolo, Morello, Grutti.

Don. WE are ſorry, we gave thee diſtaſte; come, let's be friends, you did apprehend too nicely.

Mor. Nicely? it might ha' been your own caſe.

Grut. Come, you were unkind to rub us before the duke ſo.

Mor. Be wiſe hereafter, and make the fool your friend; 'tis many an honeſt man's caſe at court. It is ſafer to diſpleaſe the duke than his jeſter, every ſentence the one ſpeaks, flatterers make an oracle; but let the impudent fool bark never ſo abſurdly, other men ha' the wit to make a jeſt on't; 'tis policy in ſtate to maintain a fool at court, to teach great men diſcretion.

D. Gr. Great men! we are none.

Mor. No, but you may be, by the length of your wit, and ſhortneſs of your memory; for if you have but wit enough to do miſchief, and oblivion enough to forget good turns, you may come to great places in time; keep a fool o' your own, and then you are made ——.

Don. Made! what?

Mor. Cuckolds, if my lady take a liking to the innocent. O your fool is an excellent fellow upon all occaſions.

SONG.

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SONG.

Among all sorts of people
The matter if we look well to,
The fool is the best, he from the rest
Will carry away the bell too.
All places he is free of,
And fools it without blushing.
At masks and plays, is not the boys
Thrust out, to let the plush in?
Your fool is fine, he's merry,
And of all men doth fear least;
At every word he jests with my lord,
And tickles my lady in earnest:
The fool doth pass the guard now,
He'll kiss his hand and leg it;
When wisemen prate, and forfeit their state,
Who but the fine fool will beg it?
He without fear can walk in
The streets that are so stony;
Your gallant sneaks, your merchant breaks,
He's a fool that does owe no money.

Enter Rolliardo.

Rol. The duke, where is the duke?

Mor. He's forthcoming; there's no more money i'th' exchequer.

Rol. I come to give up my accounts, and reckon with him; some body tell him so.

Mor. And you do not reckon well with him, he'll be even with you; I'll do your message.

Rol. Do, and say I sent a fool o' my errand pr'ythee. Cry mercy, such an office would ha' become either of you, gentlemen.

Dond. His tongue moves circular in abuses.

Grut. The duke.

Enter Duke, Fulvio, Perenotto, &c.

Duke. How now, what day is't?

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Rol. 'Tis holyday.

Duke. How?

Rol. Therefore we are preparing a morris to make your grace merry: they have chosen me for the hobby-horse, and if I do not deceive their expectation, they will laugh at me extreamly before I die.

Duke. Do you come like one prepar'd for death?

Rol. Not so well I hope, as I may be hereafter, unless you will be unjust, and have a desire to be clapt into the chronicles, with some o' your predecessors, for cutting off heads, when you do not like their complexion; 'tis but laying one block upon another, and I am quickly sent of a headless errand.

Duke. Injust! do you remember what sums you owe for? do not jest away your life.

Rol. I crave no longer day for't, and I prove not myself free from my engagements.

Duke. How?

Rol. For although I had not the art to go invisible, as these wise courtiers, nor could counterfeit another sex so becomingly as t'other gaudy signior, to introduce me to the ladies; yet, with your princely licence I may say, 'tis done.

Duke. Done? what is done?

Per. He's mad, sir.

Rol. I come not to petition for a mercy,
But to cry up my merit, for a deed
Shall drown all story; and posterity,
When it shall find in her large chronicle
My glorious undertaking, shall admire it
More than a Sybil's leaf, and lose itself
In wonder of the action: poets shall
With this make proud their muses, and apparel it
In ravishing numbers, which the soft-hair'd virgins,
Forgetting all their legends, and love-tales
Of Venus, Cupid, and the 'scapes of Jove,
Shall make their only song, and in full quire
Chant it at Hymen's feast.

Duke. What means this boasting?

Ful. Rolliardo.

Rol.

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Rol. You think I am a loſt man; and your gay things,
That echo to your paſſions, and ſee through
Your eyes all that's preſented, do already
Tickle their very ſouls, with expectation
To ſee me beg moſt miſerably for life.
But you are all deceiv'd——here I pronounce
The great work done that cancels all my debts,
I have had acceſs unto the fair Eugenia
Your princely daughter, ſaid, diſcours'd with her;
More, ſhe has entertain'd me for her ſervant.

Per. Sir, do you believe him?

Duke. Thou haſt profan'd a name will ſtrike thee dead.

Rol. It cannot be; for if you mean your daughter,
'Tis that is my preſerver: bleſt Eugenia,
To whoſe memory my heart does dedicate
Itſelf an altar, in whoſe very mention
My lips are hallowed, and the place a temple
Whence the divine ſound came: it is a voice
Which ſhould our holy church-men uſe, it might
Without addition of more exorciſm
Diſincham houſes, ty up nightly ſpirits
Which fright the ſolitary groves. Eugenia
When I have nam'd, I needs muſt love my breath
The better after it.

Duke. Thou haſt undone
Thyſelf i'th' repetition, and in this
Wherein thou cunningly wouldſt beg our pity,
Thou haſt deſtroy'd it, and not left a thought
To plead againſt our anger; where before
Thy life ſhould have been gently invited forth,
Now with a horrid circumſtance death ſhall
Make thy ſoul tremble, and forſaking all
Thy noble parts, it ſhall retire into
Some angle of thy body, and be afraid
To inform thy eyes, leſt they let in a horrour
They would not look on.

Rol. I am ſtill the ſame, and let me be ſo bold
To plead your royal word, 'twas my ſecurity;
Nor ſhall you take mine to induce your faith

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To what is done, I have more pregnant evidence,
Your highneſs knows that character.

Duke. Ha, 'tis not ſo, I'll not believe my eyes!
Come hither Fulvio, Perenotto read,
But not too loud; does ſhe not write to me——
It is injuſt you let Rolliardo die,
Unleſs Eugenia bear him company?
Give me the paper.

Per. 'Tis counterfeit, my lord, cut off my head
If this be not a gig of his invention.

Duke. My ſoul is in a ſweat. I feel my blood
Heave in my veins---he looks as he had ſeen her.
More my prophetick thoughts do whiſper to me——

Fulv. Believe it not, ſir.

Duke. I wo'not---Perenotto——

Don. I know not what to think.

Grut. The duke's perplext, obſerve.

Rol. Will either of you ſpeak for me, gentlemen, if the juſtice of my cauſe ſhould fail me? I'll pay you for't. I know courtiers that live upon countenance, muſt ſell their tongues; what is the price of your's, pray?

Grut. Humble yourſelf, you coxcomb.

Duke. Away, and let not him ſtir, I charge you.
This does intrench too much upon her perſon.
Have my endeavours to preſerve Eugenia,
Of whom I thought ſo many men unworthy,
Ruin'd themſelves? Humane invention
Could not inſtruct me to diſpoſe her where
She could be more defenc'd from all mens eyes;
An anchorite lives not priſon'd in a wall
With more ſecurity. 'Tis not poſſible.
Why am I troubled thus? My fear abuſes me,
In ſuch a cauſe I would check an oracle.
And ſhall his dexterous forgery unſettle
My confidence? I wo'not ſhew a guilt
Of ſo much weakneſs in me. Fulvio——
And gentlemen---we'll ſpeak to you anon.

Rol. I ha' ſpoke too much already it ſeems; ſure he has ſent for her, I dare repoſe my life on her, to whoſe truſt

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truſt I gave my heart, ſhe is a thouſand witneſſes in herſelf.

Fulv. It will be mirth, ſir.

Rol. I like not this conſulting--they break off pleaſantly---now in the name of Mercury what crotchet?

Duke. I ſee it is in vain
To interrupt our fate; what is decreed
Above, becomes not mortals to diſpute.
Sit there,---nay be not modeſt, you were born to't,
And therefore take your place: nay, nay, be cover'd;
Imagine that a crown, and theſe your ſubjects,
As when I die, you know 'twill come to that
In right of my ſole daughter---ſo, does he not
Look like a prince indeed? appears he not
A pretty lump of majeſty?

Don. He's ſtudying ſome ſpeech, I'll lay my life---

Duke. Againſt his coronation, to thank all
His loving ſubjects, that as low as earth
Thus offer him their duties.

[*Draw their ſwords: Eugenia enters and Perenette.*

Eug. Hold, I beſeech you,
Let not my duty ſuffer miſconſtruction,
If while my knee doth beg your bleſſing, here
I throw my arms, and circle next to heaven
What muſt be deareſt to me.

Duke. Ha?

Eug. My joy of life!

Duke. Deſtroy me not.

Eug. Alas! I would preſerve all, am ſo far from killing,
That I would die myſelf, rather than ſee
One drop of blood forc'd from his crimſon fountain,
Or but one tear rackt from your eye. Oh hear me,
And after let your anger ſtrike two dead,
So you would let us dwell both in one grave;
And did you know how near we were in life,
You would not think it fitting that in death
Our aſhes were divided. You have heard
When the poor turtle's raviſh'd from her mate,
The orphan'd dove doth groan away her life

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In widow'd ſolitude; let me call him huſband;
And tell yourſelf the reſt.

Duke. Kill not thy father with one word, Eugenia;
Thy huſband?

Eug. I do beſeech you hear me.

Duke. Beg thou may'ſt be forgotten, 'tis ſin
'Bove my forgiveneſs.---This a match for thee?
What man can bring me a certificate
He had a father, or was chriſten'd? He?
We all are in a dream, awake me thunder.

Rol. Temper your paſſion, ſir.

Duke. Some tortures to enforce confeſſion from him
How he procur'd acceſs.

Rol. They ſha'not need; you ſent me, ſir, yourſelf.

Duke. We?

Rol. The cage was my conveyance.

Per. That, was preſented lately with the birds, you gave command.

Duke. Be dumb, I dare not hear you.

Dond. This was a bird in a cage indeed.

Duke. Search for the traytor Bonamico preſently,
He has betray'd me, they ſhall ſuffer both
Before the noiſe be ſpread to our diſhonour.

Eug. Yet will you hear me?

Duke. I hear too much, thou haſt forgot thy birth,
Thy fortunes, and thy father. Were my cares,
So wondred at abroad, cenſur'd at home,
Worthy of nothing but contempt from thee
For whom they were begotten? thou haſt plough'd
Upon my face, canſt thou undo a wrinkle,
Or change but the complexion of one hair?
Yet thou haſt gray'd a thouſand, taken from me,
Not added to my comforts, more than what
Like an indulgent parent I have flattered
Myſelf into.

Enter Bonamico.

Grut. Here is the other traytor, ſir.

Duke. Away with 'em to death.

Eug. Let me go too.

Duke.

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Duke. It needs not; thou art dead already, girl,
And in thy ſhame I and the dukedom ſuffer:
Thou may'ſt remember (falſe to thy own vow)
Philenzo, whom I baniſh'd for thy ſake:
The title of my ſubject, and thy love
To him, pull'd our diſpleaſure on him; ſince
We ſtudying to add more height to thee,
Thou haſt made thyſelf leſs, and, for aught we know,
Claſp'd with the ſon of earth to cool the fever
Of hot ſin in thy veins; ungrateful to
Philenzo, cold already in thy memory.

Rol. 'Tis happineſs enough that you have mention'd him;
And, whether to your mercy or your juſtice,
See that Philenzo kneels.

Omn. Lord Philenzo!

Ful. My noble couſin, ſo near me, and conceal'd!

Eug. Your daughter's knees join with his bended heart,
To beg your pardon.

Duke. Philenzo! were not you baniſh'd, ſir?

Rol. It was your ſentence.

Duke. On pain of death not to return: bleſt fate!
Thou haſt reliev'd me! had'ſt thou died before
By our command, it would have been thought tyranny,
Tho' none durſt tell us ſo: now we have argument
Of juſtice, and our every breath is law,
To ſpeak thee dead at once; we ſha'not need
To ſtudy a divorce, thy ſecond exile
Shall be eternal, death.

Rol. You do me honour.

Duke. Be it your puniſhment, as you prefer'd him
By art to her, now, by another art,
For ever to divide 'em; be's executioner,
And after make him higher by the head,
To cure's ambition; ſee't advanc'd.

Rol. E'er I go, dread ſir,
I have an humble ſuit; it is not life
I'll aſk, for that I give up willingly,
And call it mercy in you, to immortalize

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The affection I shall owe Eugenia;
Your other banishment is only death,
You new-create me now; it was my aim,
And my attempt you thought so bold, I made
To serve this end, that since I could not live,
I might die for her; pray reprieve my breath
But till I take my leave; one minute does it;
It shall be a very short and silent farewell.

Enter Embassador.

Duke. 'Tis granted.

Ful. My lord embassador!

Duke. Not the least whisper of Philenzo, as you value our regard---O, my good lord, welcome!

Emb. Letters to your grace.

Duke. They are grateful as my comfort:---Perenotto, let them withdraw; her vain will be discover'd:---Fulvio, follow and part 'em; give order for his execution, off with his head instantly---I can read no more for joy: Perenotto, use your best oratory on my daughter to forget that traytor, and prepare to marry Florence; 'tis concluded to be solemniz'd by proxy.

Don. I'll see the execution. [*Exit.*

Duke. Now to the rest: [*Reads.*

Your last letters were acceptable; and our son before had intention to finish the marriage in his person; but lately receiving intelligence, that one Philenzo, of noble birth, now in exile, tho' without your consent, had long since interest in your daughter's affection, we thought meet rather to advise for his repeal, than proceed to our dishonour. Where the hearts meet, there only marriages are sacred; and princes should be exemplary in all justice. Altho' we disclaim in this design, on our parts, we will continue all other princely correspondence.

I am justly punish'd, and have run myself
Into a labyrinth, from whence no art
Can bring me off with safety.---My lord, you may
Please to retire yourself: a thousand wheels
Do move prepost'rous in my brain; what cure?

I lose

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I loſe myſelf. Run with a haſte thou would'ſt
Preſerve my life, and ſtay the execution:
I will not have a drop of blood fall from
Philenzo for my dukedom! fly, I ſay,
Thou ſhould'ſt be there already.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, has Philenzo ſtill a head on?

Don. Yes, my lord.

Duke. Follow him, and with that nimbleneſs thou would'ſt
Leap from thy chamber when the roof's a fire;
Proclaim aloud our pardon to Philenzo,
And bring him back to us.

Don. 'Tis too late, ſir; Philenzo's dead already:
He ſav'd the executioner that trouble.
The voice is, he is poiſon'd.

Enter Fulvio.

Duke. Poiſon'd, how?
Where is Philenzo?
This fool reports him poiſon'd! what circumſtance?

Ful. He had no ſooner parted from Eugenia,
But ſuddenly he fainted; at which fall
Of his own ſpirit he ſeem'd griev'd with ſhame,
To ſhew ſo little courage near his death,
Which he call'd martyrdom; and preſently,
Whether ſupply'd by other, or prepar'd
By himſelf, we know not, he had a viol
Of water ſovereign, as was pretended,
To enliven his dull heart; he drank it up,
And ſoon ſhew'd cheerful in his eyes: we led
Him ſmiling forward; but before we could
Approach the place of death, he ſunk again,
But irrecoverably; for in vain we apply'd
Our help, by which we did conclude he had
Drank poiſon.

Duke. All this talk is ſuch, and thro'
My ear I take it in with as much danger;
I feel it active in my brain already.
Call our phyſicians, I will hang 'em all,
Unleſs they can recover him; it ſhall be

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Death to ſave any man hereafter, if
They ſuffer him to periſh.

Enter Perenotto, Eugenia.

Ful. Sir, your daughter!
It ſeems the accident has arriv'd at her.

Duke. Arriv'd at her? fame will ſoon ſpread it, Fulvio,
About the world, and we ſhall be their mockery.
He's dead they tell me, girl; poiſon'd they ſay too.

Eug. Oh my Philenzo!

Enter Grutti. Philenzo's body is brought in, and laid upon a carpet.

Duke. Eugenia ſha'not marry Florence now,
Nor any other, ſince Philenzo's dead;
But thou wo't not believe me, had he liv'd
He had been thine; that minute took him hence,
Wherein I firſt reſolv'd to ha' given thee to him.

Eug. Oh! do not mock me, ſir, to add to my
Affliction; you ne'er would give me to him.

Duke. May heaven forgive me never then; but what
Avails too late compunction? Noble gentleman!
Thou ſhalt have princely funeral, and carry
On thy cold marble the inſcription of
Our ſon in death, and my Eugenia's huſband.

Ful. Madam, this ſorrow for his loſs is real.
We met the Florentine embaſſador,
Who told me the expectation of that prince
Was now diſſolv'd, and meſſengers were ſent
To ſtay the execution.

Duke. Who now
Shall marry my Eugenia? I have undone
The hope of our poſterity.

Eug. Not ſo, ſir;
If yet you'll give me leave to make my choice,
I'll not deſpair to find a huſband.

Duke. Where?

Eug. Here, royal ſir; Philenzo is not dead,
But made, by virtue of a drink, to ſeem ſo;
Thus to prevent his ſuffering, that I might,
Or other friend by my confederacy,

By

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By begging of his body fit for burial,
Preſerve him from your anger.
Duke. Do'ſt not mock me?
Eug. Let me beg your pardon:
Confident of your change to mercy, I have
Confeſs'd what terror could not force me to.
Enter Marello and Ladies.
Grut. This is pretty, Dondolo.
Duke. Bleſſings fall doubly on thee!
Eug. He expects
Not ſuch a full ſtream of happineſs; heaven diſpoſe him
To meet it quickly.
Per. Here are ſtrange turnings! ſee, he ſtirs!
Rol. Where am I now? no matter where I be;
'Tis heaven if my Eugenia meet me here:
She made ſome promiſe ſure to ſuch a purpoſe.
This muſick ſounds divinely. Ha, Eugenia!
'Tis ſo: let's dwell here for eternity.
If I be dead, I wo'not live again;
If living——Ha! I'm loſt, loſt for ever.
Duke. Not found till now: take her a gift from me,
And call me father.
Rol. I am not yet awake.
Eug. Thou art, Philenzo, and all this is truth;
My father is converted.
Rol. 'Tis a miracle!
Duke. You muſt believe it:
In ſign how we are pleas'd, proclaim this day,
Thro' Mantua, a pardon to all offenders,
As amply as when we took our crown.
Mor. Then my petticoat is diſcharg'd.
Dond. Now, lady, you are free.
Grut. Make me happy to renew my ſuit.
Mor. And mine. Shall's to barlibreak?
I was in hell laſt; 'tis little leſs to be in a petticoat ſometimes.
Rol. Madam, vouchſafe him kiſs your hand;
We owe him much.

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Duke. We'll take him to our ſervice.
Dond. I am too much honour'd.
Duke. And you into our boſom. This day ſhall
Be conſecrate to triumph; and may time,
When 'tis decreed the world ſhall have an end,
By revolution of the year, make this
The day that ſhall conclude all memories.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

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THE

CITY Night-Cap.

A

COMEDY.

BY

Mr. *ROBERT DAVENPORT.*

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MR. Robert Davenport *liv'd and wrote in the Reign of* Charles *the First, tho' this Play was not printed till after the Reſtoration. The Plot of* Lorenzo, Philippo *and* Abſtemia, *is borrow'd from the Novel of the* Curious Impertinent *in* Don Quixote; *and that of* Lodovico, Francisco *and* Dorothea, *from* Boccace, *Day the 7th, Novel the 7th. Mr.* Davenport *wrote alſo the Tragedy of King* John *and* Matilda.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of *Verona*.
Duke of *Venice*, brother to *Abſtemia*.
Duke of *Milan*.
Antonio, the duke's ſon.
Lorenzo, huſband to *Abſtemia*.
Philippo, his friend.
Lodovico, huſband to *Dorothea*.
Lords of *Verona*.
Senators of *Venice*.
Sanchio, *Sebaſtiano*, } lords of *Milan*.
Pandulpho.
Spinoſo.
Jaſpro.
Jovani.
Franciſco, ſervant to *Lodovico*.
Pambo, a clown.
Morbo, a pander.
A *Turk*, ſlave to *Antonio*.
Two ſlaves to *Lorenzo*.
Officers and ſervants.

Abſtemia, *Lorenzo*'s wife, and ſiſter to the duke of *Venice*.
Dorothea, *Lodovico*'s wanton lady.
Timpanina, a bawd.
Ladies.

THE

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THE CITY Night-Cap.

A COMEDY.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

Enter Lorenzo and Philippo.

Lor. THOU ſha't try her yet once more.

Phi. Fie, fie!

Lor. Thou ſhalt do't:
If thou be'ſt my friend, thou'lt do't.

Phi. Try your fair wife?
You know 'tis an old point, and wond'rous frequent
In moſt of our Italian comedies.

Lor. What do I care for that? let him ſeek new ones,
Cannot make old ones better; and this new point

Young

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(Young ſir) may produce new ſmooth paſſages,
Tranſcending thoſe precedent: pray will ye do't?

Phi. Pray fool yourſelf no farther: twice you have ſway'd me,
Twice I have try'd her; and 'tis not yet, ye know,
Ten days ſince our reconciliation:
How will it ſhew in you, ſo near a kinſman
To the duke, nay having woven yourſelf into
The cloſe-wrought myſtery of opinion,
Where you remain a ſoldier, a man
Of brain and quality, to put your friend
Again on ſuch a buſineſs, and to expoſe
Your fair wife to the tempeſt of temptation?
And, by the white unſpotted cheek of truth,
She is——

Lor. A woman.

Phi. A good woman.

Lor. Piſh.

Phi. As far from your diſtruſt, as bad ones are from truth:
She is in love with virtue; would not boaſt it,
But that her whole life is a well-writ ſtory,
Where each word ſtands ſo well plac'd, that it paſſes
Inquiſitive detraction to correct.
She's modeſt, but not ſullen; and loves ſilence,
Not that ſhe wants apt words, (for when ſhe ſpeaks
She inflames love with wonder) but becauſe
She calls wife ſilence the ſoul's harmony.
She's truly chaſte; yet ſuch a foe to coyneſs,
The pooreſt call her courteous; and, which is excellent,
(Tho' fair and young) ſhe ſhuns to expoſe herſelf
To the opinion of ſtrange eyes: ſhe either ſeldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company,
And then with ſuch ſweet baſhfulneſs, as if
She were venturing on crack'd ice; and takes delight
To ſtep into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields: ſo ſhe will drive
Tediouſneſs out of time with her ſweet character:
And therefore, good my friend, forbear to try
The gold has paſt the fire.

Lor.

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Lor. Thou foolish friend,
Beauty, like the herb Larix, is cool i'th' water,
But hot i'th' stomach: women are smooth flatterers, but cunning injurers.

Phi. Thou wond'rous yellow friend,
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue: let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honey-comb. Has she one action
That can expose you to distrust?

Lor. Oh! when the Elesander-leaf looks most green,
The sap is then most bitter: an approv'd appearance
Is no authentic instance: she that is lip-holy,
Is many times heart-hollow.——Here she comes.

Enter Abstemia.

A prayer-book in her hand! oh hypocrisy!
How fell'st thou first in love with woman? wilt try again,
But this one time?

Phi. Condition'd you will stand
Ear-witness to our conference, that you may take
In at your ear, a virtue that will teach
Your erring soul to wonder.

Lor. He would wittal me,
With a consent to my own horns: I will,
I'll give thee a new occasion: there lurks in woman's blood
A vindicating spirit.

Abst. I came, sir, to give you notice
Count Lodovico, Stroino, Spinoso, and Pandulpho, with the rest
Of the consilliadory, certify
They are setting forth to meet the duke your kinsman,
Returning from Venice.

Lor. Oh, there he has seen the duke your brother.

Abst. Yes, sir, and they stay but for your company.

Lor. And you're cloy'd with't——

[*Kicks her, and exit. She weeps.*

Phi. And will you still be us'd thus? Oh, madam,
I do confess twice I have batter'd at

The

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The fort I fain would vanquish, and I know
Ye hold out more 'cause ye would seem a soldier,
Than in hate to the assailant; I am again
Inflam'd with those sweet fountains from whence flow
Such a pair of streams: Oh strong force of desire!
The quality should quench, hath set on fire:
I love you in your sorrows.

Abst. And I sorrow in nothing but your love; twice, Philippo,
Have I not beat back the impetuous storm
Of thy inceſſant rudeness? wilt thou again
Darken fair honour with dishonesty?
Thou know'st my lord hath long and truly lov'd thee
In the wisdom of a friend, in a fair cause;
He wears his good sword for thee, lays his heart
A lodger in thy bosom, proclaims thee partner
In all he hath, but me; Oh, be not counterfeit:
We all conclude, a diamond with clouds
The goldsmith casts into his dust; and a gentleman
So blemish'd in his honour, blots his name
Out of the herald's book, stands a lost man
In goodness and opinion. Oh, Philippo,
Make me once more so happy to believe
'Tis but a painted passion.

Lor. Most acute witch!

Phi. Come, learn of your city wagtail; with one eye
Violently love your husband, and with t'other
Wink at your friend.

Lor. I will not trust you, brother.

Phi. He seeks, will ye not have him find? cries ye out
In his mad fits, a strumpet, rails at all women,
Upon no cause, but because you are one:
He gives wound upon wound, and then pours vinegar
Into your bleeding reputation,
Poison'd with bitter calumny. Pox on him;
Pile a reciprocal reward upon him;
Let ballad-mongers crown him with their scorns:
Who buys the buck's-head, well deserves the horns:
Demur not on't, but clap them on.

Abst.

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Abſt. You are, ſir, juſt like the Indian hyſſop, prais'd of ſtrangers.
For the ſweet ſcent; but hated of the inhabitants,
For the injurious quality: can he love the wife,
That would betray the huſband? haſt thou not ſeen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean ſuffers
The angry bark to plough thro' her boſom,
And yet is preſently ſo ſmooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made?
And cannot this inform, I love him better
In his four follies, than you in your ſweet flatteries?
If Verona hath obſerv'd any errors in me,
I well may call for grace to amend them;
But will never fall from grace to befriend you.

Phi. With what a majeſty good women thunder!

Lor. 'Has given her ſome cloſe nod that I am here.

Abſt. Rip up the end of thy intent, and ſee
How ſhame and fear do lurk where you would walk,
Like a pair of ſerpents in a flow'ry mead:
Luſt ſees with pleaſure, but with fear doth tread.

Phi. Very brave, woman!

Abſt. What is the pleaſure thou purſu'ſt? a ſin,
Finiſh'd with infinite ſorrows: read and find
How barb'rous nations puniſh it with death:
How a minute's ſin ſo ſtollen, tho' in the face
Sit ſummer calms, all ſmooth, yet thou wilt hear,
From the eternal alarm of thy conſcience,
How it ſets within thy ſoul continual tempeſts,
Thunder and diſmal blackneſs: mark but the courſe
Of the holy-ſeeming hollow man, and ſee
How he that glories heaven with no honour,
Covets to glorify himſelf with honeſty.
And to put you paſt your hopes, let me leave this with you;
Thou may'ſt hold an elephant with a thread, eat fire
And not be burnt, or catch birds with deſire;
Quench flame with oil, cut diamonds with glaſs,
Pierce ſteel with feathers; this thou mayſt bring to paſs,
Sooner than hope to ſteal the huſband's right,
Whoſe wife is honeſt, and no hypocrite. [*Exit.*

Phi.

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Phi. What think you now, sir?

Lor. Why now I do think it possible for the world
To have an honest woman in it.——Good by, sir;
I must go meet the duke: adieu.

Phi. Farewel:
Oh jealousy! how near thou dwell'st to hell!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lodovico, Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaspro, Jovani, and Clown.

Lod. The duke not seven leagues off! my horse, rogues.

Pan. Our negligence deserves just blame; and how
'Twill please his grace to construe it, we know not.

Jas. But where's your fair chaste wife, my lord?

Lod. Marry, with my man Francisco: Oh that fellow!
She were undone without him; for indeed
She takes great pleasure in him; he learns her musick;
To hear what counsel she will give him! if he but screw
His look sometimes with the pin, she will tell him straight,
'Twas an unchristian look: I love him dearly.

Spin. But can your honour never woo your lady
To a more sociable affability?
She will not kiss, nor drink, nor talk, but against new fashions.

Lod. Oh, sir, she is my crown; nor is it requisite
Women should be so sociable; I have had such a coil with her, to bring her but to look out at window; when we were first married, she would not drink a cup of wine, unless nine parts of it were water.

Omn. Admir'd temperance!

Lod. Nay, and ye knew all, my lords, ye would say so: t'other day I brought an English gentleman home with me, to try a horse I should sell him; he (as ye know their custom, tho' it be none of ours) makes at her lips the first dash.

Clown. He dash'd her out of countenance, I'm sure of that.

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Lod. She did so pout and spit, that my hot-brain'd gallant could not forbear but ask the cause: quoth she——

Clown. No, sir, she spit again, before quoth she left her lips.

Lod. I think she did indeed; but then quoth she, a kiss, sir, is sin's earnest-penny: is't not true, Pambo?

Clown. Very true, sir; by the same token, quoth he to her again, if you dislike the penny, lady, pray let me change it into English half-pence; and so gave her two for't.

Lod. But how she vex'd then! then she rattled him, and told him roundly, tho' confidence made cuckolds in England, she could no coxcombs in Italy.

Clown. But did ye mark how bitterly he clos'd it with a middling jest?

Lod. What was that, I pr'ythee?

Clown. Why quoth he again, confidence makes not so many cuckolds in England, but craft picks open more padlocks in Italy.

Jov. That was something sharp.——But there she comes.

Enter Dorothea and Francisco.

Lod. Ye shall see how I'll put ye all upon her presently.

Clown. Then I shall take my turn.

Dor. Francis.

Fran. Madam.

Dor. Have you chang'd the ditty you last set?

Fran. I have, madam.

Dor. The conceit may stand, but I hope you have cloath'd the method in a more christian-like apparel.

Fran. I have, lady.

Dor. Pray let me hear it now.

Fran. *She that in these days looks for truth,*
Seldom or never finds, in sooth.

Dor. That's wondrous well.

Clown. Yes, in sadness.

Lod. Peace, sirrah; nay, she's built of modesty.

Fran.

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Fran. *Even as a wicked kiſs defiles the lips,*
So do new faſhions her that through them trips.

Dor. Very modeſt language.

Fran. *She that doth pleaſure uſe for what 'twill bring her,*
Will pluck a roſe, altho' ſhe prick her finger.

Dor. Put in *hurt her finger*, good Francis; the phraſe will be more decent.

Pand. Y'are a wondrous happy man in one ſo virtuous.

Lod. Nay, ye ſhall have no count Lorenzo of me, I warrant ye.

Clown. Nor no count Lorenzo's lady of your wife, I warrant ye.

Lod. Sweet chick, I come to take leave of thee: finger in nye already!
We are all to meet the duke this afternoon, bird,
Who is now come from Venice: thou may'ſt walk and ſee
The count Lorenzo's lady.

Dor. Alas! ſhe's too merry for my company.

Jaſ. Too merry! I have ſeen her ſad,
But very ſeldom merry.

Dor. I mean, my lord,
That ſhe can walk, tell tales, run in the garden.

Clown. Why then your ladyſhip may hold your tongue, ſay nothing, and walk in the orchard.

Dor. She can drink a cup of wine not allay'd with water.

Clown. Why then you may drink a cup of water without wine.

Dor. Nay, if a nobleman come to ſee her lord,
She will let him kiſs her too, againſt our cuſtom.

Pan. Why a modeſt woman may be kiſs'd by accident,
Yet not give the leaſt touch to her reputation.

Lod. Well ſaid, touch her home.

Dor. Nay, but they may not: ſhe that will kiſs, they ſay,
Will do worſe, I warrant her.

You

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Jov. Why I have ſeen you, madam, kiſs'd againſt your will.

Dor. Againſt my will it may be I have been kiſs'd indeed.

Clown. Pſhew, there's nothing againſt a woman's will; and I dare be ſworn, if my lady kiſs but any one man, 'tis becauſe ſhe cannot do with all.

Lod. Nay, I know that to be true, my lords, and at this time,
Becauſe ye cannot do with all, pray kiſs them in order;
Kiſs her all over, gentlemen, and we are gone.

Dor. Nay good, my lord, 'tis againſt our nation's cuſtom.

Lod. I care not; let naturals love nations:
My humour's my humour.

Spin. I muſt have my turn too then.

Jov. It muſt go round.

Dor. Fie, fie.

Lod. Look how ſhe ſpits now.

Jaſp. The deeper the ſweeter, lady.

Clown. The nearer the bone, the ſweeter the fleſh, lady.

Dor. How now, ſauce-box!

Clown. Did not my lord bid the gentlemen kiſs you all over?

Lod. I have ſweet cauſe to be jealous, have I not, gentlemen? no: *Crede quod habes, & habes* ſtill; he that believes he has horns, has them. Will you go bring my horſe, ſir?

Clown. I will bring your horſe, ſir; and your horſe ſhall bring his tail with him. [*Exit.*

Lod. Francis, I pr'ythee ſtay thou at home with thy lady: get thy inſtrument ready; this melancholy will ſpoil her: before theſe lords here, make her but laugh, when we are gone——

Fran. Laugh before theſe lords when they are gone, ſir!

Lod. Piſh, I mean, make her laugh heartily before we come home; and before theſe lords, I promiſe thee a leaſe of forty crowns per annum.

Fran.

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Fran. Can ye tell whether she be ticklish, sir?

Lod. Oh, infinitely ticklish!

Fran. I'll deserve your lease, then, e'er you come home, I warrant.

Lod. And thou shalt ha't, i'faith, boy.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Your horse is ready, sir.

Lod. My lords, I think we have staid with the longest; farewel, Doll: *Crede quod habes, & habes*, gallants.

Pand. Our horses shall fetch it up again: farewel, sweet lady.

Jasp. Adieu, sweet mistress: and whensoe'er I marry, Fortune turn up to me no worse card than you are.

Clown. And whensoe'er I marry, Venus send me a card may save Fortune the labour, and turn up herself.

[*Exeunt.*

Dor. How now? why loiter you behind? why ride not you along with your lord?

Fran. To lie with your ladyship.

Dor. How?

Fran. In the bed, upon the bed, or under the bed.

Dor. Why, how now Francis!

Fran. This is the plain truth on't, I would lie with ye.

Dor. Why Francis——

Fran. I know too that you will lie with me.

Dor. Nay but Francis——

Fran. Plague of Francis: I am neither Frank nor Francis,
But a gentleman of Millain, that even there
Heard of your beauty, which report there guarded
With such a chastity, the glittering'st sin
Held no artillery of power to shake it.
Upon which, I resolv'd to try conclusions;
Assum'd this name and fortune, sought this service:
And I will tell ye truly what I guess you.

Dor. You will not ravish me, Francis.

Fran. No; but unravel ye, in two lines experience writ lately:

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Extreams in virtue, are but clouds to vice:
She'll do't th' dark, who is't th' day too nice.

Dor. Indeed ye do not well to bely me thus.

Fran. Come, I'll lie with thee, wench, and make all well again; tho' your confident lord makes use of *Crede quod habes, & habes*, and holds it impossible for any to be a cuckold, can believe himself none: I would have his lady have more wit, and clap them on.

Dor. And, truly Francis, some women now would do't.

Fran. Who can you chuse more convenient to practise with than me, whom he doats on? where shall a man find a friend but at home? so you break one proverb's pate, and give the other a plaister: is't a match, wench?

Dor. Well, for once it is: but and ye do any more, indeed I'll tell my husband.

Fran. But when shall this once be? now?

Dor. Now? no indeed, Francis.
It shall be soon at night, when your lord's come home.

Fran. Then! how is't possible?

Dor. Possible! women can make any of these things possible, Francis: now many casualties may cross us; but soon at night my lord, I'm sure, will be so sleepy, what with his journey, and deep healths for the duke's return, that before he goes to bed (as he uses still, when he has been hard a drinking) he will sleep upon the bed in's cloaths so sound, bells would not wake him, rung in the chamber.

Fran. The cuckold slumbers; and tho' his wife hit him o'th' forehead with her heel, he dreams of no such matter.

Dor. Now Pambo, that makes him merry in his chamber, shall, when the candle's out, and he asleep, bring you into the chamber.

Fran. But will he be secret?

Dor. Will he, good soul! I am not to try him now.

Fran. 'Sfoot, this is brave,
My kind lord's fool, is my cunning lady's knave.
But pray how then?

Dor.

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Dor. When you are in at door, on right before you, you shall feel the bed; give me but softly a touch, I'll rise, and follow you into the next chamber: but truly and you do not use me kindly, I shall cry out and spoil all.

Fran. Use you kindly! was lady e'er us'd cruelly i'th' dark? do you but prepare Pambo and your maid, let me alone with her mistress: about eleven I desire to be expected.

Dor. And till the clock strike twelve, I'll lie awake.

Fran. Now ye dare kiss.

Dor. Once with my friend, or so: yet you may take two, Francis.

Fran. My cast is ams-ace then.

Dor. Duce-ace had got the game.

Fran, Why then you're welcome. Adieu, my dainty mistress.

Dor. Farewel, kind Francis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, as from horse.

Lor. I have given them all the slip, the duke and all;
And am at home before them: I cannot rest,
Philippo and my wife run in my mind so:
I know no cause why I should trust him more
Than all the world beside: I remember
He told her that I bought the buck's head, therefore
Deserv'd the horns: altho' I bid him try her,
Yet I did not bid him bid her with one eye
Love me, and with the other wink at a friend.
How we long to grow familiar with affliction!
And as many words do aptly hold concordance
To make one sentence, just so many causes
Seem to agree, when conceit makes us cuckolds.

Enter Philippo and Abstemia.

And here comes proof apparent, hand in hand too;
Now their palms meet, that grasp begets a bastard.

Phil. By your white hand I swear 'twas only so.

Lor. Poison of toads betwixt ye.

Abst. Philippo, you have fully satisfy'd me.

Lor. Insatiate whore! could not I satisfy ye?
I shall commit a murder, if I stay:

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I'll go forge thunder for ye. Oh let me
Never more marry! what plague can transcend
A whorish wife, and a perfidious friend! [*Exit.*
Phil. By the unblemish'd faith, then, of a gentleman;
And by your potent goodness, a great oath;
(For you are greatly good) by truth itself,
(For still I swear by you) what again hath past,
Was at the first but trial of your chastity,
Far above time or story: as I speak truth,
So may I prosper.
Abst. And came these trials from your breast only?
Phil. Only from my breast; and by the sweet
Excellent blush of virtue, there is in you
Plenty of truth and goodness.
Abst. You have nobly
Appeas'd the storm o'ertook you; and you are
Again a good man.

Enter Lorenzo, Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaspro, Jovani.

Lor. Traitor to truth and friendship!
Did not mine honour hold me, I should rip out
That blushing hypocrite, thy heart, that hath broke
So strong a tie of faith; but behold,
How much of man is in me! there I cast them
From this believing heart, to the iron hand
Of law, the wrong'd man's saint.
Phil What means this?
Pand. My lord, here's warrant for what's done immediate from
The duke, by force of which you're early i'th' morning
Before his grace to answer to such injuries
The count Lorenzo shall alledge against you.
Phil. Injuries! Why friend, what injuries?
Lor. Can ye spell flag, sir? 'tis four letters with two horns.
Good gentlemen, convey him from my fury,
For fear of greater mischief.
Phil. Thou yellow fool. [*Exit.*

Abst.

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Abſt. I would you would inſtruct me, noble ſir,
But how to underſtand all this.

Lor. Do ye ſee her? look on her all, and wonder: did ye ever ſee ſo foul guilt ſtand underneath a look ſo innocent?

Jov. I ſhould have pawn'd my blood upon her honour.

Pan. Colours not in grain,
Make as fair ſhew, but are more apt to ſtain.

Abſt. My lord.

Lor. Ye whore. [*Kicks her, ſhe ſwoons.*

Jaſp. Look to the lady.

Lor. Look to her! hang her: let me ſend her now
To the devil, with all her ſins upon her head.

Spin. Bear her in gently, and ſee her guarded.

Pan. You are too violent, my lord.

Lor. That men ſhould ever marry! that we ſhould lay our heads, and take our horns up out of women's laps!

Jov. Be patient, good ſir.

Lor. Yes, and go make potguns.

Jaſp. 'Tis late, and ſleep would do you good, my lord.

Lor. Sleep! why do you think I am mad, ſir?

Jaſp. Not I, my lord.

Lor. Then you do lie, my lord,
For I am mad, horn mad: I ſhall be acted
In our theatres of Verona. Oh! what poiſon's
Like a falſe friend? and what plague more ruinous
Than a laſcivious wife? they ſteal our joys,
And fill us with afflictions; they leave our names
Hedg'd in with calumny: in their falſe hearts
Crocodiles breed, who make grief their diſguiſe,
And, in betraying tears, ſtill thro' their eyes.
Oh! he that can believe he ſleeps ſecure
In a falſe friend's oath, or in a bad wife's arms,
Truſts Circe's witchcraft, and Calipſo's charms.

Omnes. 'Tis late, let's to the court. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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ACT II.

A bed thrust out: Lodovico sleeping in his cloaths: Dorothea in bed. Enter Clown leading in Francisco.

Fran. SOftly, sweet Pambo: are we in the chamber yet?

Clown. Within a yard of my lady, and ye can be quiet.

Fran. Art sure my lord's asleep?

Clown. I know not, I'll go and ask him.

Fran. No, no, no, do not wake him; we are undone then, man.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha, now do I see cuckold-making is as ticklish a profession as cunny-catching: my lord was so paid with healths at court, he's fast enough.

Fran. But still I pursue wonder, why my lady should prescribe this strange, nay wond'rous desperate way to her desires.

Clown. Is that a question to ask now? would you would grope out the bed; for I sleep in my talk, I am sure of that. [*Lodovico coughs.*

Fran. We are lost for ever: did he not cough?

Clown. 'Tis nothing but the last cup comes up in stew'd-broth: if ever you make true whore-master, I'll be bound to resign my place up to my lord's page: seasick before you come to th' salt water? let me go in your stead.

Fran. No, I'll venture, stood a gulph between, belching up
A tempest. Oh valiant lust!
How resolute thou go'st to acts unjust!
Pambo, good night.
Desire drowns fear, in presuppos'd delight.

Clown. Turn of your left hand, 'twill lead you to the devil, to my lady, I should say, presently. [*Exit.*

Fran.

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Fran. Let me see, four steps on the left hand: I have the bed, and on this side she lies: 'sfoot, there's a beard! but all's well yet, she lies on this side sure:
I have her, 'tis her hand, I know the touch;
It melts me into passion; I have much ado
To contain my wild desires: as the wind strains
In caverns lock'd; so thro' my big swoln veins
My blood cuts capers.

Dor. Who's there?

Fran. 'Tis I.

Dor. Francis!

Fran. Fortunate Francis, that was wrap'd in's mother's smock.

Dor. Give me your hand, Francis.

Fran. There 'tis: I melt already.

Dor. My lord, count Lodovico, awake.

Fran. I am lost for ever, madam.

Dor. My lord, my lord!

Fran. If I pull too hard, I shall pull her out o'th' bed too.

Dor. My lord, will ye not wake?

Lod. What's the matter? what's the matter?

Fran. How I do dwindle!

Dor. Pray hear me, sir, I cannot sleep till you Have resolv'd me one thing.

Lod. What is't, sweet-heart?

Dor. Of all your men, which do you love best?

Lod. That's a strange question to ask at mid-night: Francisco.

Dor. And that same false Francisco in your absence Most lewdly tempted me to wrong your bed.

Fran. Was ever woodcock catch'd thus?

Lod. Oh rogue, I'll go cut's throat sleeping.

Dor. Nay, I have fitted him most daintily.

Fran. Now, now, now, now, I am spitted.

Dor. I seem'd, sweet-heart, to consent to him——

Fran. A plague of seemings; I were best confess, and beg pardon.

Dor. And to make him sure for your revenge, I appointed About this hour, the door left ope on purpose——

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Fran. Ah!

Dor. To meet me in the garden.

Fran. All's well again.

Dor. Now, ſweet-heart,
If thou would'ſt but ſteal down thither, thou might'ſt catch him, and ſnap the fool very finely.

Lod. Oh my ſweet birds-nie! what a wench have I of thee! *Crede quod habes, & habes* ſtill; and I had thought it poſſible to have been cuckolded, I had been cuckolded. I'll take my rapier as I go, ſirrah; and the night being dark, I'll ſpeak like thee, as if thou hadſt kept thy word. Oh villain! nothing vexes me, but that he ſhould think I can be a cuckold, and have ſuch a lady: do thou ſie ſtill, and I'll bring thee his heart for thy monkey's breakfaſt.

Dor. And would you part unkindly, and not kiſs me?

Lod. I have no more manners than a gooſe; farewell
My chaſte delicious Doll: what may his life
Be compar'd to, that meets with ſuch a wife? [*Exit.*

Enter Clown.

Fran. Piſh, Pambo.

Clown. Here boy.

Fran. Go meet him in the garden, and hark.

Clown. Excellent! I'll play my lady, I warrant ye.

Fran. Do't daintily.

Clown. Well, I may hope for a ſquire's place, my father was a coſter-monger. [*Exit.*

Fran. Well, now I ſee, as he who fain would know
The real ſtrain of goodneſs, may in her read it;
Who can ſeem chaſte, and can be what ſhe ſeems:
So, who would ſee hell's craft, in her may read it,
Who can ſeem too, but not be what ſhe ſeems:
In brief, put him to ſchool (would cheat the de'il of's right)
To a dainty ſmooth-fac'd female hypocrite. [*Exit.*

Enter Lodovico and Clown.

Lod. Here's a wife, Pambo!

Clown. Now, *Crede quod habes, & habes*, ſir.

Lod. Why, right man: let him believe he has horns, and he has 'em.

Clown. To diſcover upon the pinch to ye! *Lod.*

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Lod. Oh! you kind loving husbands, like myself, What fortunes meet ye full but with such wives!

Clown. Fortunes i'th' fashion of hay-forks.

Lod. Sirra Pambo, thou shalt seldom see a harsh fellow have such a wife, such a fortunate wedding.

Clown. He will go to hanging as soon.

Lod. No, no, we loving souls have all the fortunes; There's count Lorenzo for example now, There's a sweet coil to morrow 'bout his wife: He has two servants, that will take their oaths They saw her dishonest with his friend count Philippo, Nay in the very act: now what was't brought her to't, but his dogged usage of her?

Clown. Nay, she never liv'd a good day with him.

Lod. How she goes flaunting too! she must have a feather in her head, and a cork in her heel.

Clown. Ay, that shews her light from head to heel, sir; and who have heavier heads, than they whose wives have light heels? that feather confounds her.

Lod. I shall so laugh to hear the comical history of the great count Lorenzo's horns; but as I have such a wife now, what a villain did I entertain to teach her musick? 'has done her no good since he came, that I saw.

Clown. Hang him, 'has made her a little perfect in prick-song, that's all; and it may be she had skill in that before you married her too.

Lod. She could sing at the first sight, by this hand, Pambo.
But hark, I hear somebody.

Enter Francisco.

Clown. 'Tis he sure, 'has a dreaming where-master's pace; pray let me practise my lady's part, and counterfeit for her.

Lod. Canst thou imitate to th' life?

Clown. Can I? Oh wicked Francis!

Lod. Admirable! thou shalt do't.

Clown. Pray be you ready with your rapier to spit him then, and I'll watch him a good turn, I warrant ye.

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Fran. Here they are. If Pambo now comes off with his part neatly, the comedy paſſes bravely. Who's there——madam?

Clown. Francis?

Fran. The ſame.

Clown. I think this place lies too open to the air, Francis?

Lod. Delicate, Pambo.

Clown. And truly there's a great dew fallen to night, The graſs is wondrous wet.

Lod. Sweet rogue!

Clown. Come, Francis,
And let us ſport ourſelves in yonder ruſhes;
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with buſſes.

Lod. Oh villain!

Fran. Hear me, lady,
It is enough, my lord hath now a friend,
In theſe diſhoneſt days, that dares be honeſt.

Lod. How is this?

Clown. Nay, for thy lord, he's a meer coxcomb, Francis.

Lod. Out rogue!

Fran. 'Tis but your bad deſires that tell you ſo:
Can I contain a heart, or can that heart
Harbour a thought of injury 'gainſt him,
Under whoſe wing I ſafely ſtretch my pinions?
Has he not nobly entertain'd me? ſtand I not
Next neighbour, ſave yourſelf, unto his heart?

Lod. Ay, by this hand doſt thou.

Fran. And ſhould I quit him thus? no, lady, no,

Lod. Brave Frank!

Fran. I am too wiſe to fall in love with woe,
Much leſs with woman: I but took advantage
Of my lords abſence for your tryal, lady,
For fear ſome fellow (far hotter rein'd than I)
Might have fought, and ſped; and I would be loath
A lord ſo loving——

Lod. Shalt have five leaſes, by theſe fingers.

Fran.

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Fran. Should have a lady falſe.
Back, lady, to your yet unblemiſh'd bed;
Preſerve your honour, and your lord's—calf's head. [*Aſide.*

Clown. Well, Francis, you had been better—if I do not tell my lord of this!

Lod. He has put him to't now.

Fran. Then I am loſt for ever,
You'll turn it all on me, I know; but ere
I'll live to wrong ſo good a lord, or ſtand
The mark unto your malice, I will firſt
Fall on my ſword and periſh.

Lod. Hold, hold, hold man.

Fran. Ha, who are you?

Lod. One that has more humanity in him, than to ſee a proper fellow caſt himſelf away, I warrant thee: 'tis I, 'tis I man, I have heard all.

Clown. And 'twas I play'd my lady, to have ſnap'd ye.

Fran. Has ſhe been then ſo good to tell your honour?
Now am I worſe afflicted than before,
That ſhe ſhould thus outrun me, in this race of honeſty.

Lod. Nay ſh'as bob'd thee bravely; ſh'as a thouſand of theſe tricks, i'faith man; but howſoever, what I have found thee, I have found thee: hark in thine ear, ſhalt have five leaſes, and mine own nag, when th'aſt a mind to ride.

Fran. Let me deſerve, ſir, firſt.

Lod. Shalt have them: I know what I do, I warrant thee.

Fran. I joy in ſuch a lady.

Lod. Nay there's a couple of you, for a wife and a friend; ſhalt be no more my ſervant: I had thought to have made thee my ſteward, but thou'rt too honeſt for the place, that's the truth on't.

Clown. His ſuperfluity is my neceſſity; pray let me ha't, ſir.

Lod. I will talk with thee to morrow, Pambo; thou ſhalt have ſomething too; but I'll to bed: honeſt Francis, the deareſt muſt part, I ſee; I will ſo hug the ſweet raſcal that thinks every hour ten, till I come yonder! good night, Frank; to bed, Pambo.

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What delight in life
Can equal such a friend and such a wife?
So, my dainty Doll, I come to thee. [*Exit.*

Clown. So a city night-cap go with thee.---But shall I not be thought on, for my night's service?

Fran. Oh look ye, pray forget not ye had something.

Clown. Well, and pray do you remember I had nothing.

Fran. Nothing! what's that?

Clown. Nothing before I had something, I mean: so you are well return'd from Utopia.

Fran. You're very nimble sir, good morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

A Bar set out. Enter the duke of Verona, Pandulpho, Spinoso, Jaspro, Jovani, Lorenzo, Philippo, Abstemia, a guard, and two slaves.

Vero. Call the accus'd to th' bar.

Phil. We appear,
With acknowledg'd reverence to the presence.

Vero. We meet not
To build on circumstances, but to come plainly
To the business that here plac'd us. Cousin Lorenzo,
You have free leave to speak your griefs; but this
Desire the senate to observe, and nearly:
I come here not your kinsman; neither, madam,
Looking unto the greatness of your blood,
As you are sister to the duke of Venice;
But as an equal judge, I come to doom,
As circumstances and proof informs.

Lor. Thus then,
(Great sir, grave lords, and honourable auditors
Of my dishonour) I affirm 'tis known
To th' signory of Verona, the whole city,
Nay the great multitude without, that come
This day to hear unwilling truth, can witness,
How since my marriage with that woman (weepst thou?
Oh truth, who would not look thee in a woman's tears!
But showers that fall too late, produce dear years)
All know that since our marriage, I have perform'd
So fairly all judicial wedlock-offices,

That

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That malice knew not how at my whole actions
To make one blow: and to strike home, I did rather
Honour her as a saint, sir, than respect her
As she was my wife: on pilgrimage I sent
All my endeavours to the fair seeming shrine
Of her desires, where they did offer daily
A plenal satisfaction, which she seem'd
Reciprocally to return, pay'd back
As much obedience as I lent of love:
But then the serpent stings, when like a dove
Opinion feathers him: womens sweet words
As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts
They flie) as lapwings cries are from their nests.

Pan. Oh you inveigh!

Lor. I would appear no satyr.
And for this man (how fain I would call him friend!)
I appeal to the whole state, if at the fight
Betwixt Bizerta gallies and your grace,
Wherein you pleas'd to send me general there,
That he deserv'd (let me not take from him
His merit's meet confession) but I was there
The man (the erring man) that crown'd his merit
With approbation and reward; brought him home,
Prefer'd him to those graces you heap'd on him:
Wore him a neighbour to my heart, as lovers
Wear jewels, left by their dead friends; I lock'd him
Into my heart, and double-barr'd him there
With reason and opinion: his extremities
Fastn'd me more unto him, whilst like an arch
Well built, by how much the more weight I bore,
I stand the stronger under him; so lov'd him,
That in his absence still mine ear became
A sanctuary to his injur'd name.

Vero. And what from hence infer you?

Lor. That 'twas base,
Base in the depth of baseness, for this wife
So honour'd, and this smooth friend so belov'd,
To conspire betwixt them my dishonour.

Vero. How?

Lor.

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Lor. To ſtain my ſheets with luſt, a minute's theft:
To brand perpetually three faces; a huſband's,
A wife's, and friend's.
Abſt. Oh good my lord,
Caſt out this devil from you.
Lor. Oh good my lady,
Keep not the devil within you, but confeſs.
Phil. Hear me, great ſir; I will confeſs, Lorenzo,
And print thee down the fool of paſſion.
Spin. Speak, ſir.
Phil. 'Tis true, this boaſting man did thus erect me
In his opinion, plac'd me in his love,
Grac'd me with courteſies: Oh the craft of jealouſy!
As boys to take the bird about the pit,
Caſt wheat and chaff, contriving a neat train
To intice her to her ruin: ſo this friend
Falſer than city-oaths, it is not doubted,
Having ſo far indear'd me, when he came
To enjoy a fair wife, gueſt it impoſſible
For me to ſhare with him in all things elſe,
And not in her; (for fair wives oft we ſee
Strike diſcord in ſweet friendſhip's harmony:)
And having no way to inſnare me ſo,
To ſeparate our loves, he ſeriouſly
Woo'd me to try his wife.
Lor. 'Tis falſe.
Phil. 'Tis true,
By all that honeſt men may be believed by,
Three ſeveral times I try'd her, by him urg'd to't,
Yet ſtill my truth not ſtarted, kept ſo conſtant,
That till this hour this lady thus much knew not.
I bore her brave reproofs: Oh when ſhe ſpake,
The ſaints ſure liſten'd, and at every point
She got the plauſe of angels! now upon this,
This jealous lord infers (and it may be but
To ſhun futurity) that I
(His betray'd friend) could not hold the cup,
But I muſt drink the poiſon. No, Lorenzo,
An honeſt man is ſtill an unmov'd rock,
Waſh'd whither, but not ſhaken with the ſhock;

Whoſe

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Whoſe heart conceives no ſiniſter device,
Fearleſs he plays with flames, and treads on ice.
Vero. Couſin, did you, as your friend here affirms,
Counſel him to theſe trials?
Lor. I?
Phil. You did.
Lor. Philippo, thou art fallen from a good man,
And haſt ta'en leave of modeſty: let theſe my ſervants
(That incredulity ſhould be induction
To my more certain ſhame) let theſe ſpeak
And relate what they ſaw: they grew ſo publick,
My ſervants could diſcover them.
Pan. Speak, friends, be fearleſs;
And what you know, even to a ſyllable,
Boldly confeſs.
1 *Slave.* Then know, great, ſir, as ſoon
As e'er my lord was gone to meet your grace,
Signor Philippo and my lady privately
Went up to her bed-chamber: we two ſuſpecting
What afterwards we found, ſtole ſoftly up,
And through the key-hole (for the door was lock'd)
We ſaw my lady and count Philippo there
Upon the bed, and in the very act,
As my lord before affirm'd.
Abſt. Canſt thou hear, heaven,
And withhold thy thunder?
Phil. My lords, one devil, ye know,
May poſſeſs three bodies.
Vero. Will you ſwear this, ſir?
1 *Slave.* I will, my lord.
Spin. And you?
2 *Slave.* I will, and dare, ſir.
Lor. Brave raſcals!
Vero. Reach them the book.
Abſt. Ye poor deluded men, oh do not ſwear!
Lor. Think of the chain of pearl.
1 *Slave.* Give us the book:
That we affirm the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth, we ſwear.
Pan. Believe me, I am ſorry for the lady.

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Phil. How ſoon
Two ſouls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!
Abſt. Oh hark! did you not hear it?
Omn. What, lady?
Abſt. This hour a pair of glorious towers are fallen;
Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave: you all have ſeen this day,
A pair of ſouls both caſt and kift away.
Spin. What cenſure gives your grace?
Vero. In that I am kinſman
To the accuſer, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it ſeem no wonder
If unto your gravities I leave
The following ſentence: but as Lorenzo ſtands
A kinſman to Verona, ſo forget not,
Abſtemia ſtill is ſiſter unto Venice.
Phil. Miſery of goodneſs!
Abſt. Oh! Lorenzo Medico,
Abſtemia's lover once, when he did vow
And when I did believe; then when Abſtemia
Deny'd ſo many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you ſwore.--Oh maids! how men can weep!
Print proteſtations on their breaſts, and ſigh,
And look ſo truly, and then weep again,
And then proteſt again, and again diſſemble!
When once enjoy'd, like ſtrange ſights we grow ſtale,
And find our comforts like their wonder, fail.
Phil. Oh Lorenzo!
Look upon tears, each one of which well valued,
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canſt not prize
The precious waters of truth's injur'd eyes.
Lor. Pleaſe your grace proceed to cenſure.
Vero. Thus 'tis decreed, as theſe lords have ſet down
Againſt all contradiction: ſignor Philippo,
In that you have thus groſly, ſir, diſhonour'd
Even our blood itſelf, in this rude injury
Lights on our kinſman, his prerogative
Implies death on your treſpaſs; but your merit

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Of more antiquity than is your treſpaſs,
That death is blotted out, and in the place
Baniſhment writ, perpetual baniſhment
(On pain of death (if you return) for ever)
From Verona, and her ſignories.
Phil. Verona is kind.
Par. Unto you, madam,
This cenſure is allotted: your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law; nay from
Even baniſhment itſelf: this lord your huſband
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:
And in that the injury
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence
To marry when and whom he pleaſes.
Abſt. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.
Phil. Farewell, Lorenzo.
This breaſt did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honeſt man:
There's all the words that thou art worth; of your grace
I humbly thus take leave; farewell, my lords,
And laſtly farewell, thou faireſt of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate: look up
And ſee a crown held for thee; win it, and die
Lovers martyr, the ſad map of injury:
And ſo remember, ſir, your injur'd lady
Has a brother yet in Venice. [*Exit.*
Abſt. Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my ſoul doth love: if you e'er marry,
May you meet a good wife, ſo good, that you
May not ſuſpect her, nor may ſhe be worthy
Of your ſuſpicion: and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, enquire but my laſt words,
And you ſhall know that to the laſt I lov'd you;
And when you walk forth with your ſecond choice,
Into the pleaſant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you ſee me lean and pale,
Strewing your paths with flowers: and when in bed

You

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You caſt your arms about her happy ſide,
Think you ſee me ſtand with a patient look,
Crying, all hail, you lovers, live and proſper;
But may ſhe never live to pay my debts: [*Weeps.*
If but in thought ſhe wrong you, may ſhe die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiſs: farewell, ſir:
Let it not grieve you when you ſhall remember
That I was innocent: nor this forget,
Though innocence here ſuffer, ſigh and groan,
She walks but thorow thorns to find a throne. [*Exit.*

Vero. Break up the court, and couſin learn this reed;
Who ſtabs truth's boſom, makes an angel bleed.

Lor. The ſtorm upon my breaſt, ſir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

Enter Lodovico, Jaſpro, Jovani, and Clown.

Lod. DID chronicle ever match this couple, gentlemen?

Jaſp. You make us wonder,
That both ſhould ſeem to yield to the temptation,
And both ſo meet in one reſolv'd goodneſs,
Unknown to one another!

Lod. There lies the jeſt on't. Sirrah, Pambo, I do but think, an' ſhe had met him in the garden, how ſhe would have rattled him.

Clown. And ruffled him too, ſir: the camomile would have been better for it many a day after.

Jov. Such an honeſt-minded ſervant where ſhall one find?

Lod. Servant! my ſworn brother, man; he's too honeſt for an office, he'll never thrive in't: ye have few ſervants will deal ſo mercifully with their lords.

Jaſp.

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Jasp. A wife! why she's a saint, one that ever bears A good sound soul about her.

Clown. Yes, when she wears her new shoes.

Jov. Shall we see her, my lord?

Lod. Where is she, Pambo?

Clown. Walking a turn or two i'th' garden with Francisco, sir: I'll go call her.

Lod. No, no, no; let her alone; 'tis pity indeed to part them, they are so well match'd. Was he not reading to her?

Clown. No, sir, she was weeping to him: she heard this morning that her confessor, father Jacomo, was dead.

Jasp. Father Jacomo dead?

Lod. Why now shall not we have her eat one bit this five days.

Clown. She'll munch the more in a corner; that's the puritan's fast.

Lod. Nay, do but judge of her, my lords, by one thing: whereas most of our dames go to confession but once a month, some twice a quarter, and some but once a year, and that upon constraint too, she never misses twice a week.

Jasp. 'Tis wonderful!

Jov. 'Tis a sign she keeps all well at home; they are even
With the whole world, that so keep touch with heaven.

Lod. Nay, I told ye, ye should find no Philippo of Francisco.

Clown. And I remember I told your honour you should find no Abstemia of my lady.

Lod. Nor no Lorenzo of myself: he was ever a melancholy stubborn fellow; he kept her in too much, and she what comes on't; I give my wife her will, and see what comes on't too.

Clown. Nay, sir, there is two come on't, an' a man could discover 'em.

Lod. Two what, I pr'ythee?

Clown. It may be two babies, sir; for they come commonly with giving a woman her will.

Lod.

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Lod. I'd laugh at that, 'faith, boy: but who has she now for her confessor?

Clown. She looks for one, they call him father Antony, sir;—and he's wish'd to her by madona Luxuriosa.

Enter Dorothea and Francisco.

Lod. There's another modest soul too, never without a holy man at her elbow. But here comes one outweighs them all----Why how now, chick, weeping so fast? This is the fault of most of our ladies, painting, weeping for their sins I should say, spoils their faces.

Fran. Sweet madam!

Lod. Look, look, look, loving soul, he weeps for company!

Clown. And I shall laugh out-right by-and-by.

Dor. Oh that good man!

Lod. Why bird?

Jasp. Be patient, lady.

Dor. Would he go to heaven without his zealous pupil?

Clown. It may be he knew not your mind, forsooth.

Dor. He knew my mind well enough.

Clown. Why then it may be he knew you could not hold out for the journey: pray do not set us all a crying. [*Weeps.*

Lod. Pr'ythee, sweet birds-nye, be content.

Dor. Yes, yes, content! when you too leave my company!

No one comes near me; so that were it not
For modest simple Francis here——

Clown. As modest as a gib-cat at midnight.

Dor. That sometimes reads
Virtuous books to me; were it not for him,
I might go look content; but 'tis no matter,
Nobody cares for me.

Lod. Nay, pr'ythee Doll—pray, gentlemen, comfort her. [*Weeps.*

Clown. Now is the devil writing an encomium upon cunning cuckold-makers.

Fran.

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Fran. You have been harſh to her of late, I fear, ſir.

Lod. By this hand I turn'd not from her all laſt night; what ſhould a man do?

Jaſp. Come, this is but a ſweet obedient ſhower,
To bedew the lamented grave of her old father.

Clown. He thinks the devil's dead too.

Dor. But 'tis no matter; were I ſuch a one
As the count Lorenzo's lady, were I ſo graceleſs
To make you wear a pair of wicked horns,
You would make more reckoning of me—— [*Weeps.*

Lod. Weep again! ſhe'll cry out her eyes, gentlemen.

Clown. No, I warrant you: remember the two lines your honour read laſt night:

——*A woman's eye,*
'S April's duſt, no ſooner wet but dry.

Lod. Good pigs-nye! Frank, pr'ythee walk her t'other turn i'th' garden, and get her a ſtomach to her ſupper: we'll be with ye preſently, wench.

Dor. Nay, when ye pleaſe-----But why ſhould I go from ye?

Lod. Loving ſoul! pr'ythee, Frank, take her away.

Dor. Pray let me kiſs ye firſt. Come Francis,
Nobody cares for us.—— [*At the door Francis kiſſes her.*
[*Exeunt.*

Lod. Well, there goes a couple; where ſhall a man match you, indeed? Hark, Pambo!

Jaſp. Did you obſerve?

Jov. They kiſs'd!

Jaſp. Peace.

Lod. And intreat madona Luſſuriоſa to ſup with us; as you go, tell her my lady's never well but in her company.

Clown. What if your honour invited the count Lorenzo? he'll be ſo melancholy now his lady and he are parted!

Lod. Pray do as you are bid, kind ſir, and let him alone: I'll have no cuckold ſup in my houſe to-night.

Clown. 'Tis a very hot evening; your honour will ſup in the garden then.

Lo.

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Lod. Yes, marry will I, sir; what's that to you?

Clown. Why your honour was ever as good as your word: keep the cuckolds out of door, and lay a cloath for my lord in the arbour, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Lod. I have been this three months about a project.

Jov. What is't, my lord?

Lod. Why I intend to compose a pamphlet of all my wife's virtues, put them in print, and dedicate them to the duke, as orthodoxal directions against he marries.

Jasp. 'Twill give him apt instructions, when he does marry, to pick out such a woman.

Lod. Pick her! where will he pick her? as the English proverb says, *He may as soon find a needle in a bottle of hay.* Would I knew what sins she has committed, I would set them down all one with another; they would serve as foils to her virtues: but I do think she has none; d'ye think she has any, gentlemen?

Jov. Oh, none, sir, but has some!

Lod. Ay, piddling ones, it may be; as when a pin pricks her finger to cry at sight on't, and throw't away; but for other matters——

Jasp. Now I think on't, sir, I have a device newly begotten, that, if you be so desirous to be resolv'd of her perfections, 'twill be an apt means for your intelligence.

Lod. That will be excellent; and then my book, grounded upon mine own experience, the report of my judgment in the choice of a woman, will sell them off faster than the compositor can set the letters together.

Jasp. We will discourse it as we go: mean time, sir,
Let this prepare the path to your construction.
Conceit and confidence are jugglers born;
One grafts in air, t'other hides the real horn.

Lod. Well, he that believes he has horns, has horns;
And *crede quod habes & habes*, shall be my motto.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulpho and Spinoso.

Spin. The powers of Venice upon our confines!

Pan.

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Pan. Yes, signor Philippo, it seems, having possess'd him
With the passages that pass'd upon his sister,
Embassadors were dispatch'd to Bergamo,
Where then his forces lay; who thus return'd,
That he came not a publick foe unto Verona,
But to require justice against count Lorenzo,
To approve his sister innocent.

Spin. What witness,
Proof, or apparent circumstance, builds he
His bold attempt upon?

Pan. He says, besides
The honour of Philippo, he has proof
So unresistable to affirm the plot
Of count Lorenzo, that he only crav'd
(Hostages being render'd for their safe returns)
Here in the senate-chamber, the fair trial
Might publickly be censur'd: and by this
They are at hand.

Enter at one door duke of Venice, Philippo, and lords. At the other, duke of Verona, Jasper, Jovani, Lorenzo guarded. A bar set out. The 1st slave.

Ver. Fair sir, the presence is level'd for your grievances.

Ven. First summon to the bar the count Lorenzo.

Pan. Lorenzo Medico, stand to the bar.

Lor. I do stand to the bar.

Ven. I come not here, witness the good man's comfort, to add one step
Unto my territories; and tho' I burthen
The neighbour-bosom of my confines with
The weight of armour, or do wound your breast
(My dukedom's near next neighbour) with the hoofs
Of war-apparell'd horses, 'tis not to seek
For martial honours, but for civil justice:
Conceive mine honour wounded; a sister's shame
Is an unpleasant spot upon our arms;
Yet that we come not here to sanctify
A sister's sin; for if she be so prov'd,
Shame sleep within her epitaph, and brand her,

Let

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Let bears and wolves that angel's face confound,
Gives goodneſs ſuch a foul unfriendly wound:
But if ſhe chaſte be prov'd, what balm can cure
A wounded name? As he that not inflicts
The bitter ſtroke of law upon the ſtrumpet,
Fattens the ſad afflictions of a thouſand:
So who but ſtains an honeſt woman's name,
Plagues are yet kept for him, ſteel is no defence,
For the unclean tongue injures innocence.
I affirm my ſiſter wrong'd, wrong'd by this man,
This that has wrong'd pure judgment, and thrown poiſon
Upon the face of truth, and upon him
I ſeek a ſatisfaction.

Lor. I reply;
The law muſt give you ſatisfaction,
That juſtly did divorce us: I appeal
To the whole conſiliadory, if equal law,
In her progreſſion, went a ſtep aſtray,
Either by proof or information.
Let the duke ſpeak (not as he is my kinſman)
If I produc'd not legally in court,
Beſides mine own aſſertion, (which even reaſon
Grounded on probability) two of my ſervants,
That upon oath affirm'd they ſaw your ſiſter
Even in the very act of ſin and ſhame,
With that Philippo there: blame me not then, ſir,
If I return an error to your cauſe.
Reaſon (the baſe whereon we build the laws)
You injure in this action, give her the lie:
Who dares not build his faith upon his eye?
They ſwore what they did ſee; and men ſtill fear,
(Reaſon concludes) what they not ſee, to ſwear.

Ver. Your hear my kinſman's anſwer.

Pan. And 'tis requiſite
That you produce your author: it is held
Meer madneſs on a hill of ſand to build.

Phi. The foundation-work is mine, and that I anſwer:
He builds on truth, the good man's miſtreſs,
And not in the ſanctuary

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Of this injur'd brother's power, but the integrity
And glory of the cauſe: I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour, and on that
I openly affirm your abſent lady
Chaſtity's well-knit abſtract; ſnow in the fall,
Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blaſt,
Not freer from a ſoil; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer heaven; and if theſe princes
Pleaſe to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the lady,
My right drawn ſword ſhall prove it.

Lor. Upon my knee, ſir,
(How my ſoul dances!) humbly I intreat
Your grant to his requeſt: fight with Philippo
I'th' midſt of flame, or peſtilence: in a cave,
Where baſiliſks do breed.

Ver. We muſt take counſel:
The price of blood is precious.

Lor. Blood deſires burthen:
The price of truth is precious. For all the fights
I have fought for you on land; the fears at ſea;
Where I have tugg'd with tempeſts, ſtood ſtorms at midnight,
Out-ſtar'd the flaring lightning, and the next morning
Chas'd the unruly ſtubborn Turk with thunder;
For all the bullets I have bravely ſhot,
And ſent death ſinging to the ſlaughter, ſir—

Ver. Peace.

Lor. What ſhould a ſoldier do with peace? Remember
Mine honour lies a bleeding, and in mine yours;
Her wide wound inward bleeds; and while you cry peace,
Shame wars upon my name: oh! rather kill me,
Than caſt me to this ſcandal.

Spin. The doubtful cauſe,
With ſuch a dare approv'd, you may permit it.

Ver. Your requeſt is granted, cuz.

Lor. You have now, ſir, breath'd
Freſh air in the face of fainting honour:

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Rapiers of fair equality.

Ver. Look with what cunning
The spider, when she would snare the fly, dark weave!
With neater art appearances deceive.
Stay, as you said, sir, blood is a precious price.
Let me but see the men produc'd, who swore
They saw them in the shameful act; and then
Farewell a sister and her honour.

Pan. Produce your servants, sir.

[*Venice sends off a Lord.*

Lor. Plague of this change! here's one of them; the t'other,
In that I threaten'd him for some neglect,
The next day ran away.

Ven. Did you, sir, swear
You saw our sister and this gentleman
In this base act of sin?

Lor. Fear nothing.

1*st Slave.* To deny truth, is more dangerous than to displease a duke.
I saw it, and did swear it.

Enter Lord, and 2d Slave.

Ven. But here comes one
Will swear you saw it not, and are forsworn.

1*st Slave.* 'Sfoot, Stratzo!

Spin. This is the other fellow took his oath.

Ver. What come you here to say, sir?

2*d Slave.* That we swore falsly, may it please your grace;
Hir'd by my lord with gifts and promises:
And as I now have spoke the truth, so heaven
Forgive my former perjury.

Ver. Hear you, cousin?

1*st Slave.* Would you would say something: I have nettles in my breeches.

Lor. Now, now, I hope, your eyes are open, lords;
The bed of snakes is broke, the trick's come out.
And here's the knot i'th' rush. Good heaven, good heaven!
That craft, in seeking to put on disguise,

Should

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Should ſo diſcover herſelf!

Ver. Explain yourſelf.

Lor. Now ſee, ſir, where this ſcorpion lurks, to ſting
Mine honour unto death: this noble duke
By nature is engag'd to defend a ſiſter;
And to this duke ſo engag'd, this malicious lord
(For ſin ſtill hates her ſcourger) makes repair,
And prepoſſeſſes him with that ſuppos'd innocence
Of an injur'd ſiſter, which he had hir'd this ſlave
To follow him and affirm, and lays the cauſe
To ſcruple, and to conſcience: they did conſent
To ſteal belief by ſeeming accident.
Sin, juggler-like, caſts miſt before our eyes;
Craft ſometimes ſteals the wonder of the wiſe.
With an equal hand now weigh me, and if I want
A grain of honour, tear me from your blood,
And caſt me to contempt.

1ſt Slave. My lord would have made an excellent ſtate-ſophiſter.

Ver. In what a ſtrange dilemma judgment ſits,
Charm'd to her chair with wonder!

Ven. Shall I have juſtice?

Pan. Yes, in that this fellow ſwears for the duke:
Reach him the book; you ſhall ſee him again
Take the former oath.

Ver. This doubt muſt be ſo ended:
If it give not ſatisfaction, ſend back our hoſtage,
You have fair regreſs to your ſervice: but
The blood remains on you; and ſtill remember
The price of blood is precious.

Phil. Let us end it.

Ven. Oh, what a combat honour holds with conſcience!
Reach him the book; and if thou falſe do'ſt ſay,
May thine own tongue thine own falſe heart betray.

1ſt Slave. Nay, ſay I:
Give me the book; my oath muſt end all then.

Spin. It muſt.

Lor. Now you ſhall hear him ſwear
He ſaw them both in the baſe act.

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1st Slave. Nay, I swear
They are now both seen in the base act.
Omn. How's this?
Pan. 'Tis a strange oath.
1st Slave. 'Tis true, tho'.
Lor. True, villain! are both now seen in the base act?
1st Slave. Yes, both.
Lor. Which both?
1st Slave. You and I, sir.
Omn. How?
1st Slave. Both you and I are seen in the base act,
Slandering spotless honour; an act so base,
The barbarous Moor would blush at.
Phil. D'ye hear him now?
Lor. Out, slave, wilt thou give ground too? fear works upon 'em:
Did you not both here swear, i'th' senate-chamber,
You saw them both dishoneſt?
1st Slave. Then we swore true, sir.
Lor. I told you 'twas but fear.
Ver. Swore ye true then, sir, when ye swore
Ye both saw them dishoneſt?
1st Slave. Yes marry did we, sir;
For we were both two villains when we saw them,
So we saw them dishoneſt.
Ven. Heaven, thou art equal!
1st Slave. This is a jealous lord; his lady chaſte,
A rock of crystal not more clear; this gentleman
Basely abus'd; this great prince dishonour'd;
And so we kneel for mercy.
Ver. You have redeem'd it:
Depart, prove honeſt men. That I should bear
Dishonour in my blood!
Omn. Much injur'd lady!
Ven. What justice, sir, belongs unto the injur'd?
Ver. First, witneſs heaven, I tear thee from my blood,
And cast thee off a stranger: assume you, sir,
(Since the great cause is yours) my seat of justice,
And sentence this foul homicide: it must be,

And

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And suddenly; he will infect the air else.
Proceed, great sir, with rigour, whilst I stand by,
And do adore the sentence.

Ven. Answer, Lorenzo,
Art thou not guilty?

Lor. Give me my merit, death;
Princes can build and ruin with one breath.

Ven. The cause may seem to merit death, in that
Two souls were hazarded, a princess' fame,
A duke dishonour'd, and a noble lord
Wounded in reputation; but since she lives,
And that no blood was spilt, (tho' something dearer)
Mercy thus far stretches her silver wings
Over your trespass; we do banish you,
Both from our dukedom's limits and your own:
If you but set a daring foot upon them,
Whilst life lends you ability to stand;
You fall into the pit of death, unless
You shall find out our most unfortunate sister,
And bring her to our court.

Lor. You, sir, are merciful!

Ven. This let me add, in that you have made impartial justice, sir,
Princes should punish vice in their own blood.
Until you find that excellent injur'd lady,
Upon this gentleman, who hath suffer'd for you,
We confer your lands, revenues, and your place:
That, during three days stay within our confines,
It shall be death to any that relieves you,
But as they do a begger at their door:
So cast him from our presence.

Lor. Your dooms are just!
Oh love, thy first destruction is distrust!

[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Jaspro, and Servants.*

Ven. For you, fair sir, until we shall hear tidings
Of your most injur'd sister, please you to call
My court your own; conceive it so: where live,
Two partners in one passion we will be,
And sweeten sorrow with a sympathy. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter Lodovico like a frier, Jasper, and Jovial.

Lod. What, am I fitted, gallants? am I fitted?

Jasp. To th' life; able to cheat suspicion, and so like
Father Antony the confessor, that I protest
There's not more 'semblance in a pair of eggs.

Jov. An apple cut in half, is not so like.

Lod. Well, of lords, you're mad lords to counsel me to this; but now, in this habit, shall I know the very core of her heart, and her little piddling sins, which will shew in my book as foils to her giant-bodied virtues.

Jasp. That will be admirable!

Jov. We'll step aside: by this she's upon coming.

Jasp. We shall know all.

Lod. Reveal confession! but go your ways, as much as may lawfully be reveal'd, we'll laugh at, at next meeting.

Jasp. Come, let's be gone. But once upon a time, sir,
A begger found a lark's nest; and o'er joy'd,
At his sudden gint, for he thought 't was full of young ones,
Looking, they were all gone; he was forc'd again to beg,
For he found in the lark's nest a serpent's egg;
So much good d'ye, sir. [Exeunt.

Enter Dorothea.

Lod. Well, thou surpassest all the courtiers in these pretty ones, if a man had the wit to understand them.
Yonder she comes: I can hardly forbear blushing, but that for discovering myself.
Right reverend habit, I honour thee
With a son's obedience, and do but borrow thee,
As men would play with flies, who, i'th' midst of modest mirth,
With care preserve themselves.

Dor. Hail, holy father!

Lod. Welcome, my chaste daughter!

Dor. Death having taken good father Jacomo,

Upon

Upon the plenal and approu'd report
Of your integrity and upright dealing——

Lod. Delicate Doll!

Dor. I have made a modest choice of you, grave sir,
To be my ghostly father; and to you I fall
For absolution.

Lod. Empty then, my daughter,
That vessel of your flesh of all the dregs,
Which (since your last confession clear'd you) have
Taken a settled habitation in you;
And, with a powerful sweet acknowledgment,
Hunt out those spirits which haunt that house of flesh;
Tears make dry branches flourish green and fresh.

Dor. Since last I confess'd, then I do confess,
My first sin was, that my taylor, bringing home
My last new gown, having made the sleeves too flanting,
In an unchristian passion I did bid
The devil take him.

Lod. That was something harsh, dear daughter,
Yet the more pardonable, for it may be your taylor
Lies in hell, night by night. Pray, to your second.

Dor. Nurse, in a more savage rage, my chamber-maid
Putting a little saffron in her starch,
I most unmercifully broke her head.

Lod. 'Twas rashly done too; but are you sure, dear daughter,
The maid's head was not broke before?

Dor. No, no, sir, she came to me with ne'er a crack about her.

Lod. These will be brave sins to mix with her virtues! why they will make no more shew than three or four bailiffs amongst a company of honest men.—These sins, my dove-like daughter, are out of contradiction venial, trivial, and light: have you none of greater growth?

Dor. Oh yes, sir, one!

Lod. One! what should that be, I wonder?

Dor. One yet remains behind
Of weight and consequence: the same order
Heralds prescribe in shews, I now observe

In placing of my sins; as their inferiors
(Because the last lives freshest in our memories)
Far more the persons of great note, so last
My great sin comes to obliterate those past.

Lod. Sh'as trod some chicken to death, I warrant her.

Dor. Hear me, and let a blush make you look red,
Unseemly I have abus'd my husband's bed.

Lod. You did ill to drink too hard e'er you went to bed.

Dor. Alas, sir, you mistake me; I have lain
With another man, besides my husband.

Lod. How?

Dor. Nay, the same way I use to lie with him,
But not altogether so often.

Lod. Why then, *crede quod habes, & habes*, I will believe I have horns, for I have 'em: 'sfoot, a woman, I perceive, is a neat herald; she can quarter her husband's coat with butcher's arms at pleasure: but I have a penance for your pure whoreship.—You are somewhat broad; are you not with child, daughter?

Dor. Yes, yes, sure 'twas that night's work.

Lod. How know you that?

Dor. Alas, by experience, sir: the kind fool my husband
Wishes all well; but like a light piece of gold,
He's taken for more than he weighs.

Lod. With child! there's charges too: a t'other side there should follow
A zealous exhortation; but great affairs,
That brook no stay, make me be brief, remembring
Lawful necessity may dispense with ceremony.
You are ingenuously sorry?

Dor. Yes, indeed, sir.

Lod. And resolve to fall no more so?

Dor. No, in truth, sir.

Lod. I then pronounce you here absolv'd. Now for your penance.

Dor. Any thing.

Lod.

Lod. As the fact in you seems strange, so blame me not.

If your penance be as strange: you may wonder at it;
But it is wonderous easy in performance,
But as your penance I injoin it: may now I remember,
In an old French authentick author, his book
'Titled, *De Satisfactione*, I read the same
Enjoin'd a lady of Dauphin. 'Tis no holy fast,
No devout prayer, nor no zealous pilgrimage;
'Tis out of the prescrib'd road.

Dor. Let it be
So strange story ne'er match'd the injunction, I do vow
The plenal strict performance.

Lod. Listen to me:
Soon at night (so rumour spreads it thro' the city)
The two great dukes of Venice and Verona,
Are feasted by your lord, where a mask's intended.

Dor. That's true, sir.

Lod. Now when ye all are set round about the table,
In depth of silence, you shall confess these words
Aloud to your husband; *you are not this child's father*:
And, 'cause my orders bar me such inquisition,
You shall say, such a man lay with me, naming the party
Was partner in your sin.

Dor. Good sir!

Lod. This is your penance, I injoin you; keep it,
You are absolv'd; break it, you know the danger of it:
good-by.

Dor. Oh, good sir, stay! never was penance of more shame than this.

Lod. You know the danger of the breach as to us,
'Tis the shameful loss of our religious orders, if we reveal.

Dor. For heaven's sake,
Enjoin me first upon my knees to creep
From Verona to Loretto.

Lod. That's nothing.

Dor. Nothing indeed to this. Is this your penance, so wond'rous easy in performance?

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Lad. [illegible]

Dor. I am silent: your new penance may meet a new performance: farewell, sir.
You are the cruel'st e'er confest me before.

Lad. And this the trick to catch a neat pure whore.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Abstemia.

Abst. HEre miserable despis'd Abstemia,
In Milan let thy misery take breath,
Wearied with many sufferings. Oh Lorenzo!
How far in love I am with my affliction,
Because it calls thee father! unto this house,
Where gentlewomen lodge, I was directed;
But I here discover
Strange actions closely carried in this house.
Great persons (but not good) here nightly revel
In surfeits, and in riots, yet so carried,
That the next day the place appears a sanctuary,
Rather than sin's foul receptacle; these ways
Have to me still been strangers; but Lorenzo,
Thou couldst not though believe it: Oh jealousy!
Love's eclipse, thou art in thy disease,
A wild mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

Enter Timpania and Morbo.

Mor. Yonder she walks mumbling to herself; the prince Antonio has blest her with's observation; and ye win her but to him, your house bears the bell away: accost her quaintly.

Tim. I warrant thee, Morbo Madona, Timpania has effected wonders of more weight than a maidenhead: have I ruin'd so many city-citadels, to let in court-martialists, and shall this country-cottage hold out? I were more

more fit for a cart than a coach, then i'faith—How now, Millicent, how d'ye this morning?

Abst. Well, I do thank so good a landlady.

Tim. But hark you, Mill, is the door close, Morbo?

Mor. As a usurer's conscience. Grace was coming in, till she saw the door shut upon her.

Tim. I'll set Grace about her business, and I come to her: is here any work for Grace, with a wannion to her? we shall have eaves-droppers, shall we?

Abst. Chastity guard me, how I tremble!

Tim. Come hither, mistress Millicent; fie, how you let your hair hang about your ears too? how do you like my house, Mill?

Abst. Well indeed, well.

Tim. Nay I know a woman may rise here in one month, and she will herself: but truth's truth, I know you see something, as they say, and so forth. Did you see the gallant was here last till twelve?

Abst. Which of them mean you? here was many.

Tim. Which? he in the white feather that supp'd in the gallery, was't not white, Morbo?

Mor. As a lady's hand, by these five fingers.

Tim. White? no, no, 'twas a tawny, now I remember.

Mor. As a gipsy, by this hand; it look'd white by candle-light though.

Tim. That lusty springal, Millicent, is no worse man Than the duke of Milan's son.

Abst. His excellent carriage spoke him of noble birth.

Tim. And this same duke's son, loves you, Millicent.

Abst. Now heaven defend me!

Tim. What from a duke's son? marry come up with a murrain, from whence came you tro, ha?

Mor. Thus nice Grace was at first, and you remember.

Tim. I would have ye know, housewife, I could have taken my coach and fetch'd him one of the best pieces in Milan, and her husband should have look'd after me, that's neighbours might have noted, and cry'd farewell naunt, commend me to mine uncle.

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Mor. And yet from theſe perfum'd fortunes, heaven defend you!

Abſt. Perfum'd indeed.

Mor. Perfum'd! I am a pander, a rogue, that hangs together like a begger's rags, by geometry, if there were not three ladies ſwore yeſterday that my miſtreſs perfum'd the coach! ſo they were fain to unbrace all the ſide-parts, to take in freſh air.

Tim. He tells you true, I keep no common company, I warrant ye; we vent no breath'd ware here.

Abſt. But have ye ſo many ſeveral women to anſwer ſo many men that come?

Mor. I'll anſwer that by demonſtration: have ye not obſerv'd the variation of a cloud? ſometimes it will be like a lion, ſometimes like a horſe, ſometimes a caſtle, and yet ſtill a cloud.

Abſt. True.

Mor. Why ſo can we make one wench one day look like a country-wench, another day like a citizen's wife, another day like a lady; and yet ſtill be a punk.

Abſt. What ſhall become of me? Oh the curſe Of goodneſs, to leave one woe for a worſe!

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Morrow, ſweet madam; oh look how like the ſun behind a cloud, the beams do give intelligence it is there.

Tim. You're reciprocal welcome, ſir.

Phil. What, have ye not brought this young wild haggard to the lure yet?

Tim. Faith ſir, ſhe's a little irregular yet; but time, that turns citizens caps into court-periwigs, will bring the wonder about.

Phil. Bleſs you, ſweet miſtreſs.

Enter Antonio and Slave.

Mor. 'Sfoot, here's the prince, I ſmell thunder.

Tim. Your grace is moſt methodically welcome: you muſt pardon my variety of phraſe, the courtiers e'en cloy us with good words.

Anto. What's he?

Mor.

Mor. A gentleman of Ferrara, sir, one Pedro Sebastiano.

Anto. And do ye set her out to sale? I charg'd ye reserve for me alone.

Tim. Indeed, sir.

Anto. Pox of your deeds. — [*Kicks her.*

Tim. Oh my sciatica!

Anto. Sirrah, you perfum'd rascal.

[*Kicks Philippo, they draw.*

Tim. Nay, good my lord.

Mor. Good sir, 'tis one of the duke's chamber.

Phil. Let him be of the devil's chamber.

Anto. Sirrah, leave the house, or I will send thee out with thunder.

Slave. Good sir, 'tis madness here to stand him.

Phil. 'Sfoot, kickt? pray that we meet no more again, sir;
Still keep heaven about you.

Abst. What e'er thou art, a good man still go with thee.

Anto. Will you bestow a cast of your professions?

Mor. We are vanish'd, sir.

Tim. This 'tis to dream of rotten glasses, Morbo.

Abst. O what shall become of me? in his eye
Murder and lust contend.

Anto. Nay, fly not, you sweet,
I am not angry with you, indeed I am not:
Do you know me?

Abst. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence
You are the prince, the duke's son.

Anto. Both in one.

Abst. Report sure
Spoke but her native language; you are none of either.

Anto. How?

Abst. Were you the prince, you would not sure be slaw'd
To your blood's passion; I do crave your pardon:
For my rough language; truth hath a forehead free,
And in the tower of her integrity,
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin: can you imagine

'Twill

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'Twill appear possible you are the prince?
Why when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death,
And even then fell from you your respect:
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd and not found.

Anto. If you rail upon the place, pr'ythee how cam'st thou hither?

Abst. By treacherous intelligence: honest men so
In the way ignorant, through thieves purlieus go.
Are you son to such a noble father?
Send him to's grave then
Like a white almond-tree, full of glad days,
With joy that he begets so good a son.
Oh sir, methinks I see sweet majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows
To see you in this place: this is a cave
Of scorpions and of dragons; oh turn back:
Toads here ingender, 'tis the steam of death;
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Enter Timpanina and Morbo.

Anto. Within there!

Mor. Sir.

Anto. Is my caroach at door?

Tim. And your horses too, sir; ye found her pliant.

Anto. Y'are rotten hospitals hung with greasy satin.

Tim. Ah!

Mor. Came this nice piece from Naples, with a pox to her?

Tim. And she has not Neapolitanis'd him, I'll be flead for't. [*Exeunt Bawd and Pander.*

Anto. Let me borrow goodness from thy lip: farewell:
Here's a new wonder, I have met heaven in hell.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Venice, Verona, Lodovico, Pandulpho, Jaspro.

Vero. Is this your chaste religious lady?

Lod. Nay good my lord, let it be carried with a silent reputation, for the credit of the conclusion; as all hard

are

are privy to the passage, I do desire not to be laugh'd at, till after the mask, and we are all ready: I have made bold with some of your grace's gentlemen, they are good dancers.

Vero. 'Tis one of my greatest wonders, credit me,
To think what way she will devise here openly,
To perform her so strict penance.

Ver. It busies me, believe me too.

Jasp. Ye may see now, sir, how possible it is for a cunning lady to make an ass of a lord too confident.

Lod. An ass! I will prove a contented cuckold the wisest man in's company.

Vero. How prove you that, sir?

Lod. Because he knows himself.

Vero. Very well brought in.
Is all our furniture fit, against the morning,
To go for Milan?

Jasp. Ready, and like your grace.

Vero. We are given to understand, the injur'd princess,
Whom count Lorenzo and noble Philippo
Are (unknown to one another) gone in search of,
Hath been seen there disguis'd: strict inquisition
From the duke himself shall e'er many days
Give our hopes satisfaction.

Enter Dorothea, Ladies, Francisco and Clown.

Jasp. The ladies, sir; Francisco keeps before, sir;
And Pumbo keeps all well behind.

Lod. Yes, there's devout lechery between hawk and buzzard: but please ye set the ladies: the mask attends your grace. [*Exit.*

Vero. Come ladies sit: Madona Dorothea,
Your ingenious lord hath suddenly prepar'd us
For a conceited mask, and himself it seems
Plays the presenter.

Dor. Now fie upon this vanity:
A profane mask! chastity keep us, ladies.

Ver. What, from a mask? whereon grounds your wish?

Dor. Marry, my lord, upon experience.
I heard of one, once brought his wife to a mask,

As

As chaste as a cold night; but, poor unfortunate fellow,
He loſt her in the throng, and ſhe poor ſoul
Came home ſo crush'd next morning——
Ven. 'Las that was ill:
But women will be loſt againſt their will.
Vero. Silence, the maſquers enter.
Enter Lodovico, Clown and Maſquers; a flag, a ram, a bull, and a goat.
Clown. Look to me, maſter.
Lod. Do not ſhake, they'll think th'art out.—A maſk.
Clown. A maſk, or no maſk; no maſk but a by-clap;
And yet a maſk yclep'd a city night-cap.
Lod. And conve——
Clown. And conveniently for to keep off ſcorns,
Conſiderately the cap is hedg'd with horns.
Lod. We inſinuate.
Clown. Speak a little louder.
Lod. We inſinuate.
Clown. We inſinuate by this flag and ram ſo pretty,
With goat and bull, court, country, camp and city.
Lod. Cuckold.
Clown. Cuckold, my lord.
Lod. 'Tis the firſt word of your next line.
Clown. Oh——cuckold begins with C. And is't not ſport?
Then C begins with country, camp and court:
But here's the fine figary of our poet,
That one may wear this night-cap, and not know it.
Dor. Why chicken, ſhall they make ſuch an aſs of thee? good your grace, can a woman indure to ſee her loving huſband wear horns in's own houſe?
Vero. Pray, lady, 'tis but in jeſt.
Dor. In jeſt? nay for the jeſt ſake, keep them on, ſweet bird.
Clown. Now to our maſk's name: but firſt, be it known-a,
When I name a city, I only mean Verona.
Thoſe two lines are extempore, I proteſt ſir; I brought them in, becauſe here are ſome of other cities in the room that might ſnuff pepper elſe.

Ven.

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Ver. You have fairly ta'en that fear off; pray proceed.
Lod. Your kindest men.
Clown. Your kindest men most cuckolds are, oh pity!
And where have women most their will, oh city!
Sick for a night-cap, go to cuckolds luck;
Who thrives like him, who hath the daintiest duck
To deck his stall? nay at the time of rapping,
When you may take the watch at corners napping;
Take it forsooth, it is a wondrous hap,
If you find neither constable without his cap:
So a city night-cap; for whilst he doth roam
And fights abroad, his wife commits at home.
Ver. A Verona constable.
Clown. A constable of Verona; we will not meddle with your
City of Venice, sir.
Therefore 'tis fit the city, wise men say,
Should have a cap call'd Cornucopia.
Lod. To cent——
Clown. To conclude your cap, and stretch it on the center,
'Tis known, a city is the whole land's center:
So that a city night-cap, ours we call,
By a conclusion philosophical.
Heavy bodies tend to th' center so (the more the pity)
The heaviest heads do butt upon the city:
And to our dance this title doth redound,
A city night-cap, alias cuckolds round.
Dor. Cuckolds round! and my sweet bird leads the dance!
Vero. Be patient, madam, 'tis but honest mirth:
From good construction pleasure finds full birth. [*Dance.*
Vero. Jaspro, fill some wine.
Jasp. 'Tis here, sir.
Vero. Cound Lodovico!
Lod. Sir.
Vero. I'll instantly give you a fair occasion to produce
The performance of her penance.
Lod. I'll catch occasion by the lock, sir.
Vero. Here, a health to all, it shall go round.

Lod.

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Lod. 'Tis a general health, and leads the rest into the field.

Clown. Your honour breaks jests as serving men do glasses, by chance.

Vero. As I was drinking, I was thinking, trust me,
How fortunate our kind host was to meet
With so chaste a wife; troth tell me, good count Lodowick,
Admit heaven had her.

Lod. Oh good your grace, do not wound me.
Admit heaven had her! 'las what should heaven do with her?

Vero. Your love makes you thus passionate; but admit so:
Faith, what wife would you chuse?

Lod. Were I to chuse then, as I would I were, so this were at Japan,
I would wish, my lord, a wife so like my lady,
That once a week she should go to confession,
And to perform the penance she should run,
Nay, should do nought but dream on't till 'twere done.

Jasp. A delicate memento, to put her in mind of her penance.

Dor. Now you talk of dreams, sweet heart, I'll tell ye a very unhappy one; I was a dream'd last night of Francis there.

Lod. Of Franck?

Dor. Nay, I have done with him.

Lod. Now your grace shall see the devil outdone.

Vero. Pray let us hear your dream.

Dor. Bless me! I am e'en asham'd to tell it: but 'tis no matter, chick,
A dream is a dream, and this it was:
Me thought, sweet husband, Francis lay with me.

Lod. The best friend still at home, Francisco,
Could the devil, sir, perform a penance neater,
And save his credit better?—on, chick, a dream is but a dream.

Dor. Me thought I prov'd with child, sweet heart.

Lod. Ay, bird?

Fran.

Fran. Pox of these dreams.

Dor. Methought I was brought to bed, and one day sitting
I'th' gallery, where your masking suits and vizards hang,
Having the child methought upon my knee,
Who should come thither as to play at foils,
But thou, sweetheart, and Francis?

Lod. Frank and I! does your grace mark that?

Vero. I do, and wonder at her neat conveyance on't.

Dor. Ye had not play'd three venies, but methought
He hit thee such a blow upon the forehead,
It swell'd so, that thou couldst not see.

Lod. See, see?

Dor. At which the child cry'd, so that I could not still it;
Whereat, methought, I pray'd thee to put on
The hat thou won't but now before the duke, thinking thereby
To still the child: but being frighted with't,
He cry'd the more.

Lod. Ho? Frank thou get'st boys,
Fran. In dreams forsooth, sir.

Dor. Whereat I cry'd, methought, pointing to thee,
Away you naughty man, you are not this child's father.

Lod. Meaning the child Francisco got.

Dor. The same: and then I wak'd and kiss'd thee.

Omnes. A pretty merry dream!

Enter Jaspro.

Jasp. Your servant tells me,
Count Lodowick, that one father Antony,
A holy man, stays without to speak with you.

Lod. With me, or my lady?

Jasp. Nay, with you, and about earnest business.

Lod. I'll go send him up, and he shall interpret my lady's dream. Hist, Jaspro! [*Exeunt.*

Dor. Why husband, my lord.

Fran. Didst mark? I must interpret.

Clown. I smell worm-wood and vinegar.

Ver. She changes colour.

Dor. He will not sure reveal confession.

Vero.

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Vero. We'll rise and to our lodgings; I think your Highness
Keeps better hours in Venice?

Ven. As all do, sir,
We many times make modest mirth, a necessity
To produce ladies dreams.

Fran. How they shoot at us! would I were in Milan:
These passages fry me.

Enter Jaspro and Lodovico.

Jasp. Here's strange juggling come to light.

Vero. Ha, juggling!

Jasp. This fryer hath confess'd unto count Lodowick,
That his lady here being absolv'd,
Confessed this morning to him here, in her own house,
Her man Francisco here had lain with her.
At which her lord runs up and down the garden
Like one distracted, crying, Ware horns ho.

Dor. Art mad? deny it yet, I am undone else.

Clown. Father Tony.

Lod. I confess it, I deny it, ay any thing, I do every thing, I do nothing.

Vero. The fryer's fallen frantick; and being mad,
Depraves a lady of so chaste a breast
A bad thought never bred there.

Dor. 'Tis my misfortune still to suffer, sir.

Lod. Did you not see one slip out of a cloak-bag i'th' fashion of a flitch of bacon, and run under the table amongst the hogs?

Ven. He's mad, he's mad.

Clown. Ay, ay, a tythe-pig; 'twas overlaid last night, and he speaks nonsense all the day after ———

Dor. Shall I, sir, suffer this, in mine own house too?

Clown. I'd scratch out's eyes first.

Vero. Since, lady, you and your man Francisco
Are the two injur'd persons, here disrobe
This irregular son of his religious mother,
Expose him to apparent blush of shame,
And tear those holy weeds off.

Fran.

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Fran. Now you, my frantick brother,
Had you not been better ſpar'd your breath?

Dor. And ye keep counſel, ſir, no better,
We'll eaſe you of your orders.

Clown. Nay, let me have a hand in't: I'll tear the coat with more zeal than a puritan would tear a ſurplice.

Fran. See what 'tis to accuſe when you're mad.

Dor. I confeſs again to you now, ſir, this man did lie with me.

Clown. And I brought him to her chamber too: but come, turn out here.

Duke. Who's this?

Omnes. 'Tis count Lodowick.

Lod. How dreams, ſweet wife, do fall out true!

Clown. I was a dream'd, now I remember, I was whipp'd thro' Verona.

Lod. I was your confeſſor:
Did not I enjoin your chaſte nice ladyſhip
A dainty penance?

Jaſp. And ſhe perform'd it as daintily, ſir, we'll be ſworn for that.

Dor. Oh, good ſir, I crave your pardon!

Lod. And what ſay you, Francis?

Fran. You have run beſt, ſir: vain 'tis to defend,
Craft ſets forth ſwift, but ſtill fails in the end.

Lod. You brought him to her chamber, Pambo.

Clown. Good, my lord, I was merely inveigled to't.

Lod. I have nothing to do with ye, I take no notice of ye, I have play'd my part off to th' life, and your grace promis'd to perform yours.

Vero. And publickly we will ſtill raiſe their fame:
Who e'er knew private ſin 'ſcape publick ſhame?
You, ſir, that do appear a gentleman,
Yet are within ſlave to diſhoneſt paſſions;
You ſhall thro' Verona ride upon an aſs
With your face towards his back-part, and in your hand his tail 'ſtead of a bridle.

Clown. 'Snails, upon an aſs! an th'ad been upon an horſe, it had been worthy, gramercy.

Vero.

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Vero. Peace, firrah:
After that, you shall be branded in the forehead,
And after banish'd: away with him!

Fran. Lust is still
Like a midnight-meal, after our violent drinkings;
'Tis swallow'd greedily: but the course being kept,
We are sicker when we wake than e'ere we slept. [*Exit.*

Clonan. He must be branded, if the whore-master be burnt: what shall become of the procurer?

Vero. You, madam, in that you have counsel'd fornication,
To promise her the vows you never paid,
You shall unto the monastery of matrons,
And spend your days reclusive: for we conceive it
Her greatest plague, who her days in lust hath past
And foil'd, against her will to be kept chaste.

Dor. Your doom is just, no sentence can be given
Too hard for her plays fast and loose with heaven.

Lod. I will buss thee, and bid fair weather after thee; but for you, firrah——

Clown. Nay, sir, 'tis but *Credo quod habes & habes*, at most; believe I have a halter, and I have one.

Vero. You firrah, we are possess'd, were their pander.

Clown. I brought but flesh to flesh, sir, and your grace does as much when you bring your meat to your mouth.

Vero. You, firrah, at a cart's tail shall be whip'd
Thro' the city.

Clown. There's my dream out already; but since there is no remedy but that whipping-cheer must close up my stomach, I would request a note from your grace to the carman, to intreat him to drive apace: I shall never endure it else.

Vero. I hope, count Lodowick, we have satisfied ye.

Lod. To th' full; and I think the cuckold catch'd the cuckold-makers.

Vero. 'Twas a neat penance; but oh! the art of woman in the performance!

Lod. Phew, sir, 'tis nothing: had she been in her granam's place,

Had

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Had not the devil first begin the sin,
And cheated her, she would have cheated him.
Vero. Let all to rest, and noble sir, i'th' morning,
With a small private train, we are for Milan.
Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

ACT. V.

Enter Antonio and a Slave, one in the other's habit.

Slave. BUT faith, sir, what's your device in this? this change
Insinuates some project.
Ant. Shall I tell thee?
Thou art my slave, I took thee (then a Turk,
In the fight thou know'st we made before Palermo)
Thou art not in stricter bondage unto me
Than I am unto Cupid.
Slave. Oh then you are going, sir,
To your old rendezvous, there are brave rogues there:
But the duke observes you narrowly, and sets spies
To watch if you step that way.
Ant. Why therefore, man,
Thus many times I have chang'd habits with thee,
To cheat suspicion, and prejudicate nature
(Mistress of inclinations) sure intended,
To knit thee up so like me, for this purpose,
For th'ast been taken in my habit for me.
Slave. Yes, and have had many a French cringe
As I have walk'd i'th' park; and for fear of discovery,
I have crown'd it only with a nod.

Enter a Lord.

Ant. Th'art a mad villain: But

But, sirrah, I am wondrously taken
With a sweet face I saw yonder; thou know'st where.
Slave. At Venus-college, the court bawdy-house.
Ant. But this maid, howsoever she came there,
Is acquainted so with heaven, that when I thought
To have quench'd my frantick blood, and to have pluck'd
The fruit a king would leap at; even then she beat me
With such brave thunder off, as if heaven had lent her
The artillery of angels.
Slave. She was coy then.
Ant. Coy, man! she was honest; left coyness to court-ladies:
She spake the language of the saints, methought.
Holy spectators sate on silver clouds,
And clapp'd their white wings at her well-plac'd words.
She piece-meal pull'd the frame of my intentions,
And so join'd it again, that all the tempest
Of blood can never move it.
Slave. Some rare phœnix, what's her name?
Ant. 'Tis Millicenta, and wondrous aptly,
For she is mistress of a hundred thousand holy heavenly thoughts.
Chastly I love her now, and she must know it:
Such wondrous wealth is virtue, it makes the woman
Wears it about her, worthy of a king;
Since kings can be but virtuous, farewel.
A crown is but the care of deceiv'd life,
He's king of men, is crown'd with such a wife.
[*Exit Antonio, and the lord after him.*
Slave. Are your thoughts levell'd at that white then?
This shall to th' duke your dad, sir; he can never talk with me,
But he twits me still with, I took thee at that fight
We made before Palermo; I did command
Men as he did there, Turks and valiant men:
And tho' to wind myself up for his ruin,
That I may fall and crush him, I appear
To renounce Mahomet, and seem a christian;
'Tis but conveniently to stab this christian,

Or

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Or any way confound him, and 'scape cleanly.
And one expects the deed: to haſten it,
This letter came even now, which likewiſe certifies
He waits me three leagues off, with a horſe for flight
Of a Turkiſh captain, commander of a gally.
He keeps me as his ſlave, becauſe indeed
I play'd the devil at ſea with him; but having
Thus wrought myſelf into him, I intend
To give him but this day to take his leave
Of the whole world. He will come back by twilight:
I'll wait him with a piſtol. Oh ſweet revenge!
Laugh, our great prophet, he ſhall underſtand,
When we think death fartheſt off, he's neareſt hand.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. You and I muſt meet no more, ſir; there's your kick again. [*Kicks him.*

Slave. Hold, hold, what mean you, ſir?

Phil. I have brought your kick back, ſir——

[*Shoots him.*

Slave. Hold, man, I am not—— [*Falls,*

Phil. Thou haſt ſpoken true, thou art not——What art thou?
But I am for Verona. [*Exit.*

Slave. Mine own words catch me; 'tis I now underſtand,
When we think death fartheſt off, he's neareſt hand.

[*Dies.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. She lives not ſure in Milan: report but wore
Her uſual habit, when ſhe told in Verona,
She met Abſtemia here. Oh, Abſtemia!
How lovely thou look'ſt now? now thou appeareſt
Chaſter than is the morning's modeſty,
That riſes with a bluſh, over whoſe boſom
The weſtern wind creeps ſoftly: now I remember
How when ſhe ſat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unleſs it look'd where I look'd: Oh how proud
She was, when ſhe could croſs herſelf to pleaſe me!
But where now is this fair ſoul? like a ſilver cloud

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She hath wept herself, I fear, into the dead sea
And will be found no more: this makes me mad,
To rave and call on death; but the slave shrinks,
And is as far to find as she. Abstemia,
If thou not answer or appear to knowledge,
That here with shame I sought thee in this wood,
I'll leave the blushing witness of my blood. [*Exit.*

Enter the duke of Milan, Sebastian, Sanchio, and the Lord.

Mil. Followed you him thus far?

Lord. Just to this place, sir:
The slave he loves left him, here they parted.

Mil. Certain he has some private haunt this way.

Seb. Ha——private indeed, sir: oh behold and see
Where he lies full of wounds!

Lord. My lord.

Mil. My son Antonio! who hath done this deed?

San. My lord Antonio!

Mil. He's gone, he's gone; warm yet, bleeds fresh, and whilst
We here hold passion play, we but advantage
The flying murderer. Bear his body gently
Unto the lodge: Oh, what hand hath so hid
That sunlike face, behind a crimson cloud!
Use all means possible for life: but I fear
Charity will arrive too late. To horse,
Disperse thro' the wood, run, ride, make way,
The sun in Milan is eclips'd this day.

Omn. To horse, and raise more pursuit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, with his sword drawn.

Lor. Abstemia! Oh take her name you winds upon your wings,
And thro' the wanton region of the air
Softly convey it to her: there's no sweet sufferance,
Which bravely she pass'd thro', but is a thorn
Now to my sides: my will the center stood,
To all her chaste endeavours: all her actions,
With a perfection perpendicular,
Pointed upon it. She is lost; oh, she
The well-built fort of virtue's victory!

For

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For kill she conquer'd: since she is lost, then,
My friendly sword, find thou my heart.
Within. Follow, follow.

Enter duke of Milan, Sanchio, and Sebastiano.

Mil. This way, what's he? lay hands on him.
Sebast. The murd'rer on my life, my lord, here in the wood
Was close beset, he would have slain himself.
Mil. Speak, villain, art thou the bloody murderer?
Lor. Of whom?
Sanch. His dissembled ignorance speaks him the man.
Seb. Of the duke's son, the prince Antonio, sir; 'twas your hand that kill'd him.
Lor. Your lordship lies, it was my sword.
Mil. Out, slave!
Ravens shall feed upon thee: speak, what cause
Hadst thou with one unhappy wound to cloud
That star of Milan?
Lor. Because he was an erring star,
Not fix'd nor regular; I will resolve nothing
I did it, do not repent it; and were it
To do again, I'd do't.
Omn. Blood-thirsty villain!
Mil. Leave him to swift destruction, tortures and death.
Oh my Antonio! how did thy youth stray,
To meet wild winter in the midst of May?
Lor. Oh, my Abstemia! who cast thy fate so bad,
To clip affliction, like a husband clad? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio and Abstemia.

Abst. Good sir, the prince makes known his wisdom,
To make you speaker in his cause.
Ant. Me? know, mistress,
I have felt love's passions equal with himself,
And can discourse of love's cause: had you seen him
When he sent me to ye, how truly he did look;
And when your name slip'd thro' his trembling lips,
A lover's lovely paleness straight possess'd him.
Abst. Fie, fie.

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Ant. Go, says he, to that something more than woman,
(And he look'd as if by something he meant saint)
Tell her I saw heaven's army in her eyes,
And that from her chaste heart such excellent goodness
Came like full rivers flowing, that there wants nothing
But her soft yielding will, to make her wife
Unto the prince Antonio: Oh, will you fly
A fortune which great ladies would pursue
Upon their knees with prayers?

Abst. No, Lorenzo,
Had law to this new love made no denial:
A chaste wife's truth shines thro' the greatest trial.

Enter Morbo.

Mor. How now, what makes you i'th' wood here? where's my old lady?

Abst. I know not.

Mor. All the country's in an uproar yonder, the prince Antonio's slain.

Ambo. How!

Mor. Nay, no man can tell how; but the murd'rer with's sword in's hand is taken.

Ant. Is he of Milan?

Mor. No, of Verona: I heard his name, and I have forgot it.

Ant. I am all wonder, 'tis the slave sure.

Mor. Lor—Lor—Lorenzo.

Abst. Ha, Lorenzo! What I pray?

Mor. Lorenzo Me—Medico has run him in the eye, some thirty-three inches, two barly-corns: they could scarce know him for the blood, but by his apparel. I must find out my lady; he us'd our house, intelligence has been given of his pilgrimage thither: I am afraid I shall be sing'd to death with torches, and my lady stew'd between two dishes.

Ant. Why hath this thus amaz'd you, mistress?

Abst. Oh leave me, leave me, I am all distraction,
Struck to the soul with sorrow.

Enter Milan, Lords and Lorenzo guarded.

Ant. See where they come!
My father full of tears too? I'll stand by.

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Strange changes muſt have ſtrange diſcovery.

Abſt. 'Tis he: heart, how thou leap'ſt! Oh ye deluded,
And full of falſe raſh judgment! why do ye lead
Innocence like a ſacrifice to ſlaughter?
Get garlands rather, let palm and laurel round
Thoſe temples, where ſuch wedlock-truth is found.

Lor. Ha!

Omnes. Wedlock.

Abſt. Oh Lorenzo! thou haſt ſuffer'd bravely,
And wond'rous far: look on me, here I come
Hurried by conſcience to confeſs the deed:
Thy innocent blood will be too great a burthen
Upon the judge's ſoul.

Lor. Abſtemia!

Abſt. Look, look, how he will blind ye; by and by he'll tell ye
We ſaw not one another many a day,
In love's cauſe we dare make our lives away.
He would redeem mine, 'tis my huſband, ſir,
Dearly we love together: but I being often
By the dead prince your ſon ſolicited
To wrong my huſband's bed, and ſtill reſiſting,
Where you found him dead, he met me, and the place
Preſenting opportunity, he would there
Have forc'd me to his will; but prizing honeſty
Far above proffer'd honour, with my knife
In my reſiſtance moſt unfortunately
I ſtruck him in the eye: he fell, was found,
The purſuit rais'd, and e'er I could get home
My huſband met me, I confeſs'd all to him:
He excellent in love as the ſea-inhabitant,
Of whom 'tis writ, that when the flatt'ring hook
Has ſtruck his female, he will help her off,
Altho' he deſperately put on himſelf;
But if he fail, and ſee her leave his eye,
He ſwims to land, will languiſh, and there die;
Such is his love to me; for purſu'd cloſely,
He bid me ſave myſelf, and he would ſtay.
With his drawn ſword, there about the place, on purpoſe

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To requite my loyalty, tho' with his death.
Fear forc'd my acceptance then, but conscience
Hath brought me back to preserve innocence.

Seb. The circumstances produce probability.

Lor. By truth herself, she slanders truth: she and I
Have not met these many months. Oh my Abstemia!
Thou wouldst be now too excellent.

Ant. These are strange turns.

Mil. Let not love strangle justice; speak on thy soul,
Was it her hand that slew the prince?

Lor. Not, on my life,
'Tis I have deserv'd death.

Abst. Love makes him desperate,
Conscience is my accuser: Oh Lorenzo!

[*The duke and lords whisper.*

Live thou, and feed on my remembrance,
When thou shalt think how ardently I love thee;
Drop but a pair of tears, from those fair eyes,
Thou offer'st truth a wealthy sacrifice.

Lor. Did ye hear her, sir?

Mil. No, what said she?

Lor. She ask'd me why I would cast myself away thus,
When she in love devis'd this trick to save me.

Sanch. There may be juggling, sir, in this; it may be
They have both hands i'th' deed, and one in love
Would suffer for't.

Enter a Lord.

Mil. What news?

Lord. The dukes of Venice and Verona
With some small train of gentlemen, are privately
This hour come to th' court.

Mil. Bear them to prison,
Until we have given such entertainment, sorrow
Will give us leave to shew: until that time
The satisfaction of my lost son's life
Must hover 'twixt a husband and a wife.

[*Exeunt. manet Antonio.*

Ant. How strangely chance to-day runs? the slave kill'd
In my apparel, and this fellow taken for't,

Whom

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Whom to my knowledge I ne'er ſaw: ſhe loves him
Paſt all expreſſion dearly: I have a trick,
In that ſo infinitely dear ſhe loves him,
Has ſeal'd her mine already; and I'll put
This wondrous love of woman to ſuch a nonplus,
Time hath produc'd none ſtranger: I will ſet
Honour and love to fight for life and death:
Beauty (as caſtles built of cards) with a breath
Is levell'd and laid flat.

Enter Philippo, putting on a diſguiſe, lays down a piſtol.

Phil. Miſery of ignorance!
It was the prince Antonio I have ſlain.

Ant. Ha! the clew of all this error is unravell'd;
This is the valiant gentleman ſo threaten'd me;
He met the ſlave doubtleſs in my habit,
And ſeal'd upon him his miſtaken ſpleen:
If it be ſo, there hangs ſome ſtrange intent
In thoſe accuſe themſelves for't.

Phil. It ſeems ſome other had laid the plot to kill him;
This paper, I found with him, ſpeaks as much,
And ſent to the intended murderer,
Happen'd it ſeems to his hands: it concurs;
For they ſay, there is one taken for the fact,
And will do me the courteſy to be hang'd for me:

[*Antonio takes up the piſtol.*

There's comfort yet in that: ſo, ſo, I am fitted,
And will ſet forward.

Ant. Gooſe, there's a fox in your way.

Phil. Betray'd!

Ant. Come, I have other buſineſs afoot; I have no time to diſcover 'em now, ſir; ſee, I can inforce you: but by this hand, go but with me, and keep your own counſel; garden-houſes are not truer bawds to cuckold-making, than I will be to thee and thy ſtratagem.

Phil. Th'art a mad knave, art ſerious?

Ant. As a uſurer when he's telling intereſt-money.

Phil. Whate'er thou art, thy bluntneſs begets belief: go on, I truſt thee.

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Ant. But I have more wit than to truſt you behind me, ſir: pray get you before, I have a friend ſhall keep you in cuſtody till I have paſs'd a project; and if you can keep your own counſel, I will not injure you: and this for your comfort, the prince lives.

Phil. Living! thou mak'ſt my blood dance: but pr'ythee let's be honeſt one to another.

Ant. Oh, ſir, as the juſtice's clerk and the conſtable, when they ſhare the crowns that drunkards pay to the poor; pray keep fair diſtance, and take no great ſtrides.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo and Abſtemia, as in priſon.

Lor. Can then Abſtemia forgive Lorenzo?

Abſt. Yes, if Lorenzo can but love Abſtemia,
She can thus hang upon his neck, and call
This priſon true love's palace.

Lor. Oh let kings
Forget their crowns, that know what 'tis to enjoy
The wondrous wealth of one ſo good: now
Thou art lovely as a young ſpring, and comely
As is the well-ſpread cedar; the fair fruit,
Kiſs'd by the ſun ſo daily, that it wears
The lovely bluſh of maids, ſeems but to mock
Thy ſoul's integrity; here let me fall,
And with pleading ſighs beg pardon.

Enter Antonio.

Abſt. Sir, it meets you,
Like a glad pilgrim, whoſe deſiring eye,
Longs for the long-wiſh'd altar of his vow;
But you are far too prodigal in praiſe,
And crown me with the garlands of your merit.
As we meet barks on rivers, the ſtrong gale,
(Being beſt friends to us) our own ſwift motion
Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows;
Swift virtue thinks ſmall goodneſs faſteſt goes.

Lor. Sorrow hath bravely ſweeten'd thee: what are you?

Ant. A diſpleaſant black cloud: tho' I appear diſmal,
I am wond'rous fruitful; what cauſe ſoever

Mov'd

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Mov'd you to take this murder on yourſelf,
Or you to ſtrike yourſelf into the hazard
For his redemption, 'tis to me a ſtranger;
But I conceive you are both innocent.
Lor. As new-born virtue. I did accuſe
My innocence to rid me of a life
Look'd uglier than death, upon an injury
I had done this virtuous wife.
Abſt. And I accus'd
My innocence, to ſave the belov'd life
Of my moſt noble huſband.
Ant. Why then now 'twould grieve you,
Death ſhould unkindly part ye.
Lor. Oh but that, ſir,
We have no ſorrow: now to part from her,
(Since heaven hath new married, and new made us)
I had rather leap into a den of lions,
Snatch from a hungry bear her bleeding prey;
I would attempt deſperate impoſſibilities
With hope, rather than now to leave her.
Ant. This makes for me.
Abſt. And rather than leave you, ſir, I would eat
Hot coals with Portia, or attempt a terror,
Nature would ſnail-like ſhrink her head in at,
And tremble but to think on.
Ant. Better and better!
If you ſo love him, what can you conceive
The greateſt kindneſs can expreſs that love?
Abſt. To ſave his life; ſince there is no hope,
Seeing he ſo ſtrongly has confeſs'd the murder,
We ſhall meet the happineſs to die together.
Ant. Fire caſts the braveſt heat in coldeſt weather,
I'll try how ardently you burn; for know
Upon my faith, and as I am a gentleman,
I have (in the next room, and in the cuſtody
Of a true friend) the man that did the deed
You ſtand accus'd for.
Abſt. Hark there, Lorenzo.
Lor. Will you not let him go, ſir?

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Ant. That's in ſuſpence. But miſtreſs, you did ſay
You durſt eat coals with Portia, to redeem
The infinitely lov'd life of your huſband.
Abſt. And ſtill ſtrongly proteſt it.
Lor. Oh my Abſtemia!
Ant. You ſhall redeem him at an eaſier rate:
I have the murderer, you ſee, in hold.
Lor. And we are bleſs'd in your diſcovery of him.
Ant. If you will give conſent that I ſhall taſte
That ſenſe-bereaving pleaſure ſo familiar
Unto your happy huſband——
Abſt. How?
Ant. Pray hear me:
Then I will give this fellow up to the law:
If you deny, horſes ſtand ready for us,
A bark for tranſportation, where we will live,
'Till law by death hath ſever'd ye.
Lor. But we will call for preſent witneſs.
Ant. Look ye—— [*Shows the piſtol.*
Experienc'd navigators ſtill are fitted
For every weather: 'tis almoſt paſt call
To reach the nimbleſt ear; yet but offer it,
I part ye preſently for ever.
Conſider it;
The enjoying him thou ſo entirely lov'ſt
All thy life after; that when mirth-ſpent time
Hath crown'd your heads with honour, you may ſit
And tell delightful ſtories of your loves;
And when ye come to that poor minute's 'ſcape
Crowns my deſire, ye may let that ſlip by,
Like water that ne'er meets the miller's eye.
Compare but this to th' ſoon-forgotten pleaſure
Of a pair of wealthy minutes: the thriftieſt lapidary
Knows the moſt curious jewel takes no harm
For one day's wearing. Could you, ſir, (did your eye
Not ſee it worn) your wife having lent your cloak,
(If ſecretly return'd, and folded up)
Could you conceive, when you next look'd upon't,
It had neatly furniſh'd out a poor friend's want?
Be charitable, and think on't.

Lor.

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Lor. Do'ſt hear, Abſtemia?
Oh ſhall we part for ever, when a price
So poor might be our freedom?
Abſt. Now goodneſs guard ye!
Where learnt you, ſir, this language?
Lor. Of true love:
You did but now profeſs, that you would die
To ſave my life; and now, like a forward chapman,
Catch'd at thy word, thou giv'ſt back aſham'd
To ſtand this eaſy proffer.
Abſt. Could you live,
And know yourſelf a cuckold?
Ant. What a queſtion's that?
Many men cannot live without the knowledge.
How can ye tell
Whether ſhe ſeems thus to reſpect your honour,
But to ſtay till the law has choak'd you? It may be then
She will do't with leſs intreaty.
Lor. Ay, there, there 'tis.
Abſt. 'Tis your old fit of jealouſy ſo judges:
A foul devil talks within him.
Lor. Oh the art,
The wond'rous art of woman! ye would do it daintily,
You would juggle me to death, you would perſuade me
I ſhould die nobly to preſerve your honour;
That, dead, ignobly you might prove diſhonourable,
Forget me in a day, and wed another.
Abſt. Why then would I have died for you?
Ant. That was but a proffer, that dying you might idolize her love;
'Twould have put her off the better.
Lor. Oh you have builded
A golden palace, ſtrew'd with palm and roſes,
To let me bleed to death in! How ſweetly
You would have loſt me! Abſtemia, you have learn'd
The cunning fowler's art, who pleaſantly

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Whiſtles the bird into the ſnare. Good heaven!
How you had ſtrew'd the inticing top o'th' cup
With Arabian ſpices! but you had laid i'th' bottom
Epheſian aconite. You are love's hypocrite:
A rotten ſtick, in the night's darkneſs born,
And a fair poppy in a field of corn.

Abſt. Oh ſir! hear me—— [*Kneels.*

Lor. Away, I will no more
Look pearl in mud: oh fly hypocriſy!
Durſt ye but now die for me? good heaven! die for me!
The greateſt act of pain, and dare not buy me
With a poor minute's pleaſure?

Abſt. No, ſir, I dare not; there is little pain in death,
But a great death in every little pleaſure:
I had rather, truſt me, bear your death with honour,
Than buy your life with baſeneſs. As I am expos'd
To th' greateſt battery beauty ever fought,
Oh blame me not, if I be covetous
To come off with greateſt honour; if I do this
To let you live, I kill your name, and give
My ſoul a wound; I cruſh her from ſweet grace,
And change her angel's to a fury's face.
Try me no more then; but, if you muſt bleed, boaſt,
To preſerve honour, life is nobly loſt.

Lor. Thou wealth worth more than kingdoms, I am now confirm'd
Paſt all ſuſpicion; thou art far ſweeter
In thy ſincere truth, than a ſacrifice
Deck'd up for death with garlands; the Indian winds,
That blow off from the coaſt, and cheer the ſailor
With the ſweet ſavour of their ſpices, want
The delight flows in thee. Look here, look here,
Oh man of wild deſires! we will die the martyrs
Of marriage; and, 'ſtead of the looſe ditties
With which they ſtab ſweet modeſty, and ingender
Deſires in the hot room, thy noble ſtory
Shall, laurel-like, crown honeſt ears with glory.

Ant. Murder, murder, murder!

Enter

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Enter the three Dukes, with Lords.

Mil. Ha! who cries murder?
Phi. As y'are a gentleman, now be true to me.
Abſt. Sir!
Ven. Siſter!
Ver. My ſhame! art thou there?
Ven. Oh ſiſter, can it be
A prince's blood ſhould ſtain that white hand?
Ambo. Hear us.
Ant. No, no, no, hear me; 'twas I cry'd murder:
Becauſe I have found them both ſtain'd with the deed,
They would have throttled me.
Lor. Hear us, by all——
Mil. Upon your lives be ſilent: ſpeak on, ſir;
Had they both hands in our ſon's blood?
Ant. Two hands apiece, ſir:
I have ſifted it; they both have kill'd the prince;
But this is the chief murderer. Pleaſe you give me audience;
Ye ſhall wonder at the manner how they kill'd him.
Mil. Silence!
Ant. He came firſt to this woman, and, truth's truth,
He would have lain with her.
Mil. Her own confeſſion.
Ant. Nay, good your grace.
Mil. We are ſilent.
Ant. Coming to ſeize upon her, with the firſt blow
She ſtruck his baſe intent ſo brave a buffet,
That there it bled to death. She ſaid, his horſe
Would teach him better manners: there he died once.
Ver. What does this fellow talk?
Abſt. I underſtand him.
Ant. He met her next i'th' wood, where he was found dead:
Then he came noblier up to her, and told her
Marriage was his intent; but ſhe as nobly
(Belike to let him know ſhe was married)

Told

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Told him, in an intelligible denial,
A chaſte wife's truth ſhin'd thro' the greateſt trial:
There the prince died again.

Lod. There's twice; beware the third time.

Ant. The third time, he came here to them both in priſon,
Brought a piſtol with him, would have forc'd her again;
But had ye ſeen how fairly then ſhe ſlew him,
You would have ſhot applauſes from your eyes:
Oh ſhe came up ſo bravely to that prince,
Hot potent Luſt, (for ſhe ſlew no prince elſe).
With ſuch a valiant diſcipline ſhe deſtroy'd
That debauch'd prince, bad Deſire; and then, by him
So bravely too fetch'd off, that (to conclude)
Betwixt them they this wonder did contrive,
They kill'd the prince, but kept your ſon alive.

[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Mil. Antonio!

Omn. The prince!

Ven. Come home, my ſiſter, to my heart.

Ker. And now Lorenzo is again my belov'd kinſman.

Ant. Oh, ſir, here dwells virtue epitomiz'd,
Even to an abſtract, and yet that ſo large,
'Twill ſwell a book in folio.

Lod. She ſwells beyond my wife then:
A pocket-book, bound in *decimo ſexto*,
Will hold her virtues, and as much ſpare paper left
As will furniſh five tobacco-ſhops.

Mil. But here's the wonder; who is it was ſlain
In your apparel?

Phi. I will give them all the ſlip. [*Offers to go.*

Ant. Here's a gentleman of Ferrara——

Phi. As you are noble——

Ant. That ſaw them fight: it was the ſlave was ſlain, ſir,

I took

I took before Palermo; he that kill'd him,
Took him but for a gentleman his equal;
And, as this eye-witneſs ſays, he in my apparel
Did kick the t'other firſt.

Phi. Nay, upon my life, ſir,
He in your apparel gave the firſt kick; I ſaw them fight,
And I dare ſwear the t'other honeſt gentleman
Little thought he had ſlain any thing like the prince;
For I heard him ſwear, but half an hour before,
He never ſaw your grace.

Mil. Then he kill'd him fairly.

Phi. Upon my life, my lord.

Ven. T'other had but his merit then: who dies,
And ſeeks his death, ſeldom wets others eyes.

Ant. Let this perſuade you I believe you noble;
I have kept my word with you.

Phi. You have out-done me, ſir,
In this brave exerciſe of honour: but let me,
In mine own perſon, thank you.

Omn. Philippo!

Phi. Unwittingly I did an ill (as 't happen'd)
To a good end: that ſlave I for you kill'd,
Wanted but time to kill you: read that paper,
Which I found with him, I thinking by accident
You had intercepted it. We all have happily
Been well deceiv'd; you are noble, juſt, and true;
My hate was at your cloaths, my heart at you.

Ver. An accident more ſtrange hath ſeldom happen'd.

Lor. Philippo, my beſt friend, 'twixt ſhame and love,
Here let me lay thee now for ever.

Abſt. Heaven
Hath now plain'd all our rough woes ſmooth and even.

Mil. At court, large relation in apt form
Shall tender paſt proceedings; but to diſtinguiſh

(Excellent

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(Excellent lady) your unparallel'd praiſes
From thoſe but ſeem, let this ſerve: bad women
Are nature's clouds, eclipſing her fair ſhine;
The good, all-gracious, ſaint-like, and divine.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

PARSON'S Wedding.

A

COMEDY.

BY

Mr. *THOMAS KILLEGREW.*

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MR. Thomas Killigrew was *Page of Honour to King* Charles *the First, and Groom of the Bedchamber to King* Charles *the Second, whom he attended in his Exile; during which Time he wrote six of his Plays, as one may learn from a Copy of Verses of Sir* John Denham's *wrote in a jocular Way, on our Author's Return from Venice, whither he was sent as Resident by King* Charles *the Second, in* 1651, *as follows.*

Our Resident Tom
From Venice *is come,*
And hath left the Statesman behind him:
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich,
And just where you left him you find him.

But who says he was not
A Man of much Plot
May repent that false Accusation,
Having plotted and penn'd
Six Plays, to attend
The Farce *of his Negociation.*

Besides the Parson's-Wedding, *he has wrote ten other Plays, viz. The* Pilgrim, *a Tragedy;* Thomaso, *or the* Wanderer, *a Comedy in two Parts;* Bellamira her Dream, *or the* Love of Shadows, *in two Parts;* Cicilia *and* Clorinda, *or* Love in Arms, *in two Parts;* Claracilla, *the* Prisoners, *and the* Princess, *or* Love at first Sight; *all Tragi-Comedies.*

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MR. *Careleſs*, a gentleman, and a wit.
Mr. *Wild*, a gentleman, nephew to the Widow.
Mr. *Jolly*, an humorous gentleman, and a courtier.
Captain, a leading wit full of deſigns.
Parſon, a wit alſo, but over-reached by the Captain, and his Wanton.
Mr. *Conſtant*, } two dull ſuitors to the lady Widow, and
Mr. *Sad*, } mrs. Pleaſant.

Lady *Wild*, a rich (and ſomewhat youthful) Widow.
Mrs. *Pleaſant*, a handſome young gentlewoman, of a good fortune.
Mrs. *Secret*, her (indifferent honeſt) woman.
Lady *Loveall*, an old ſtallion-hunting Widow.
Faithful, her (errant honeſt) woman.
Mrs. *Wanton*, the Captain's livery punk, married to the Parſon by confederacy.

Bawd, Servants, Drawers, Fiddlers.

THE

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THE PARSON'S Wedding.

A COMEDY.

Act. I. Scen. 1.

Enter the Captain in choler, and Wanton.

Capt. NO more, I'll ſooner be reconcil'd to want or ſickneſs, than that raſcal; a thing, that my charity made ſociable; one, that when I ſmil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his ſtern, like ſtarv'd dogs; ſo naſty, the company cried foh upon him; he ſtunk ſo of poverty, ale, and bawdry. So poor and deſpicable, when I reliev'd him, he could not avow his calling for want of a caſſock, but ſtood at corners of ſtreets,

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ſtreets, and whiſper'd gentlemen in the ear, as they paſs'd, and ſo deliver'd his wants like a meſſage, which being done, the rogue vaniſhed, and would dive at Weſtminſter like a dabchick, and riſe again at Temple-gate. The ingenuity of the raſcal, his wit being ſnuft by want, burnt clear then, and furniſh'd him with a bawdy jeſt or two, to take the company; but now the rogue ſhall find he has loſt a patron.

Want. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in ſuch a fury, you ſhould never have known it.

Capt. Treacherous rogue, he has always rail'd againſt thee to me, as a danger his friendſhip ought to give me warning of; and nightly cry'd, yet look back, and hunt not, with good nature and the beauties of thy youth, that falſe woman; but hear thy friend, that ſpeaks from ſad experience.

Want. Did he ſay this?

Cap. Yes, and ſwears ye are as unſatiate as the ſea, as covetous, and as ungrateful: that you have your tempeſts too, and calms, more dangerous than it.

Want. Was the ſlave ſo eloquent in his malice?

Capt. Yes, faith, and urg'd, you (for your part) were never particular, and ſeldom found.

Want. Not found? why, he offer'd to marry me, and ſwore he thought I was chaſte, I was ſo particular; and prov'd it, that conſent was full marriage, by the firſt inſtitution; and thoſe that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfill'd all ceremonies now.

Capt. Did he offer to marry thee?

Want. Yes, yes.

Capt. If ever then I deſerv'd from thee, or if thou be'ſt dear to thyſelf, as thou haſt any thing thou hop'ſt ſhall be ſafe or ſound about thee, I conjure thee, take my counſel; marry him, to afflict him.

Want. Marry him?

Capt. If I have any power I ſhall prevail; thou know'ſt he has a fat benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

Want. Will you not keep me then?

Capt.

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Capt. I keep thee? pr'ythee, wilt thou keep me? I know not why men are such fools to pay: we bring as much to the sport as women. Keep thee? I'd marry thee as soon; why, *this's wedding sin*; no, no keeping I: that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before wives.

Want. I hope this is not real.

Capt. Art thou such a stranger to my humour? why, I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all women within my knowledge; and 'tis six to four if I knew thy sign, I'd come there no more; a strange mistress makes every night a-new, and these are your pleasing sins. I had as live be good, as sin by course.

Want. Then I am miserable.

Capt. Not so, if you'll be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

Want. But have you these humours?

Capt. Yes faith; yet if you will observe them, though you marry him, I may perchance be your friend; but you must be sure to be coy; for to me the hunting is more pleasure than the quarry.

Want. But if I observe this, will you be my friend hereafter?

Capt. Firm as the day; hark, I hear him; [*The Parson call's within*] I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt; resolve to indear yourself to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him; no dispute, resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

Want. 'Tis well, something I'll do.

[*Exit Wanton.*

Capt. Open the door, I say, and let me in; your favourite and his tythes shall come no more here.

Enter Parson.

Pars. Yes, but he shall; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men; I have read divine Seneca; thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and canst cry to that, face about.

Capt.

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Capt. Thou read Seneca? thou feel'ſt his cover, to clothe thee, naked and wicked, that for money wouldſt ſell the ſhare of the twelve, and art allow'd by all that know thee, fitter to have been Judas, than Judas was, for treachery.

Parſ. Rail, do rail, my illiterate captain, that can only abuſe by memory; and ſhould I live till thou couldſt read my ſentence, I ſhould never die.

Capt. No, ingrateful, live till I deſtroy thee; and thankleſs wretch, did all my care of thee deſerve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous ſpeaking darkly ſtill? with thy fine, no, not he, when any malicious diſcourſe was made of me; and by thy falſe faint, no, faith; confeſs, in thy denials, whilſt thy ſmiling excuſes ſtood a greater and more dangerous evidence againſt me, than my enemies affidavits could have done.

Parſ. I'll lie for never a lean ſoldier of you all.

Capt. I have for thee, ſlave, when I have been wondred at for keeping company with ſuch a face; but they were ſuch as knew thee not; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me; they are ſo ſimple they'd cozen a jury, and a judge that had wit would ſwear thou lieſt, ſhouldſt thou confeſs what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis ſo ſtrange and ſo new a thing, to find ſo much rogue lodge at the ſign of the fool.

Parſ. Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my caſſock, for nothing ſhall privilege your bragger's tongue, to abuſe me, a gentleman, and a ſoldier ancienter than thyſelf.

Capt. Yes, thou wer't ſo; and now I think on't, I'll recount the cauſe, which, it may be, thou haſt forgot, through thy variety of ſins; it was a hue and cry that follow'd thee a ſcholar, and found thee a ſoldier.

Parſ. Thou li'ſt; thou, and ſcandal have but one tongue, hers dwells with thy cowards teeth.

Capt. Oh! do you rage? nay, I'll put the cauſe in print too, I am but a ſqurvy poet, yet I'll make a ballad ſhall tell how like a faithful diſciple you follow'd your poor whore, till her martyrdom in the ſuburbs.

Parſ.

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Parſ. I'll be reveng'd for this ſcandal.

Capt. Then ſhall ſucceed, thy flight from the univerſity, diſguis'd into captain, only the outſide was worſe buff, and the inſide more atheiſt than they; furniſh'd with an inſolent faith, uncharitable heart, envious as old women, cruel and bloody as cowards; thus arm'd at all points, thou went'ſt out, threatning God, and trembling at men.

Parſ. I'll be reveng'd, thou poor man of war, I'll be reveng'd.

Enter Wanton.

Want. And why ſo bitter? whoſe houſe is this? who dares tell this ſtory?

Capt. Why, ſweet, hath he not treacherouſly broke into our cabinet, and would have ſtol'n thee thence? by theſe hilts, I'll hang him; and then I can conclude my ballad with, *take warning all Chriſtian people by the ſame:* I will, you lean ſlave; I'll proſecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a ſervitor's gown again, and live upon crumbs with the robin red-breaſts that haunt the hall, your old meſs-mates. Do you ſnarl? I'll do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the dogs for the bones that but ſmell of meat; thoſe that your hungry ſtudents have poliſh'd with their teeth.

Want. If you do this, good captain, lieutenant, and company (for all your command, I think, is within your reach) I ſay, if you dare do this, I ſhall ſing a ſong of one that bade ſtand, and made a carrier pay a dear rent for a little ground upon his majeſty's high-way.

Capt. How now, miſtreſs Wanton? what's this? what's this?

Parſ. This? 'tis matter for a jury; I'll ſwear, and poſitively; I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand, let me alone to ſwear the jury out of doubt.

Capt. But you are in jeſt, miſtreſs Wanton, and will confeſs (I hope) this is no truth.

Want. Yes ſir, as great a truth, as that you are in your unpay'd-for ſcarlet. Fool! didſt think, I'd quit ſuch a friend,

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a friend, and his ſtay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay, and hopes of a ſecond covenant?

Capt. His fortune! what is't? th'advowſon of Tyburn deanry?

Parſ. No, nor rents brought in by long ſtaff-ſpeeches, that aſks alms with frowns, till thy looks and ſpeech have laid violent hands upon men's charity.

Want. Let him alone, I'll warrant, he'll never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, againſt a man.

Capt. Very good.

Parſ. Dear miſtreſs Wanton, you have won my heart, and I ſhall live to doat upon you for abuſing this impetuous captain. Will you liſten to my old ſuit? will you marry me, and vex him? ſay, dare you do't without more diſpute?

Capt. 'Twas a good queſtion; ſhe that dares marry thee, dares do any thing; ſhe may as ſafely lie with the great bell upon her, and his clapper is leſs dangerous than thine.

Want. Why, I pray?

Capt. What a miſerable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honeſt woman; and if thou ſhould'ſt turn honeſt, would it not vex thee to be chaſte and pox'd, a ſaint without a noſe? what kalendar will admit thee, by an incurable ſlave that's made of rogues fleſh? conſider that.

Want. Why, that's ſomething yet; thou haſt nothing but a few ſcars, and a little old fame to truſt to, and that ſcarce thatches your head.

Capt. Nay then I ſee thou'rt baſe, and this plot not accident. And now I do not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, whore and parſon, as conſonant——

Want. As whore and captain.

Capt. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder; I'll prophecy ſhe ſhall lie with thy whole congregation, and bring an heir to thy pariſh, one that thou may'ſt encloſe the common by his title, and recover it by common law.

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Parſ. That's more than thy dear dam could do for thee, thou ſon of a thouſand fathers, all poor ſoldiers, rogues, that ow'd miſchiefs, no midwives for their birth. But I cry thee mercy, my patron has an eſtate of old iron by his ſide, with the farm of old ladies he ſcrapes a dirty living from.

Want. He earn from an old lady? hang him, he's only wicked in his deſires; and for adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he ſhould have the vanity to betray himſelf. God forgive me for belying him ſo often as I have done; the weak-chin'd ſlave hir'd me once to ſay, I was with child by him.

Capt. This is pretty, farewell; and may the next pig thou farrow'ſt have a promiſing face, without the dad's fool or gallows in't, that all may ſwear, at firſt ſight, that's a baſtard; and it ſhall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine. I have the way, 'tis but praiſing thee, and ſwearing thou art honeſt before I am aſk'd: you taught me the trick.

Parſ. Next levee I'll preach againſt thee, and tell them what a piece you are; your drum and borrowed ſcarf ſhall not prevail, nor ſhall you win with charms half ell long, (hight ferret ribband) the youth of our pariſh, as you have done.

Capt. No, loſe no time, pr'ythee ſtudy and learn to preach, and leave railing againſt the ſurplice, now thou haſt preach'd thyſelf into linen. Adieu, Abigal, adieu, heir apparent to ſir Oliver Marr-text; to church, go, I'll ſend a beadle ſhall ſing your Epithalamium.

Parſ. Adieu, my captain of a tame band, I'll tell your old lady, how you abuſed her breath, and ſwore you earn'd your money harder than thoſe that dig in the mines for't. [*Exit Captain.*] A fart fill thy ſail, captain of a gally foiſt.—He's gone: come, ſweet, let's to church immediately, that I may go and take my revenge; I'll make him wear thin breeches.

Want. But if you ſhould be ſuch a man as he ſays you are, what would my friends ſay, when they hear I have caſt myſelf away?

Parſ.

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Parſ. He ſays? hang him, lean, mercenary, provant rogue; I knew his beginning, when he made the ſtocks louſy, and ſwarm'd ſo with vermin, we were afraid he would have brought that curſe upon the county—He ſays? but what's matter what he ſays? a rogue, by ſire and dam; his father was a broad fat peddler, a what-do-you-lack, ſir, that haunted good houſes, and ſtole more than he bought; his dam was a gypſy, a pilfering canting Sibyl in her youth, and ſhe ſuffered in her old age for a witch: poor Stromwell, the rogue was a perpetual burthen to her, ſhe carried him longer at her back than her belly; he dwelt there, till ſhe loſt him one night in the great froſt upon our common, and there he was found in the morning candy'd in ice: a pox of their charity that thaw'd him, you might ſmell a rogue then in the bud: he is now run away from his wife.

Want. His wife?

Parſ. Yes, his wife; why, do you not know he's married according to the rogues liturgy? a left-handed bridegroom; I ſaw him take the ring from a tinker's dowager.

Want. Is this poſſible?

Parſ. Yes, moſt poſſible, and you ſhall ſee how I'll be reveng'd on him; I will immediately go ſeek the ordinance againſt reformadoes.

Want. What ordinance?

Parſ. Why, they do ſo ſwarm about the town, and are ſo deſtructive to trade and all civil government, that the ſtate has declared, no perſon ſhall keep above two colonels and four captains (of what trade ſoever) in his family; for now the war is done, broken breech, woodmonger, rag-man, butcher, and link-boy, (comrades that made up the ragged regiment in this holy war) think to return and be admitted to ſerve out their times again.

Want. Your ordinance will not touch the captain, for he is a known ſoldier.

Parſ. He a captain? an apocryphal modern one, that went convoy once to Brainford with thoſe troops that conducted the contribution-puddings in the late holy

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war, when the city ran mad after their ruſſet Levites, apron-rogues, with horn hands. Hang him, he's but the ſign of a ſoldier; and I hope to ſee him hang'd for that commiſſion, when the king comes to his place again.

Want. You abuſe him, now he's gone; but——

Parſ. Why, doſt thou think I fear him? no, wench, I know him too well for a cowardly ſlave, that dares as ſoon eat his fox, as draw it in earneſt; the ſlave's noted to make a conſcience of nothing but fighting.

Want. Well, if you be not a good man, and a kind huſband——

Parſ. Thou know'ſt the proverb, as happy as the parſon's wife, during her huſband's life.

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Enter miſtreſs Pleaſant, widow Wild her aunt, and Secret her woman, above in the muſick room, as dreſſing her; a glaſs, a table, and ſhe in her night-cloaths.

Pleaſ. SEcret, give me the glaſs, and ſee who knocks.

Wid. Niece, what, ſhut the door? as I live, this muſick was meant to you, I know my nephew's voice.

Pleaſ. Yes, but you think his friend's has more muſick in't.

Wid. No faith, I can laugh with him, or ſo, but he comes no nearer than my lace.

Pleaſ. You do well to keep your ſmock betwixt.

Wid. Faith, wench, ſo wilt thou and thou beeſt wiſe, from him and all of them; and be rul'd by me, we'll abuſe all the ſex, till they put a true value upon us.

Pleaſ. But dare you forbid the travel'd gentlemen, and abuſe them and your ſervant, and ſwear, with me, not to marry in a twelve-month, though a lord bait the hook, and hang out the ſign of a court Cupid, whipt by

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by a country widow; then I believe we may have mirth cheaper than at the price of ourſelves, and ſome ſport with the wits that went to loſe themſelves in France.

Wid. Come, no diſſembling, leſt I tell your ſervant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the laſt new faſhion.

Secret. Madam, 'tis almoſt noon, will you not dreſs yourſelf to day?

Wid. She ſpeaks as if we were boarders; pr'ythee, wench, is not the dinner our own? ſure my cook ſhall lay by my own roaſt till my ſtomach be up.

Pleaſ. But there may be company, and they will ſay, we take too long time to trim.

Secret. Give me the flowers my ſervant ſent me, he ſware 'twas the firſt the wench made of the kind.

Wid. But when he ſhall hear you had muſick ſent you to day, 'twill make him appear in his old cloaths.

Pleaſ. Marry, I would he would take exception, he ſhould not want ill uſage to rid me of his trouble. As I live, cuſtom has made me ſo acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not ſo diſpleaſing as at firſt; and if he fall not out with me, I muſt with him, to ſecure myſelf. Sure (aunt) he muſt find ſenſe and reaſon abſent, for when a queſtion knocks at his head, the anſwer tells that there is no body at home. I aſk'd him, th'other day, if he did not find a blemiſh in his underſtanding; and he ſware a great oath, not he. I told him 'twas very ſtrange, for fool was ſo viſible an eye-ſore, that neither birth nor fortune could reconcile to me.

Wid. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purſe will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him ſometimes.

Pleaſ. Why, pray (aunt) take him to yourſelf, and ſee how merry we will be; I can laugh at any body's fool, but mine own.

Wid. By my troth, but that I have married one fool already, you ſhould not have him. Conſider, he aſks

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no portion, and yet will make a great jointure; a fool with theſe conveniences, a kind loving fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill huſband, niece: there are other arguments too, to bid a fool welcome, which you will find without teaching; think of it, niece; you may lay out your affection to purchaſe ſome dear wit, or judgment of the city, and repent, at leiſure, a good bargain, in this fool.

Pleaſ. Faith, aunt, fools are cheap in the butchery, and dear in the kitchen; they are ſuch uſavoury inſipid things, that there goes more charge to the ſauce than the fool is worth, e'er a woman can confidently ſerve him, either to her bed or board: then if he be a loving fool, he troubles all the world a days, and me all night.

Secret. Friendſhip-love, madam, has a remedy for that.

Pleaſ. See, if the air of this place has not enclin'd Secret to be a bawd already. No, Secret, you get no gowns that way, upon my word; if I marry, it ſhall be a gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a ſword by his ſide; ſuch a one naked is better than a fool with all his trappings, bells and baubles.

Wid. Why, as I live, he's a handſome fellow, and merry; mine is ſuch a ſad ſoul, and tells me ſtories of lovers that dy'd in deſpair, and of the lamentable end of their miſtreſſes (according to the ballad) and thinks to win me by example.

Pleaſ. Faith, mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and thoſe that know me not, think I am old, and ſtill finds new cauſes (as he calls them) for his love. I aſk'd him the other day if I chang'd ſo faſt or no.

Wid. But what think'ſt thou, Secret; my nephew dances well, and has a handſome houſe in the Piazza.

Pleaſ. Your nephew? not I, as I live; he looks as if he would be woo'd; I'll warrant you, he'll never begin with a woman till he has loſt the opinion of himſelf; but ſince you are ſo courteous, I'll ſpeak to his friend, and let him know how you ſuffer for him.

Wid.

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Wid. Him! marry, God bleſs all good women from him; why, he talks as if the dairy-maid and all her cows could not ſerve his turn; then they wear ſuch baudy-breeches, 'twould ſtartle an honeſt woman to come in their company, for fear they ſhould breaky, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'll warrant, the year of the Lord would ſooner out of her head than ſuch a ſight.

Pleaſ. I am not ſuch an enemy now to his humour as to your nephew's; he rails againſt our ſex, and thinks by beating down the price of a woman to make us deſpair of merchants; but if I had his heart-ſtrings tied on a true lover's knot, I would ſo firk him till he found phyſick in a rope.

Secret. He's a ſcurvey-tongu'd fellow, I'm ſure of that; and if I could have got a ſtaff, I had mark'd him.

Wid. What did he do to thee, Secret?

Pleaſ. Why, he ſwore, he had a better opinion of her than to think ſhe had her maidenhead; but if ſhe were that fool, and had preſerv'd the toy, he ſwore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it; I confeſs, I would fain be reveng'd on them, becauſe they are ſo blown up with opinion of their wit.

Wid. As I live, my nephew travels ſtill; the ſober honeſt Ned Wild will not be at home this month.

Pleaſ. What ſay you? will you abuſe them and all the reſt, and ſtand to my firſt propoſition?

Wid. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my ſervant, Sad; for he cannot laſt above another fall, and how, think you, will your ſervant take it?

Pleaſ. Mine! oh God help me, mine's a healthy fool; I would he were ſubject to pine and take things unkindly; there were ſome hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to uſe him as ill as any body.

Wid. As I live, I am eaſily reſolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuſe.

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Secret. By my troth, madam, you are hard to pleaſe; elſe the courtier might have ſerv'd turn.

Wid. Serve turn! pr'ythee what haſte, Secret, that I ſhould put myſelf to bed with one I might make a ſhift with? When I marry, thou ſhalt cry, Ay marry, madam, this is a huſband, without bluſhing wench, and none of your ſo-ſo huſbands. Yet he might half overcome my averſion, I confeſs.

Pleaſ. Overcome! I think ſo, he might have won a city his way; for when he ſaw you were reſolv'd he ſhould not eat with you, he would ſet himſelf down as if he meant to beſiege us, and had vow'd never to riſe till he had taken us in; and becauſe our ſex forbad force, he meant to do it by famine. Yet you may ſtay, and miſs a better market; for hang me, I am of Secret's opinion; he had but two faults, a handſome fellow, and too ſoon deny'd.

Wid. 'Tis true, he was a handſome fellow, and a civil, that I ſhall report him; for as ſoon as it was given him to underſtand, I deſir'd he would come no more, I never ſaw him ſince, but by chance.

Pleaſ. Why did you forbid him?

Wid. There were divers exceptions; but that which angred me then, was, he came with the king's letters patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his majeſty's uſe.

Pleaſ. Alas! was that all? why, 'tis their way at court, a common courſe among them, and was it not one the king had a great care of? When my mother was alive, I had ſuch a packet from the court directed unto me, I bid them pay the poſt, and make the fellow drink, which he took as ill as I could wiſh, and has been ever ſince ſuch a friendly enemy——

Wid. Nay, as I live, ſhe was for the captain too; his ſcarf and feather won her heart.

Secret. Truly, madam, never flatter yourſelf; for the gentleman did not like you ſo well, as to put you to the trouble of ſaying, no.

Pleaſ.

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Pleaſ. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that ſcarf and buff-coat!

Secret. Why, miſtreſs Pleaſant, a captain is an honourable charge.

Wid. Pr'ythee, Secret, name them no more; colonel and captain, commiſſioner, free-quarters, ordnance, and contribution; when Buff utters theſe words, I tremble and dread the ſound; it frights me ſtill when I do but think on them; cuds body, they're twigs of the old rod (wench) that whipt us ſo lately.

Pleaſ. Ay, ay, and they were happy days, wench, when the captain was a lean, poor, humble thing, and the ſoldier tame, and durſt not come within the city, for fear of a conſtable and a whipping-poſt; they know the penal ſtatutes give no quarter; then Buff was out of countenance, and ſculk'd from ale-houſe to ale-houſe, and the city had no militia but the ſheriffs-men: in thoſe merry days, a bailiff trode the ſtreets with terror, when all the chains in the city were ruſty, but mr. ſheriff's, when the people knew no evil but the conſtable and his watch; now every committee has as much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence and authority, as a conſtable in the king's key.

[*People talking without.*

Wid. See, who's that ſo loud?

Secret. The men you talk'd off, newly come to town.——

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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Act. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Jack Conſtant, Will Sad, Jolly, and a Footman they comb their heads, and talk.

Jolly. REmember our covenants, get them that can, all friends; and be ſure to diſpatch the plot, to carry them into the country, leſt the brace of new-come monſieurs get them.

Conſt. Thoſe fleſh-flies? I'll warrant thee from them; yet 'twas fooliſhly done of me to put on this gravity; I ſhall break out, and return to myſelf if you put me to a winter's wooing.

Sad. A little patience do's it; and I am content to ſuffer any thing till they're out of town: Secret ſays, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

Jolly. Does ſhe? that ſhall be one hint to advance your deſigns, and my revenge; for ſo ſhe be couzen'd, I care not who do's it, for ſcorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlouſly.

Footm. Sir, what ſhall I do with the horſes?

Sad. Carry them to Brumſted's.

Footm. What ſhall I do with your worſhip's?

Jolly. Mine? take him, hamſtring him, kill him, any thing to make him away, leſt having ſuch a conveniency I be betray'd to another journey into the country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my country-houſe; Charing-croſs, I am glad to ſee thee, with all my heart.

Conſt. What, not reconcil'd to the country yet?

Sad. He was not long enough there to ſee the pleaſure of it.

Jolly. Pleaſure! what is't call'd? walking, or hawking, or ſhooting at buts?

Conſt. You found other pleaſures, or elſe the ſtory of the meadow is no goſpel.

Jolly,

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Jolly. Yes, a pox upon the neceſſity. Here I could as ſoon have taken the cow, as ſuch a milk-maid.

Sad. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

Jolly. When, at a Tueſday-meeting, the country comes in to a match at two ſhillings rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what ſhall be done this parliament, railing againſt the court and pope, after the old Elizabeth-way of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal; and then the old knight of the ſhire from the board's end, in his coronation-breeches, vies clinches with a ſilenc'd miniſter, a rogue that rail'd againſt the reformation, meerly to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

Conſt. Nay, as I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him: the man's a very able man.

Jol. You'll be able to ſay ſo one day, upon your wife's report: I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion. By this good day, they get more ſouls than they ſave.

Sad. And what think you of the knight's ſon? I hope he's a fine gentleman, when his green ſuit and his blue ſtockings are on; and the welcomeſt thing alive to mrs. Abigail, but Tib and Tom in the ſtock.

Joll. Who, mr. Jeoffry? Hobinol the ſecond; by this life 'tis a very veal, and he licks his noſe like one of them: by his diſcourſe you'd gueſs he had eaten nothing but hay: I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he ſtales: he talks of nothing but the ſtable. The cobler's black-bird at the corner has more diſcourſe: he has not ſo much as the family-jeſt, which theſe Coridons uſe to inherit. I pos'd him in Booker's propheſies, till he confeſt he had not maſter'd his almanack yet.

Conſt. But what was that you whiſper'd to him in the hall?

Joll. Why the butler and I, by the interceſſion of March-beer, had newly reconcil'd him to his dad's old cod-piece corſlet in the hall, which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, becauſe it hung upon a croſs.

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Conſt. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope her charity takes you.

Joll. Yes, and her old waiting-woman's devotion: ſhe ſigh'd in the pew behind me. A Dutch ſkipper belches not ſo loud, or ſo ſour: my lady's miſerable ſinner, with the white eyes, ſhe does ſo ſqueeze out her prayers, and ſo wring out *Have mercy upon us*. I warrant her, ſhe has a waiting-woman's ſting in her conſcience; ſhe looks like a dirty-ſoul'd bawd.

Conſt. Who is this, my lady Freedom's woman that he deſcribes?

Joll. The ſame, the independent lady: I have promis'd to ſend her a cripple or two by the next carrier: her ſubject-huſband would needs ſhew me his houſe one morning; I never viſited ſuch an hoſpital, it ſtunk like Bedlam, and all the ſervants were carrying pultices, julaps, and gliſters, and ſeveral remedies for all diſeaſes but his. The man ſigh'd to ſee his eſtate crumbling away; I counſel'd him either to give or take an ounce of ratsbane to cure his mind.

Conſt. She is my couſin; but he made ſuch a complaint to me, I thought he had married the company of ſurgeons-hall; for his directions to me for ſeveral things for his wife's uſe, were fitter for an apothecary's ſhop than a lady's cloſet.

Joll. I advis'd him to ſettle no jointure but her old ſtills, and a box of inſtruments, upon her. She hates a man with all his limbs: a wooden-leg, a crutch, and *fiſtula in ano*, wins her heart. Her gentleman-uſher broke his leg laſt dog-days, merely to have the honour to have her ſet it; a foul rank rogue! and ſo full of ſalt humours, that he pos'd a whole college of old women with a gangrene, which ſpoil'd the jeſt, and his ambling before my lady, by applying a hand-ſaw to his gart'ring-place; and now the rogue wears booted bed-ſtaves, and deſtroys all the young aſhes to make him legs.

Sad. I never ſaw ſuch a naſty affection: ſhe would ha' done well in the incurable, a hand-maid to have waited on the cripples.

Joll.

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Joll. She converſes with naked men, and handles all their members, tho' never ſo ill-affected, and calls the fornication charity. All her diſcourſe to me was flat bawdry, which I could not chide, but ſpoke as flat as ſhe, till ſhe rebuk'd me, calling mine beaſtlineſs, and hers natural philoſophy. By this day, if I were to marry, I would as ſoon have choſen a drawn whore out of mine own hoſpital, and cure the ſins of her youth, as marry a ſhe-chirurgeon; one that, for her ſins in her firſt huſband's days, cures all the crimes of her ſex in my time. I would have him call her Chiron, the Centaur's own daughter, a chirurgeon by ſire and dam, Apollo's own colt; ſhe's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beaſt with the golden mane and flaming tail.

Sad. You had a long diſcourſe with her, Jolly, what was't about?

Joll. I was adviſing her to be divorc'd, and marry the man in the almanack; 'twould be fine paſtime for her to lick him whole.

Sad. By this day, I never ſaw ſuch a mule as her huſband is, to bear with her madneſs. The houſe is a good houſe, and well furniſh'd.

Joll. Yes; but 'tis ſuch a ſight to ſee great French beds full of ſound children, ſons of batchelors, prieſts heirs, Bridewell orphans; there they lie by dozens in a bed, like ſucking rabbits in a diſh, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole dairy of milch whores to ſuckle them.

Sad. She is ſucceſsful, and that ſpoils her, and makes her deaf to counſel: I bade him poiſon two or three, to diſgrace her; for the vanity and pride of their remedies make thoſe women more diligent than their charity.

Jol. I aſk'd him why he married her; and he confeſs'd, if he had been ſound he had never had her.

Conſt. He confeſs'd, ſhe cur'd him of three claps before he married her.

Jol. Yes; and I believe ſome other member (though then ill-affected) pleaded more than his tongue; and the rogue is like to find her buſineſs ſtill, for he flies at all. My God, I owe thee thanks for many things, but 'tis

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not the leaſt I am not her huſband, nor a country-gentleman, whither I believe you cannot eaſily ſeduce me again, unleſs you can perſuade London to ſtand in the country: to Hyde-park, or ſo, I may venture upon your lady-fair days, when the filly-foals of fifteen come kicking in, with their manes and tails tied up in ribbands, to ſee their eyes roul and neigh, when the ſpring makes their blood prick them; ſo far I am with you, by the way of a country-gentleman and a beer-drinker.

Sad. For all this diſlike, mr. Jolly, your greateſt acquaintance lies amongſt country-gentlemen.

Jol. Ay, at London; there your country-gentlemen are good company, where to be ſeen with them is a kind of credit. I come to a mercer's ſhop in your coach, boy, call your maſter; he comes bare, I whiſper him, Do you know the Conſtants and the Sads of Norfolk? yes, yes, he replies, and ſtrokes his beard: they are good men, cry I; yes, yes; no more, cut me off three ſuits of ſattin; he does it, and in the delivery whiſpers, Will theſe be bound? piſh, drive on coachman, ſpeak with me tomorrow.

Conſt. And what then?

Jol. What then! why, come again next day.

Sad. And what if the country-gentleman will not be bound?

Jol. Then he muſt fight.

Sad. I would I had known that before I had ſign'd your bond, I would have ſet my ſword ſooner than my ſeal to it.

Jol. Why, if thou repent, there's no harm done; fight rather than pay it.

Sad. Why, do you think I dare not fight?

Jol. Yes, but I think thou haſt more wit than to fight with me; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will ſign in fear; and if thou ſhould'ſt kill me, any body that knows us would ſwear 'twere very ſtrange, and cry, there's God's juſt judgment now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'ſt his hang-man's place at the rate of thy eſtate.

Conſt.

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Conſt. By this hand he is in the right; and, for mine, I meant to pay when I ſign'd: hang it, never put good fellows to ſay, pr'ythee give me a hundred pounds.

Sadd. 'Tis true, 'tis a good janty way of begging; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuſe it---would there were no more danger in the widow's unkindneſs than in your fighting, I would not miſtruſt my deſign.

Jol. Why ay, there's a point now in nicety of honour, I ſhould kill you for her; for you know I pretended firſt; and it may be if I had writ ſad lines to her, and hid myſelf in my cloak, and haunted her coach, it may be in time ſhe would have fought me: not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble myſelf for a wench, and married widows are but cuſtomary authoriz'd wenches.

Conſt. Being of that opinion, how can'ſt thou think of marrying one?

Jol. Why, faith, I know not; I thought to reſt me, for I was run out of breath with pleaſure, and grew ſo acquainted with ſin, I would have been good, for variety: in theſe thoughts 'twas my fortune to meet with this widow, handſome, and of a clear fame.

Conſt. Did'ſt love her?

Jol. Yes, faith: I had love, but not to the diſeaſe that makes men ſick; and I could have lov'd her ſtill, but that I was angry to have her refuſe me, for a fault I told her of myſelf, ſo I went no more.

Sadd. Did ſhe forbid you but once?

Jol. Faith, I think, I ſlipt a fair opportunity, a handſome wench, and three thouſand pounds *per annum* in certainty, beſides the poſſibility of being ſaved.

Conſt. Which now you think deſperate?

Widow and Pleaſant looking out at a window.

Pleaſ. That is you; croſs or pile, will you have him yet or no?

Wid. Peace! obſerve them.

Jol. Faith, no, I do not deſpair; but I cannot reſolve.

Enter Wild, Careleſs, and the Captain, going in haſte; he comes in at the middle door.

Wid. Who are thoſe?

Care.

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Care. Captain, whither in ſuch haſte? what, defeated? Call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends?

Pleaſ. Your nephew, and his governor, and his friend! Here will be a ſcene! ſit cloſe, and we may know the ſecret of their hearts.

Wid. They have not met yet ſince they return'd: I ſhall love this bay-window.

Capt. Pr'ythee let me go: there's miſchief a boiling; and if thou ſhak'ſt me once more, thou wilt jumble a lie together I have been hammering this hour.

Care. A pox upon you, a ſtudying lies!

Capt. Why, then they are no lies, but ſomething in the praiſe of an old lady's beauty; what do you call that?

Jol. Who are thoſe?

[*They ſpy each other.*

Sad. Is't not the captain and my friend?

[*Jolly ſalutes them; then he goes to the captain to embrace him; the captain ſtands in a French poſture, and ſlides from his old way of embracing.*

Jol. Ned Wild! Tom Careleſs! what ail'ſt thou? do'ſt thou ſcorn my embraces?

Capt. I ſee you have never been abroad, elſe you would know how to put a value upon thoſe, whoſe careful obſervation brought home the moſt exquiſite garb and courtſhip that Paris could ſell us.

Jol. A pox on this fooling, and leave off ceremony.

Capt. Why then agreed, off with our maſks, and let's embrace like the old knot. [*They embrace.*

Jol. Faith, ſay where have you ſpent theſe three years time, in our neighbour France? or have you ventur'd o'er the Alps, to ſee the ſeat of the Cæſars?

Sad. And can tell us (ignorant, doom'd to walk upon our own land) how large a ſeat the goddeſs fix'd her flying Trojans in.

Conſt. Yes, yes, and have ſeen, and drank (perhaps) of Tyber's famous ſtream.

Jol. And have been where Æneas buried his trumpeter

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peter and his nurſe. Tom looks as if he had ſuck'd the one, and had a battle ſounded by the other, for joy to ſee our nation, ambitious not to be underſtood or known when they come home.

Capt. So, now I'm welcome home; this is freedom, and theſe are friends, and with theſe I can be merry; for, gentlemen, you muſt give me leave to be free too.

Jol. So you will ſpare us miſerable men, condemn'd to London, and the company of a Michaelmas-term, and never travel'd thoſe countries that ſet mountains on fire a purpoſe to light us to our lodging.

Wild. Why this is better than to ſtay at home, and lie by hear-ſay, wearing out yourſelves and fortunes like your clothes, to ſee her that hates you for being ſo fine; then appearing at a play, dreſs'd like ſome part of it, while the company admire the mercer's and the taylor's work, and ſwear they have done their parts to make you fine gentlemen.

Care. Then leap out of your coach, and throw your cloak over your ſhoulder; the caſting-nets to catch a widow; while we have ſeen the world, and learn'd her cuſtoms.

Capt. Yes, ſir, and return'd perfect monſieurs.

Sad. Yes, even to their diſeaſes: I confeſs my ignorance, I cannot amble, nor ride like St. George at Waltham.

Jol. Yet, upon my conſcience, he may be as welcome with a trot as the other with his pace; and faith, Jack, (to be a little free) tell me, do'ſt thou not think thou hadſt been as well to paſs here, with that Engliſh noſe thou carry'dſt hence, as with the French tongue thou haſt brought home?

[*The captain has a patch over his noſe.*

Capt. It is an accident, and to a ſoldier 'tis but a ſcar: 'tis true, ſuch a ſign upon mr. Jolly's face had been as ill as a *red croſs*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, at his lodging door, to have kept women out of court.

Jol. For aught you know of the court.

Capt. I know the court, and thee, and thy uſe, and how

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how you ſerve but as the handſomeſt moveables; a kind of implement above ſtairs, and look much like one of the old court-ſervants in the hangings.

Wild. But that they move, and look freſher, and your apparel more modern.

Care. Yet, faith, their office is the ſame, to adorn the room, and be gaz'd on. Alas, he's ſad! courage, man, theſe riding-clothes will ſerve thee at the latter day.

Capt. Which is one of their grievances; for nothing troubles them more than to think they muſt appear in a foul winding-ſheet, and come undreſs'd.

Jol. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the court; we know a traveller too, eſpecially when he is thus chang'd and exchang'd, as your worſhips, both in purſe and perſon, and have brought home foreign viſages and inſcriptions.

Conſt. Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it ſaid, there go thoſe that have profitably obſerv'd the vices of other countries, and made them their own; and the faults of ſeveral nations, at their return, are their parts.

Jol. Why there's Jack Careleſs, he carried out as good ſtaple-manners as any was in Suffolk, and now he is return'd with a ſhrug, and a trick to ſtand crooked, like a ſcurvy bow unbent; and looks as if he would maintain oil and ſallads againſt a chine of beef. I knew a great beaſt of this kind, it haunted the court much, and would ſcarcely allow us fully reduc'd to civility, for ſerving up mutton in whole joints.

Conſt. What, ſilent?

Sad. Faith, the captain is in a ſtudy.

Jol. Do, do, conn the rivers and towns perfectly, captain; thou may'ſt become intelligencer to the people, and lie thy two ſheets a week in Corranto's too.

Conſt. And could you not make friends at court to get their pictures cut ugly, in the corner of a map, like the old navigators?

Jol. We'll ſee, we'll ſee.

Enter Widow and Pleaſant above.

Wid. I'll interrupt them:—Servant, you're welcome to

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to town. How now, nephew? what, dumb? where are all our travel'd tongues?

Jol. Servant! who doth ſhe mean? by this hand, I diſclaim the title.

Plea. Captain, Secret has taken notes, and deſires you would inſtruct her in what concerns a waiting-woman, and an old lady.

Capt. Very good! yet this ſhall not ſave your dinner.

Wid. Nay, while you are in this humour I'll not ſell your companies; and tho' mr. Jolly be incens'd, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

Jol. Faith, lady, you miſtake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at bed.

[*Exit Jolly.*

Wild. No more, aunt, we'll come; and if you will give us good meat, we'll bring good humours and good ſtomachs.

[*Widow ſhuts the curtain.*

Care. By this day I'll not dine there: they take a pleaſure to raiſe a ſpirit that they will not lay. I'll to Banks's.

Capt. A pox forbid it! you ſhall not break company, now you know what we are to do after dinner.

Care. I will conſent, upon condition you forbid the ſpiritual nonſenſe the age calls Platonick love.

Capt. I muſt away too; but I'll be there at dinner—You will join in a plot after dinner?

Wild. Any thing, good, bad, or indifferent, for a friend and mirth. [*Exeunt all but the captain.*

Capt. I muſt go, and prevent the rogue's miſchief with the old lady. [*Exit captain.*

Act.

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Act. II. Scen. 1.

Enter Jolly and the old lady Loveall.

Love. AWAY, unworthy, falſe, ingrateful! with what brow dar'ſt thou come again into my ſight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how falſe to love?

Jol. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deſerve not thoſe truths of love I have paid here; elſe you would not believe every report that envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have ſo often try'd and found faithful.

Love. Yes, till I, too credulous, had pity on your tears; till I had mercy, you durſt not be falſe.

Jol. Nor am not yet.

Love. What do'ſt thou call falſe? is there a treachery beyond what thou haſt done? When I had given my fame, my fortune, myſelf, and my huſband's honour, all in one obligation, a ſacrifice to that paſſion which thou ſeem'ſt to labour with deſpair of, to tell and brag of a conqueſt o'er a woman, fool'd by her paſſion, and loſt in her love to thee, unworthy!——

[*She turns away her head.*

Jol. By this day 'tis as falſe as he that ſaid it: hang him, ſon of a batchelor! a ſlave! that envying my fortune, in ſuch a happineſs as your love and chaſte embraces, took this way to ruin it. Come, dry your eyes, and let the guilty weep: if I were guilty, I durſt as ſoon approach a conſtable drunk, as come here: you know I am your ſlave.

Love. You ſwore ſo, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miſeries.

Jol. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

Love. Nay, never weep, nor ſit ſadly; I am friends, ſo you will only talk and diſcourſe; for 'tis your company I only covet.

Jol.

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Jol. No, you cannot forgive, becauſe you have injur'd me: 'tis right woman's juſtice, accuſe firſt; and harder to reconcile when they are guilty than when they are innocent, or elſe you would not turn from me thus.

Love. You know your youth hath a ſtrong power over me: turn thoſe bewitching eyes away; I cannot ſee them with ſafety of mine honour.

Jol. Come, you ſhall not hide your face; there's a charm in it againſt thoſe that come burnt with unchaſte fires; for let but your eyes or noſe drop upon his heart, it would burn it up, or quench it ſtrait.

Love. No cogging, you have injur'd me; and now, tho' my love plead, I muſt be deaf; my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy, when you find I am ſo eaſy to forgive——Why, you will not be uncivil.

[*Jolly kiſſes her, and ſhe ſhoves him away with her mouth.*

Jol. So, the ſtorm is laid! I muſt have thoſe pearls—She ſhov'd me away with her mouth! I'll to her again.

Love. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

[*Still as he offers to touch her, ſhe ſtarts as if he pluck'd up her coats.*

Jol. Uncivil! by thy chaſte ſelf I cannot, chick: thou haſt ſuch a terror, ſuch a guard in thoſe eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon ſo much fire: pr'ythee, firrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Love. You preſume upon the weakneſs of our ſex: What ſhall I ſay or do, tyrant love?

Jol. There's a charm in thoſe pearls! pull them off; if they have a froſt in them, let me wear them, and then we are both ſafe.

Love. I would you had taken them ſooner! I had then been innocent, and might with whiteneſs have worn my love, which I ſhall ne'er out-live.

Jol.

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Jol. Dear, do not too faſt pour in my joys, leſt I too ſoon reach my heaven.

Love. Be gone, then, leſt we prove (having gain'd that height) this ſad truth in love, *the firſt minute after noon is night.*

Jol. Part now? the gods forbid! take from me firſt this load of joys you have thrown upon me, for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than ſadneſs. I was not born till now; this my firſt night in which I reap true bliſs.

Love. No, no, I would it had been your firſt night, then your falſhood had not given argument for theſe tears; and I hate myſelf to think I ſhould be ſuch a fooliſh fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Jol. Come, divert theſe thoughts: I'll go ſee your cloſet.

Love. No, no, I ſwear you ſhall not.

Jol. You know I am going out of town for two days.

Love. When you return I'll ſhew it you; you will forget me elſe when you are gone, and at court.

Jol. Can your love endure delays? or ſhall buſineſs thee from hence remove? theſe were your own arguments. Come, you ſhall ſhew it me.

Love. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find. Ye gods, are all men falſe?

Jol. As I live you ſhall ſtay: come, you ought to make me amends for ſland'ring of me. Hang me if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damn'dſt rogue in a country. Come, I ſay——

[*He pulls her bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black bobbin.*

Love. Ah! as I live, I will not, I have ſworn. Do not pull me, I will not be damn'd, I have ſworn——

[*He pulls her, and ſays this.*

Jol. As I live, I'll break your bodkin then, a weeping tyrant! Come, by this good day, you ſhall be merciful.

Love. Why, you will not be uncivil; you will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

Jol.

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Jol. Nay, an' you be wilful, I can be ſtubborn too.
[*He pulls ſtill.*

Love. Hang me, I'll call aloud; why, Nan! nay, you may force me; but, as I live, I'll do nothing.
[*Exeunt ambo.*

Act. II. Scen. 2.

Enter Captain.

Capt. A POX upon you, are you earth'd? the rogue has got her necklace of pearl; but I hope he will leave the rope to hang me in. How the pox came they ſo great? I muſt have ſome trick to break his neck, elſe the young rogue will work me out. 'Tis an excellent old lady, but I dare not call her ſo; yet would ſhe were young enough to bear, we might do ſome good for our heirs, by leaving ſuch a charitable brood behind; ſhe's a woman after the firſt kind; 'tis but going in to her, and you may know her; then ſhe'll oblige ſo readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive, takes it ſo kindly to be courted.—I am now to oblige her (as ſhe calls it) by profeſſing young Wild's love, and deſiring an aſſurance; ſhe's ſenſible of his ſufferings, which tho' it be falſe, and beyond my commiſſion, yet the hopes of ſuch a new young thing that has the vogue of the town, for handſomeſt, 'twill ſo tickle her age, and ſo blow up her vanity, to have it ſaid, he is in love with her, and ſo endear her to me for being the means, that the parſon's malice will be able to take no root——ſhe comes, I muſt not be ſeen.——

Enter Loveall and Jolly.

Love. Give me that letter, I'll ſwear you ſhall not read it.

Joll. Take it, I'll away, what time ſhall I call you in the evening? there's a play at court to-night.

Love. I would willingly be there, but your ladies are ſo cenſorious, and malicious to us young ladies in the town,

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town, eſpecially to me, becauſe the wits are pleas'd to afford me a viſit, or ſo; I could be content elſe to be ſeen at court. Pray what humour is the queen of? the captain of her guard I know.

Joll. The queen? who's that knocks at the back-door.—— [*The Captain knocks.*

Lesue. Smooth my hand, I know not; go down that way, and look you be not falſe; if you ſhould be falſe, I'll ſwear I ſhould ſpoil myſelf with weeping.

Joll. Farewell, in the evening I'll call you.

[*Exit Jolly.*

Love. Who's there? captain? where have you been all this while? I might ſit alone, I ſee, for you, if I could not find converſation in books.

[*She takes a book in her hand and ſits down.*

Capt. Faith, madam, friends newly come to town engag'd me, and my ſtay was civility rather than deſire: what book's that?

Love. I'll ſwear he was a witch that writ it; for he ſpeaks my thoughts as if he had been within me; the original, they ſay, was French.

Capt. Oh, I know it, 'tis the Accompliſh'd Woman, yourſelf, he means by this, while you are yourſelf.

Love. Indeed, I confeſs, I am a great friend to converſation, if we could have it without ſuſpicion; but the world's ſo apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to ſalute a man.

Capt. Innocence, madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be ſhook with whiſpers.

Love. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome; pray, what news is there now in town? for I am reclus'd here; unleſs it be yours, I receive no viſits; and I'll ſwear, I charg'd the wench to-day not to let you in; I wonder ſhe let you come.

Capt. Faith, madam, if it had been my own buſineſs, I ſhould not have ventur'd ſo boldly; but the neceſſity that forces me to come concerns my friend, againſt whom if your mercy be now bounded with thoſe ſtrict ties of honour, and cold thoughts which I have ever found guard your heart, my friend, a young and handſome

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ſome man, is loſt, is loſt in his prime, and falls like early bloſſoms. But methinks you ſhould not prove the envious froſt to deſtroy this young man, this delicate youg man, that has whole bundles of boys in his breeches; yet if you be cruel, he and they die, as uſeleſs as open-arſes gather'd green.

[*She muſt be earneſt in her looks all the time he ſpeaks, deſirous to know who he ſpeaks of.*

Love. Good captain, out with the particular; what way can my charity aſſiſt him? you know by experience I cannot be cruel; remember how I fetch'd you out of a ſwoon, and laid you in my own bed.

Capt. That act preſerv'd a life, that has always been labour'd in your ſervice; and I dare ſay, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

Love. But I hope, he will not be ſo uncivil as you were; I'll ſwear, I could have hang'd you for that rape, if I would have follow'd the law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do ſo again. But what's this young man you ſpeak of?

Capt. Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your content, elſe I'd have poiſon'd him e'er I'd have brought him to your houſe.

Love, Why, I pray?

Capt. Becauſe he's young, handſome, and of ſound parts; that I am ſure will ruin me here.

Love. His love may make all theſe beauties; elſe I have an honour will defend me againſt him, were he as handſome as young Wild.

Capt. Why ay, there it is; that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealouſies with a deſpair; for that's the man whoſe love, life and fortune, lies at your feet; and if you were ſingle, by lawful ways he would hope to reach what now he deſpairs of.

Love. Let him not deſpair, love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will aſſiſt him; and if his love be noble, I can meet it; for there's none that ſacrifices more to friendſhip-love than I.

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Capt. My friend's intereſt makes me rejoice at this. Dare you truſt me to ſay this to him, tho' it be not uſual? pray ſpeak; nay, you are ſo long ſtill a reſolving to be kind: remember, charity is as great a virtue as chaſtity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead; for the one may make many maids, the other can but preſerve one: but I know you will be perſuaded, let it be my importunity that prevail'd; ſhall I bring him hither one evening?

Love. Why do you plead thus? pray be ſilent, and when you ſee him, tell him he has a ſeat here, and I—

[*She turns away.*

Capt. Out with it, what is't? ſhall he call you miſtreſs? and his platonick?

Love. Away, away; me?

Capt. No niceneſs, is't a match?

Love. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him ſo) he ſhall find me one of the humbleſt miſtreſſes that ever he was pleaſed to honour with his affections.

Capt. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confeſs, I am ſuch a friend to friendſhip-love too, that I would even bring him on my back to a midnight's meeting.

Love. If you will ſtay here, I'll go in and write it.—

[*She's going out, he calls her.*

Capt. Madam, I forgot to aſk your ladyſhip one queſtion.

Love. What was't?

Capt. There happen'd a buſineſs laſt night betwixt mr. Wild, and one Jolly, a courtier, that brags extreamly of your favour; I ſwear, if it had not been for friends that interpoſed themſelves, there had been miſchief, for mr. Wild was extream zealous in your cauſe.

Love. Such a raſcal I know; villain, to bring my name upon the ſtage, for a ſubject of his quarrels—I'll have him cudgel'd.

Capt. And I'll anſwer he deſerv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a bet of a buck-hunting-nag, that ſometime to-day he would bring a necklace and chain of pearl of yours

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yours (not ſtol'n, but freely given) to witneſs his power.

Love. Did the vain raſcal promiſe that?

Capt. Yes, but we laugh at it.

Love. So you might; and as I live, if the necklace were come from ſtringing, I'd ſend them both to mr. Wild, to wear as a favour, to aſſure him I am his, and to put the vain ſlave out of countenance.

Capt. Ay marry, ſuch a timely favour were worth a dozen letters, to aſſure him of your love, and remove all the doubts the other's diſcourſe may put into his head; and faith I'd ſend him the chain now, and in my letter promiſe him the necklace, he'll deſerve ſuch a favour.

Love. I'll go in and fetch it immediately: will you favour me to deliver it?

Capt. I'll wait upon your ladyſhip.

Love. I'll ſwear you ſhall not go in, you know I forſwore being alone with you.

[*She goes and he follows her, ſhe turns and bids him ſtay.*

Capt. Hang me, I'll go in; does my meſſage deſerve to wait an anſwer at the door?

Love. Ay, but you'll be naught.

Capt. O, ne'er truſt me if I break.

Love. If you break, ſome ſuch forfeit you'll loſe; well, come in for once.

Capt. You are ſo ſuſpicious.

Love. I'll ſwear I have reaſon for't, you are ſuch another man. [*Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Enter Wanton and Bawd.

Want. IS he gone?

Bawd. Yes, he's gone to the old lady's, high with miſchief.

Want. Fare him well, eaſy fool, how the trout ſtroye to be tickl'd! and how does this ring become me? ha! they are fine kind of things, theſe wedding rings.

[*She plays with a wedding ring upon her finger.*

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Bawd. Besides the good custom of putting so much gold in 'em, they bring such conveniences along.

Want. Why ay, now I have but one to please; and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that wife's a fool that cannot make her husband one.

Bawd. Nay, I am absolutely of opinion, it was fit for you to marry; but whether he be a good husband or no.

Want. A pox of a good husband, give me a wife one; they only make the secure cuckolds, the cuckold in grain: for die a husband that has wit but with an opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out; now your fool changes with every drop, doats with confidence in the morning, and at night jealous even to murder, and his love (lord help us) fades like my gredaline petticoat.

Bawd. This is a new doctrine.

Want. 'Tis a truth, wench, I have gain'd from my own observations, and the paradox will be maintain'd. Take wise men for cuckolds, and fools to make them; for your wise man draws eyes and suspicion with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the husband, that his wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both, laughs with the one, and lies with the other, and all without suspicion. I tell thee, a fool that has money is the man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct parreal of wit bound by itself, and to be sold at Wit-hall, or at the sign of the king's-head in the butchery; these wise things will make twenty jealous, e'er one man a cuckold; when the family of fools will head a parish e'er they are suspected.

Bawd. Well, I see one may live and learn; and if he be but as good at it now you are his own, as he was when he was your friend's friend, (as they call it) you have got one of the best hiders of such a business in the town; lord, how he would fitter you at a play!

Want. Faith, 'tis as he is used at first; if he get the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the devil; but if thou be'st true, we'll make him amble e'er we have done. The plot

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plot, is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the proverb, *The parson gets the children*, to, *The parson fathers them*.

Bawd. Any thing that may get rule; I love to wear the breeches.

Want. So do we all, wench. Empire! 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting Roger in a cage but I'll tame him; he loves already, which is an excellent ring in a fool's nose, and thou shalt hear him sing——

Happy only is that family, that shews
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

Bawd. Do this, I'll serve you for nothing; the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

Want. In revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing,

Happy is that family that shews
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.

Exeunt.

Act. II. Scen. 4.

Enter Parson, Love-all, and Faithfull.

Love. GO, you are a naughty man; do you come hither to rail against an honest gentleman? I have heard how you fell out, you may be asham'd on't, a man of your coat.

Pars. What? to speak truth and perform my duty? the world cries out you are a scab'd sheep, and I come to tar you, that is, give you notice how your fame suffers i'th' opinion of the world.

Love. My fame, sirrah? 'tis purer than thy doctrine: get thee out of my house.

Faith. You uncivil fellow, do you come hither to tell my lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

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Love. My own Levite? I hope he's better bred than to tell me of my faults.

Faith. He finds work enough to correct his dearly belov'd ſinners.

Parſ. And the right worſhipful my lady, and yourſelf, they mend at leiſure.

Love. You are a ſaucy fellow, ſirrah, to call me ſinner in my own houſe; get you gone with—your madam, I hear, and (madam) I could adviſe, but I am loath to ſpeak; take heed, the world talks; and thus with dark ſentences put my innocence into a fright, with you know what you know.

Faith. Good miſtreſs, ſo do I, and the world ſhall know too thou haſt married a whore.

Parſ. Madam, a whore?

Faith. No, ſir, 'tis not ſo well as a madam-whore, 'tis a poor whore, a captain's caſt whore.

Love. Now bleſs me, marry a whore? I wonder any man can endure thoſe things; what kind of creatures are they?

Parſ. They're like ladies, but that they are handſomer; and tho' you take a privilege to injure me, yet I would adviſe your woman to tie up her tongue, and not abuſe my wife.

Love. Fie, art thou not aſham'd to call a whore wife? Lord bleſs us, what will not theſe men do when God leaves them! but for a man of your coat to caſt himſelf away upon a whore—come wench, let's go and leave him! I'll ſwear 'tis ſtrange, the ſtate doth not provide to have all whores hang'd or drown'd.

Faith. Ay, and 'tis time they look into it, for they begin to ſpread ſo, that a man can ſcarce find an honeſt woman in a country; they ſay, they're voted down now, 'twas mov'd by that charitable member that got an order to have it but five miles to Croyden, for eaſe of the market-women.

Love. Ay, ay, 'tis a bleſſed parliament.

[*Exit Love-all and Faithful.*

Parſ. That I have play'd the fool is viſible; this comes of raſhneſs; ſomething I muſt do to ſet this right,

or

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or elſe ſhe'll hate, and he'll laugh at me. I muſt not loſe him, and my revenge too; ſomething that's miſchief I am reſolv'd to do. [*Exit Parſ.*

Act. II. Scen. 5.

Enter Wild and Careleſs.

Wild. NOW is the Parſon's wife ſo contemptible?

Care. No, but I'm ſo full of that reſolution to diſlike the ſex, that I will allow none honeſt, none handſome. I tell thee, we muſt beat down the price with our ſelves, court none of them, but let their maidenheads and their faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity, then they'll haunt us to find proper chapmen to deal for their ware.

Wild. I like this, but 'twill be long a doing, and it may be e'er they be forc'd to ſell, our bank will be exhauſted, and we ſhall not be able to purchaſe.

Care. Ay, but we'll keep a credit, and at three ſix months, thou and the captain ſhall be my factors.

Wild. You had beſt have a partner, elſe ſuch an undertaking would break a better back than yours.

Care. No partners in ſuch commodities; your factor that takes up maidenheads, 'tis upon his own account ſtill.

Wild. But what courſe will you take to purchaſe this trade with women?

Care. I am reſolv'd to put on their own ſilence and modeſty, anſwer forſooth, ſwear nothing but god's nigs, and hold argaments for their own cold tenets, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line; then ſigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd ſtudies betray the enemy, who ſeeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am loſt in admiration, calls and ſhakes me e'er I wake out of my deſign, and being collected, anſwer out of purpoſe. Love, divineſt? yes, who is it that is

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mortal and does not? or which amongst all the senate of the gods, can gaze upon those eyes, and carry thence the power he brought? this will stay her.

Wild. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

Care. Why that's my design; for then I start too, and rub my eyes as if I wak'd, then sigh and strangle a yawn, till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise as if o'ercome with grief; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith and love, brib'd for my design. This takes; for who would suspect such a devil as craft and youth to live together?

Wild. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

Care. All kind of women, those that think themselves handsome; it being probable, concludes it real; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

Wild. And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their love breaks out into paper, and what then?

Care. What then? why then I'll laugh, and shew thee their letters, and teach the world how easy 'tis to win any woman.

Wild. This is the way; and be sure to dislike all but her you design for, be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

Care. That's my meaning, but to her that I mean my prey, all her slave; she shall be my deity, and her opinion my religion.

Wild. And while you said it once to one, I'll talk freer than a privileg'd fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love; call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and lovers like fools run after them, crying, rub, and fly, for me; I believe none fair, none handsome, none honest, but the kind.

Care. We must make the captain of our plot, lest he betray us; this will gain us some revenge upon the lovers to whom I grudge the wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them; and we may

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may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier or more miserable.

Enter Jolly.

Wild. Jolly! Will, where hast thou been? we had such sport with the parson of our town, he's marry'd this morning to Wanton.

Jolly. Who? the captain's wench? he's in a good humour then; as you love mirth let's find him, I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage while he disputes which is the greater. Your opinion, gentlemen, is this, or his wench, the greater loss?

Care. What hast thou there? pearl! they're false I hope. [*Here he pulls out the pearl.*

Jolly. Why do you hope so?

Care. Because I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for stealing.

Jolly. I will not swear they are honestly come by; but I'll be sworn, there's neither force nor theft in't.

Wild. Prythee, speak out of riddles, here's none but your friends.

Jolly. Faith take it; you have heard the captain brag of an old lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a box; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in or so: from her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty this morning, with three good words, and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

Care. The mirth yet we will all share; I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit that he presumes so much on.

Wild. Let's go, let's go, I will desire him to let me see his wench; I will not understand him if he says she's gone.

Care. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old lady.

Jolly. Hark, I hear his voice.——

Capt. Which way?

Care. The game plays itself; begin with him, Ned, while we talk as if we were busy; we'll take our cue.

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Wild. When I put off my hat.

Enter Captain.

Capt. 'Sblood, I thought you had been sunk; I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha' left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like Tom Fool: 'tis well you are at London, where you know the way home.

Wild. Why in choler? we have been all this while searching you; come, this is put on to divert me from claiming your promise, I must see the wench.

Capt. You cannot adad, adad you cannot.

Wild. I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

Care. What's that?

Wild. Nothing, a toy, he refuses to shew me his wench.

Care. The devil he do's; what have we been thus long comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common wenches particular? I say, thou shalt see her, and lie with her too, if thou wilt.

Jolly. What? in thy dumps, brother? call to thy aid thy two-edg'd wit. The captain sad! 'tis prophetick, I'd as live have dreamt of pearl, or the loss of my teeth; yet if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, Ned, I'll help thee to a bout; I know his cloak, his long cloak that hides her; I am acquainted with the parson, he shall befriend thee.

Capt. 'Tis very well, gentlemen; but none of you have seen her yet.

Wild. Yes, but we have, by thyself, by thy anger, which is now bigger than thou; by chance we cross'd her coming from church, leading in her hand the parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

Jolly. And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

Capt. Come, bear it like a man, there are more wenches: what has thou 'spy'd?—

[*He gives no answer, but peeps under Jolly's hat.*

Wild.

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Wild. His pearl, I believe.

Capt. Gentlemen, I ſee you are merry, I'll leave you; I muſt go a little way to enquire about a buſineſs.

Wild. H'as got a ſore eye, I think.

Capt. I will only aſk one queſtion, and return.

Care. No faith, ſtay, and be ſatisfied.

Jolly. Do, good brother; for I believe there is no queſtion that you now would aſk, but here's an oracle can reſolve you.

Capt. Are thoſe pearl true?

Jolly. Yes.

Capt. And did not you ſteal them?

Jolly. No.

Care. Nor he did not buy them with ready money; but took them upon mortgage of himſelf to an old lady.

Jolly. Dwelling at the ſign of the Buck in Broad-ſtreet. Are you ſatisfy'd, or muſt I play the oracle ſtill?

Capt. No, no, I am ſatisfy'd.

Jolly. Like jealous men, that take their wives at it, are you not?

Capt. Well, very well, 'tis viſible I am abus'd on all hands; but gentlemen, why all againſt me?

Care. To let you ſee your wit's mortal, and not proof againſt all.

Wild. The parſon hath ſhot it thro' with a jeſt.

Capt. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

Jolly. Faith, none, only a general joy to find the captain over-reach'd.

Capt. But do you go ſharers in the profit, as well as in the jeſt?

Jolly. No faith, the toy's mine own.

Capt. They are very fine, and you may afford a good pennyworth. Will you ſell them?

Jolly. Sell them? ay, where's a chapman?

Capt. Here, I'll purchaſe them.

Jolly. Thou? no, no, I have barr'd thee, by and main, for I am reſolv'd not to fight for them, that ex-

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cludes thy purchaſe by the ſword; and thy wench has prov'd ſuch a loſs, in thy laſt adventure of wit, that I'm afraid it will ſpoil thy credit that way too.

Capt. Gentlemen, as a friend, let me have the refuſal, ſet your price.

Wild. He's ſerious.

Care. Leave fooling.

Joll. Why if thou could'ſt buy them, what would'ſt thou do with them?

Capt. They're very fair ones, let me ſee them, methinks they ſhould match very well with theſe.

Jolly. Theſe, which?

Omnes. Which?

Care. They are true.

Capt. Yes, but not earn'd with a pair of ſtol'n verſes, of, I was not born till now, this my firſt night, and ſo forſooth; nor given as a charm againſt luſt.

Care. What means all this?

Jolly. What? why 'tis truth, and it means to ſhame the devil: by this good day, he repeats the ſame words with which I gather'd theſe pearls.

Wild. Why then we have two to laugh at.

Care. And all friends hereafter, let's fool altogether.

Capt. Gentlemen with the fine wits, and my very good friends, do you, or you, or he think I'll keep you company to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

Care. Come, come, the captain's in the right.

Capt. Yes, yes, the captain knows it, and dares tell you, your wit, your fortune, and his face, are but my plows; and I would have my fine monſieur know, who, in ſpight of my counſel, will be finer than his miſtreſs, and appears before her ſo curiouſly built, ſhe dares not play with him for fear of ſpoiling him; and to let him know the truth I ſpeak, to his fair hands I preſent this letter, but withal give him to underſtand, the contents belong to me. [*He reads the letter.*

Wild. The pearl are ſent to me.

Capt. I deny that, unleſs you prove you ſent me; for the letter begins, Sir, this noble gentleman, the bearer, whom

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whom you are pleaſed to make the meſſenger of your love, and ſo forth. And now your ſhould do well to enquire for that noble gentleman, and take an account of him how he has laid out your love, and it may be he'll return you pearl for it: and now, gentlemen, I dare propoſe a peace, at leaſt a ceſſation of wit (but what is defenſive) till ſuch time as the plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your ſhares.

Wild. So ſhe knows I have not the pearl, I am content.

Capt. She'll quickly find that, when ſhe ſees you come not to-night according to my appointment, and hears I have ſold the pearl.

Jolly. Here then ceaſeth our offenſive war.

Capt. I'll give you counſel worth two ropes of pearl.

Care. But the wench, how came the parſon to get her?

Capt. Faith, 'tis hard to ſay which labour'd moſt, he, or I, to make that match, but the knave did well; there it is (if you aſſiſt) I mean to lay the ſcene of your mirth to-night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the rogue; for that I know him miſerable is nothing, till he believe ſo too; Wanton and I have laid the plot.

Jolly. Do you hold correſpondence?

Capt. Correſpondence? I tell thee the plots we laid to draw him on would make a comedy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the ladies ſtay dinner.

Jolly. And as we go I'll tell you all the ſtory, and after dinner be free from all engagements, as we promiſed thee; and follow but your directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty wench.

Omnes. Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

Jolly. Not a word at the widow's, let them go on quietly, and ſteal their wedding too.

Capt. I heard a bird ſing, as if it were concluded amongſt the couples.

Wild. They have been long about it; my cuz is a girl deſerves more haſte to her bed, he has arriv'd there by carriers journies. *Care.*

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Car. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your aunt ſo well and her humour, ſhe ſhould ſcarce be thrown away upon pale-face, that has ſigh'd her into a wedding-ring, and will but double her jointure.

Capt. Why ay, thus it ſhould be: pray let us make them the ſeat of the war all dinner, and continue united and true among ourſelves, then we may defie all foreign danger.

Jolly. And with full bowls let us crown this peace, and ſing, *wit without war, no mirth doth bring.*

[*Exeunt.*

Act. II. Scen. 6.

Enter Parſon and Wanton.

Want. WAS ſhe deaf to your report?

Parſ. Yes, yes.

[*The Parſon walks troubled up and down.*

Want. And ugly, her Abigail, ſhe had her ſay too?

Parſ. Yes, yes.

Want. And do you walk here biting your nails? do you think I'll be ſatisfy'd with ſuch a way of righting me?

Parſ. What would'ſt have me do?

Want. Have you no gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull captain, that a ſtrict muſter would turn fool? you had wit, and could rail, when I offended you; and none ſo ſuddain, none ſo terrible, none ſo ſure in his revenge, when I diſpleaſe you.

Parſ. Something I'll do.

Want. Do it then, or I ſhall curſe that e'er I ſaw you. Death, let the ſign of my lady, an out of faſhion whore, that has pay'd for ſin, ever ſince yellow ſtarch and wheel fardingales were cry'd down, let her abuſe me, and ſay nothing? if this paſſes——

Parſ.

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Parſ. As Chriſt bleſs me, but I did (ſweet heart:) and if it were not church Tivings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your coat, ſhe ſhould find I am no church-man within, nor mr. Parſon, but in my coat. Come to dinner, and after dinner I'll do ſomething.

Want. I ſhall do ſomething will vex ſomebody.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Will you pleaſe to come to dinner? the company ſtays.

Parſ. Come, let's go in.

Want. No, I muſt walk a little to diſgeſt this breakfaſt, the gueſts elſe will wonder to ſee I am troubled.

Parſ. Come, let this day paſs in mirth, ſpight of miſchief, for luck's ſake. [*Exit Parſon.*

Want. I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

Bawd. Why, he ſtands already.

Want. Peace, let me alone, I'll make him joſtle like the miller's mare, and ſtand like the dun cow, till thou may'ſt milk him.

Bawd. Pray break him of his miſerableneſs, it is one of the chief exceptions I have againſt him. He reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own dagger ſlew it, and made me dreſs it: bleſt myſelf to ſee him eat it, and he bid me beg the litter, and ſwore it was ſweeter and wholſomer than ſucking rabbets, or London pigs, which he call'd Belmen's iſſue.

[*Parſon calls within. Why ſweet heart.*

Want. Heark, he calls me, we muſt humour him a little, he'll rebel elſe.

Act. II.

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Act. II. Scen. 7.

Enter (at the windows) the Widow and master Careless, mistress Pleasant and master Wild, Captain, master Sad, Constant, Jolly, Secret: a table and knives ready for oysters.

Wid. YOu're welcome all, but especially master Jolly; no reply, with I thank your ladyship.

Pleas. I beseech you, sir, let us never be better acquainted. [*She speaks to mr. Jolly.*

Jolly. I shall endeavour, lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to disoblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill opinion than I.

Pleas. I rejoice at it, for the less love, the better welcome still.

Wid. And as ever you had an ounce of love for the widow, be not friends among yourselves.

Wild. Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a politick state against the common enemy.

Pleas. The common enemy, what is that?

Wild. Women, and lovers in general.

Wid. Nay, then we have a party, niece; claim quickly, now is the time, according to the proverb; keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't, throw't away.

Pleas. Agreed, let's challenge our servants; by the love they have profess'd, they cannot in honour refuse to join with us; and see where they come.——

Enter Sad and Constant, and meet Secret; she whispers this to Sad.

Secret. Sir, 'tis done.

Sad. Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

Const.

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Conſt. Sweet miſtreſs Pleaſant.

Wid. Servant Sad.

Sad. Madam.

Wid. We are threatened to have a war wag'd againſt us, will you not ſecond us?

Sad. With theſe youths we'll do enough, madam.

Wid. I'll ſwear my ſervant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a maſter in the noble ſcience of wit.

Pleaſ. Mine laid about him with ſpik and ſpan new arguments, not like the ſame man, his old ſayings and preſidents laid by.

Wid. Thus arm'd, then, we'll ſtand and defie them.

Wild. Where's your points? ſure, aunt, this ſhould be your wedding-day, for you have taken the man for better for worſe.

Wid. No, nephew, this will not prove the day that we ſhall either give or take a ring.

Carel. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your honour.

Wild. Or in juſtice refuſe him liberty, that has ſerv'd out his time; either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your ſervice.

Wid. Why ſervant Sad, you'll arm? my nephew has thrown the firſt dart at you.

Cap. Haſt hit, haſt hit?

Wild. No, captain, 'twas too wide.

Capt. Too wide? marry he's an ill marks-man that ſhoots wider than a widow.

Jolly. We are both in one hole, captain; but I was loth to venture my opinion, leſt her ladyſhip ſhould think I was angry; for I have a good mind to fall upon the widow.

Pleaſ. You're a conſtant man, maſter Jolly; you have been in that mind this twelvemonths day.

Conſt. You are in the right, madam; ſhe has it to ſhew under his hand, but ſhe will not come in the liſt with him again; ſhe threw him the laſt year.

Wid.

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Wid. Come, ſhall we eat oyſters? who's there? call for ſome wine, maſter Jolly; you are not warm yet, pray be free, you are at home.

Jolly. Your ladyſhip is merry.

Wid. You do not take it ill, to have me aſſure you, you are at home here?

Wild. Such another invitation (though in jeſt) will take away maſter Sad's ſtomach.

[*Oyſters not brought in yet.*

Sad. No, faith, Ned, though ſhe ſhould take him, it will not take away my ſtomach; my love is ſo fix'd, I may wiſh my wiſhes, but ſhe ſhall never want them to wait upon hers.

Pleaſ. A traytor, bind him, has pull'd down a ſide; profeſs your love thus publick?

Jolly. Ay by my faith, continue maſter Sad, give it out you love, and call it a new love, a love never ſeen before, we'll all come to it as your friends.

Sad. Gentlemen; ſtill I love; and if ſhe to whom I thus ſacrifice will not reward it, yet the worſt malice can ſay, is, I was unfortunate; and misfortune, not falſhood, made me ſo.

Jolly. In what chapter ſhall we find this written, and what verſe? you ſhould preach with a method, maſter Sad.

Wid. Gentlemen, if ever he ſpoke ſo much dangerous ſenſe before (either of love or reaſon) hang me.

Sad. Madam, my love is no news where you are; know, your ſcorn has made it publick; and though it could gain no return from you, yet others have eſteemed me for the faith and conſtancy I have pay'd here.

Pleaſ. Did not I foretell you of his love? I foreſaw this danger, ſhall I never live to ſee wit and love dwell together?

Capt. I am but a poor ſoldier, and yet never reach'd to the honour of being a lover; yet from my own obſervations, maſter Sad, take a truth; 'tis a folly to believe any woman loves a man for being conſtant to another;

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other; they diſſemble their hearts only, and hate a man in love worſe than a wencher.

Jolly. And they have reaſon; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the ſex may be theirs.

Care. When your conſtant lover, if a woman have a mind to him, and be bleſt with ſo much grace to diſcover it; he, out of the noble miſtake of honour, hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches reaſon to her paſſion, and crys, miſerable beauty, to be ſo unfortunate as to inhabit in ſo much frailty!

Capt. This counſel makes her hate him more than ſhe lov'd before; theſe are troubles, thoſe that love are ſubject to; while we look on and laugh, to ſee both thus ſlav'd while we are free.

Care. My prayers ſtill ſhall be, Lord deliver me from love.

Capt. 'Tis plague, peſtilence, famine, ſword, and ſometimes ſudden death.

Sad. Yet I love, I muſt love, I will love, and I do love.

Capt. In the preſent tenſe.

Wid. No more of this argument, for love's ſake.

Capt. By any means, madam, give him leave to love; and you are reſolv'd to walk tied up in your own arms, with your love as viſible in your face, as your miſtreſs's colours in your hat; that any porter at Charing-croſs may take you like a letter at the carriers, and having read the ſuperſcription, deliver maſter Sad to the fair hands of miſtreſs or my lady ſuch a one, lying at the ſign of the hard heart.

Pleaſ. And ſhe, if ſhe has wit (as I believe ſhe hath) will ſcarce pay the poſt for the pacquet.

Wid. Treaſon! how now, niece, join with the enemy? [*They give the Captain wine.*

Capt. A health, Ned, what ſhall I call it?

Carel. To maſter Sad, he needs it that avows himſelf a lover.

Sad. Gentlemen, you have the advantage, the time, the place, the company; but we may meet when your wits ſhall not have ſuch advantage as my love.

Pleaſ.

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Pluſ. No more of love, I am ſo ſick on't.

Conſt. By your pardon, miſtreſs, I muſt not leave love thus unguarded, I vow myſelf his follower.

Jolly. Much good may love do him, give me a glaſs of wine here; Will, let them keep company with the blind boy, give us his mother, and let them preach again; hear that will; he has good luck, perſwades me 'tis an ugly ſin to lie with a handſome woman.

Capt. A pox upon my nurſe, ſhe frighted me ſo when I was young with ſtories of the devil, I was almoſt fourteen e'er I could prevail with reaſons to unbind my reaſon, it was ſo ſlav'd to faith and conſcience; ſhe made me believe wine was an evil ſpirit, and fornication was like the whore of Babylon, a fine face, but a dragon under her pety-coats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met ſince.

Wid. Fie, fie, for ſhame, do not talk ſo; are you not aſham'd to glory in ſin, as if variety of women were none?

Jolly. Madam, we do not glory in fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

Capt. Why, do's your ladyſhip think it a ſin to lye with variety of handſome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'ſt man in the company.

Pleaſ. You have been mark'd for an indifferent ſinner that way, captain.

Capt. Who I? no faith, I was a fool, but and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done, I kept one; but if ever I keep another, hang me; nor would I adviſe any friend of mine to do it.

Jolly. Why, I am ſure 'tis a provident and ſafe way; a man may always be provided and ſound.

Pleaſ. Fie upon this diſcourſe.

Capt. Thoſe conſiderations betrayed me: a pox, it is a dull ſin to travel, like a carrier's horſe, always one road.

Wid. Fie, captain, repent for ſhame, and marry.

Capt. Your ladyſhip would have ſaid, marry, and repent; no, though it be not the greateſt pleaſure, yet it is better than marrying; for when I am weary of her, my

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my unconstancy is term'd virtue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women for better for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloys straight; therefore, rather than marry, keep a wench.

Jolly. Faith, he is in the right, for 'tis the same thing in number and kind; and then the sport is quickned, and made poignant with sin.

Capt. Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll perswade all my friends from it; especially here where any innovation is dangerous; 'twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends; and I was condemned by all sorts of people; not that I sinn'd, but that I sinn'd no more.

Care. Why ay, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with ev'ry body, their guilt would have made them protect thee; so that to be more wicked is to be innocent, at least safe; a wicked world, Lord help us.

Capt. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it, taking an antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into those infectious places where love and beauty dwell; this enraged the maiden beauties of the time, who thought it a prejudice to their beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes; my name being found amongst none of those that decked their triumphs. But from this 'tis easy to be safe, for their pride will not let them love, nor my leisure me. Then the old ladies, that pay for their pleasures; they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their money could not prevail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

Jolly. Gentlemen, take warning; a fee from ev'ry man; for by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

Wid. Captain, you forget to pledge mr. Careless; here, will you not drink a cup of wine? Who's there? bring the oysters.

Capt. Yes, madam, if you please.

Wild.

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Wild. Proceed, captain.

Pleaſ. Fie, mr. Wild, are you not aſham'd to encourage him to this filthy diſcourſe?

Capt. A glaſs of wine then, and I'll drink to all the new married wives, that grieve to think at what rate their fathers purchaſe a little huſband. Theſe when they lie thirſting for the thing they paid ſo dear for——

Enter a Servant with oyſters.

Care. Theſe methinks, ſhould be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

Capt. Yes, till the faithful nurſe cries; alas, madam, he keeps ſuch a one, he has enough at home; then ſhe ſwells with envy and rage againſt us both, calls my miſtreſs ugly, common, unſafe; and me, a weak ſecure fool.

Jolly. Theſe are ſtrange truths, madam.

Wid. Ay, ay, but theſe oyſters are a better jeſt.

Capt. But ſhe's abus'd that will let ſuch reaſon tame her deſire, and a fool in love's ſchool; elſe ſhe would not be ignorant that variety is ſuch a friend to love, that he which riſes a ſunk coward from the lady's bed, would find new fires at her maid's; nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

Pleaſ. For god's ſake, leave this diſcourſe.

Wid. The captain has a mind we ſhould eat no oyſters.

Wild. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you ſhall ſtay it out; proceed, captain.

Wid. Fie, captain, I'm aſham'd to hear you talk thus: marry, and then you will have a better opinion of women.

Capt. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me, it is a good encouragement, is it not think you? What is your opinion? were not theſe marriages made in heaven? By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haſte to be fool'd, but we four: and I hope there's none of us believes there has any marriages been made in heaven ſince Adam.

Jolly. By my faith, 'tis thought the devil gave the ring there too.

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Wid. Nephew, I'll ſwear I'll be gone.

Capt. Hold her, Ned, [*He points at Sadd.*] ſhe goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the reſt, *Ecce ſignum*——ſhe is one of thoſe, who cloath'd in purple, triumph over their dead huſbands; theſe will be catch'd at firſt ſight, and at firſt ſight muſt be caught; 'tis a bird that muſt be ſhot flying, for they never ſit; if a man delay, they cool, and fall into conſiderations of jointure, and friends opinion; in which time, if ſhe hears thou keep'ſt a wench, thou had'ſt better be a begger in her opinion; for then her pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of ſetting up a proper man (as they call it;) but for a wencher, no argument prevails with your widow; for ſhe believes they have ſpent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

Wid. As I live, I'll be gone, if you ſpeak one word more of this uncivil ſubject.

Jolly. Captain, let me kiſs thy cheek, for that widow; you underſtand this, widow? I ſay no more; here captain, here's to thee; as it goes down, a pox of care.

Wid. Jeſus! mr. Jolly, have you no obſervations of the court, that are ſo affected with this of the town?

Conſt. Faith, they ſay, there's good ſport there ſometimes.

Pleaſ. Mr. Jolly is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

Jolly. No faith, madam.

Capt. By this drink, if he ſtay till I have eaten a few more, I'll deſcribe it.

Jolly. What ſhould I ſay? 'tis certain the court is the braveſt place in the kingdom for ſport, if it were well look'd to, and the game preſerv'd fair; but as 'tis, a man may ſooner make a ſet in the Strand. And it will never be better whilſt your divine lovers inhabit there.

Care. Let the king make me maſter of the game.

Capt. And admit us laiety-lovers.

Jolly. I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongſt the ladies; beſides, 'tis ſuch an example to ſee

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a king and queen good husband and wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

Capt. Nay, that's not all, for the women grow malicious, because they are not courted; nay, they breed all the last mischiefs, and call'd the king's chastity a single left of them.

Jolly. Thou art in the right; an Edward, or a Harry, with seven queens in buckram, that haught among the men, and stroak'd the women, are the monarchs they wish to bow to; they love no tame princes, but lions in the forest.

Capt. Why, and those were properly call'd the fathers of their people, that were indeed akin to their nobility; now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental ballad, or trophy of a libel that shall hereafter point at such a lord, and cry, that is the royal son of such a one.

Jolly. And these were the ways that made them powerful at home; for the city is a kind of tame beast, you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen Bess of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them say, in eighty-eight, e'er I was born, as well as I can remember, she rode to Tilbury on that bonny beast, the mayor.

Capt. I would I might counsel him, I'd so reform the court.

Care. Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a covey of beauties would make a faulconer unhood, before he can draw his leash he is warn'd that's a mark'd partridge; and that, and every he, has by their example a particular she.

Wild. By this light, the six fair maids stand like the working-days in the almanack; one with A scored upon her breast, that is as much as to say, I belong to such a lord; the next with B, for an elder brother; C, for such a knight; D possess'd with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour e'er you get an answer, and then she'll tell you, there's no lodging there; she

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she has a constant fellow courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use: in short, all are dispos'd of but the good mother; and she comes in like the sabbath, at the week's end; and I warrant her to make any one rest that comes at her.

Care. Ay marry, if she were like the Jews sabbath, it were somewhat; but this looks like a broken commandment, that has had more work done upon her, than all the week besides.

Capt. And what think you, is not this finely carry'd? you that are about the king counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the game be free, as it has been in former ages; then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome cloaths, no sooner enters the privy chamber, and beats about with three graceful legs, but he springs a mistress that danc'd as well as he, sung better, as free as fair; those at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted: these fools must be akin e'er they can speak; and now the friends make the bargain, and they go to bed e'er they know why.

Jolly. Faith, he's in the right, you shall have a buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty wench, till she is so weary of him she's forc'd to take her bed for covert, and find less danger in being truss'd than in flying.

Capt. And what becomes of all this pudder? after he has made them sport for one night, to see him touze the quarry, he carries her into the country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

Care. And all this mischief comes of love and constancy; we shall never see better days till there be an act of parliament against it; enjoining husbands not to till their wives, but change and lay them fallow.

Jolly. A pox, the women will never consent to it; they'll be till'd to death first.

Wil. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

Capt. Faith, madam, it is our care of them; why you see they are married at fourteen, yield a crop and a half, and then die; 'tis meerly their love that destroys

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men; for if they get a good husbandman, the good things yield their very hearts.

Pleaſ. And do you blame their loves, gentlemen?

Jolly. No, not their love; but their diſcretion; let them love, and do, a God's name; but let them do with diſcretion.

Wild. But how will you amend this?

Jolly. Inſtead of two beds and a phyſician, I'd have the ſtate preſcribe two wives and a miſtreſs.

Wild. Ho! it will never be granted; the ſtate is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

Jolly. We will petition the lower houſe, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would paſs it, if they thought the upper houſe would croſs it; beſides, they ought to do it. Death! they provide againſt cutting down old trees, and preſerving highways and poſt-horſes, and let pretty wenches run to decay.

Care. Why may it not come within the ſtatute of depopulation? As I live, the ſtate ought to take care of thoſe pretty creatures: be you judge, madam, is't not a ſad ſight to ſee a rich young beauty, with all her innocence and bloſſoms on, ſubject to ſome rough rude fellow, that ploughs her, and eſteems and uſes her as a chattel, till ſhe is ſo lean, a man may find as good graſs upon the common, where it may be ſhe'll ſit coughing with ſunk eyes, ſo weak, that a boy (with a dog) that can but whiſtle, may keep a ſcore of them?

Wid. You are ſtrangely charitable to our ſex on a ſudden.

Capt. I know not what they are; but, for my part, I'll be a traytor e'er I'll look on, and ſee beauty go thus to wreck: it is enough cuſtom has made us ſuffer them to be incloſ'd; I am ſure they were created common, and for the uſe of man, and not intended to be ſubject to jealouſy and choler, or to be bought or ſold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or elſe ſold at out cry; oh yes! who'll give moſt, take her.

Wid. Why do not ſome of you excellent men moderate, and mend all theſe errors by your good example?

Jolly.

Jol. Because we want fortunes to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loath to get beggers, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

Plenf. Why, are all their children so that have no fortune, think you?

Jol. No, not all: I have heard of Whittington and his cat, and others, that have made fortunes by strange means; but I scarce believe my son would rise from hope, a half-peny, and a lamb's-skin: and the wenches commonly having more wit and beauty than money, foreseeing small portions, grow sad, and read romances, till their wit spy some unfortunate merit like their own, without money too, and they two sigh after one another till they grow mysterious in colours, and become a proverb for their constancy; and when their love has worn out the cause, marry, in the end, a new couple; then grown asham'd of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part by consent, and vanish into Abigail and governor.

Wid. Well, gentlemen, excuse me for this one time; and if ever I invite you to dinner again, punish me with such another discourse: in the mean time let's go in and dine, meat stays for us. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter all from dinner.

Capt. FAith, madam, we were resolv'd to be merry; we have not met these three years till to day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and since your ladyship would have our company, you must pardon our humour. Here, mrs. Sad, here's the widow's health to you.

Wid. Nephew, how do you dispose of yourself this afternoon?

Wild. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome company; and we'll

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make no excuſe, becauſe you peeped into our privacies to-day.

Care. Your humble ſervant, ladies; gentlemen, we'll leave you to purſue your fortunes. [*Exit Care.*

Jolly. Farewell, widow, may'ſt thou live unmarried till thou run'ſt away with thyſelf. [*Exit Jolly.*

Capt. No, no, when that day comes, command the humbleſt of your ſervants. [*Exit Captain.*

Wild. Farewell, aunt; ſweet miſtreſs Pleaſant, I wiſh you good fortune. [*Exit Wild.*

Wid. Farewell, farewell, gentlemen; niece, now if we could be rid of theſe troubleſome lovers too, we would go ſee a play. [*Aſide.*

Pleaſ. Rid of them? why, they are but now in ſeaſon; as I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any ſhe in town, and yet I do not grudge him the happineſs of carrying me to a play.

Wid. Ay, but the world will talk, becauſe they pretend; and then we ſhall be ſure to meet my nephew there, and his wild company, and they will laugh to ſee us together.

Pleaſ. Who will you have, Tim the butler, or Formal your gentleman-uſher? I would take Philip the foreman of the ſhop as ſoon.

Wid. Let's maſk ourſelves, and take Secret, and go alone by water.

Pleaſ. Yes, and follow her like one of my aunts of the ſuburbs; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a market; for I'll undertake, there are thoſe ſhall bid for you before the play will be done.

Secret. As I live, madam, mrs. Pleaſant is in the right; I had ſuch a kindneſs offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the rogue was not putting the earneſt of his affection into my hand.

Wid. Let's go to the glaſs-houſe then.

Pleaſ. I'll go to a play with my ſervant, and ſo ſhall you; hang opinion, and we'll go to the glaſs-houſe afterwards; it is too hot to ſup early.

Secret.

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Secret. Pray madam go, they ſay 'tis a fine play, and a knight writ it.

Pleaſ. Pray let Secret prevail. I'll propoſe it to the lovers; in the mean time go you, and bid the coachman make ready the coach.

[*Secret whiſpers Sad, 'twill take.*

Secret. Alas, madam! he's ſick, poor fellow, and gone to bed, he could not wait at dinner.

Wild. Sick?

Pleaſ. Why, ſee how all things work for the young men, either their coach, or a foot.—Mr. Conſtant, what think you of ſeeing a play this afternoon? is it not too hot to venture this infectious time?

Conſt. Fie, madam, there's no danger, the bill decreas'd twenty laſt week.

Sad. I ſwear, they ſay, 'tis a very good play to day.

Wild. Shall we go, niece?

Pleaſ. Faith 'tis hot, and there's no body but we.

Sad. Do's that hinder? pray madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing yourſelf in our company.

Wild. Come, leave this ceremony, I'll go in, and put on my mask; Secret ſhall bring yours.

Pleaſ. No, I'll go, and put it on within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Enter Wild, Careleſs, Captain and Jolly.

Care. BY this day, you have nettled the widow.

Wild. The Captain neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

Jolly. When did he overſee his drinking ſo?

Capt. Gentlemen, ſtill it is my fortune to make your worſhips merry.

Wild. As I live, Captain, I ſubſcribe, and am content to hold my wit as a tenant to thee; and to night I'll

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invite you to ſupper, where it ſhall not be lawful to ſpeak till thou has victual'd thy man of war.

Capt. Shall's be merry? what ſhall we have?

Wild. Half a ſcore diſhes of meat, chooſe them yourſelf.

Capt. Provide me then the chines fry'd, and the ſalmon calver'd, a carp, and black ſauce, red-dear in the blood, and an aſſembly of woodcocks, and jack-ſnipes, ſo fat you would think they had their winding ſheets on; and upon theſe, as their pages, let me have wait your Suſſex wheat-ear, with a feather in his cap; over all which let our countryman, general Chine of beef, command: I hate your French pottage, that looks as the cook-maid had more hand in it than the cook.

Wild. I'll promiſe you all this.

Care. And let me alone to cook the fiſh.

Capt. You cook it? no, no, I left an honeſt fellow in town, when I went into Italy, ſignior Ricardo Ligones, one of the ancient houſe of the Armenian ambaſſadours; if he be alive, he ſhall be our cook.

Wild. Is he ſo excellent at it?

Capt. Excellent? You ſhall try, you ſhall try; why, I tell you, I ſaw him once dreſs a ſhooing-horn, and a joyner's apron, that the company left pleaſant for it.

Wild. A ſhooing-horn?

Capt. Yes, a ſhooing-horn; marry, there was garlick in the ſauce.

Wild. Is this all you would have?

Capt. This, and a bird of paradiſe, to entertain the reſt of the night, and let me alone to cook her.

Wild. A bird of paradiſe, what's that?

Capt. A girl of fifteen, ſmooth as ſattin, white as her Sunday apron, plump, and of the firſt down: I'll take her with her guts in her belly, and warm her with a country-dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of ſheets; there pour into her ſo much oil of wit as will make her turn to a man, and ſtick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taſte of what ſhe is doing; then having ſtrewed a man all over her, ſhut the door, and leave us, we'll work our-

ſelves

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ſelves into ſuch a ſauce as you can never ſurfeit on, ſo poignant, and yet no haut goût; take heed of a haut goût; your onion and woman make the worſt ſauce; this ſhook together by an Engliſh cook (for your French ſeaſoning ſpoils many a woman) and there's a diſh for a king.

Wild. For the firſt part, I'll undertake.

Capt. But this for ſupper? Captain, no more of this now; this afternoon, as you are true to the petticoat, obſerve your inſtructions, and meet at Ned's houſe in the evening.

Onines. We will not fail.

Capt. I muſt write to Wanton, to know how things ſtand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thriv'd with the old lady to day.

Wild. Whither will you go to write?

Capt. To thy houſe, 'tis hard by, there's the Fleece.

Jolly. Do, and in the mean time I'll go home and diſpatch a little buſineſs, and meet you.

Wild. Make haſte then.

Jolly. Where ſhall I meet you?

Wild. Whither ſhall we go till it be time to attend the deliga?

Care. Let's go to court for an hour.

Jolly. Do, I'll meet you at the queen's ſide.

Wild. No, pr'ythee, we are the monſieurs new come over; and if we go fine they will laugh at us, and think we believe ourſelves ſo; if not, then they will abuſe our cloaths, and ſwear we went into France only to have our cloaks cut ſhorter.

Care. Will you go ſee a play?

Capt. Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our gentlemen poets, that excuſe their writings with a prologue that profeſſes they are no ſcholars.

Jolly. On my word this is held the beſt penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good play; by this day, it was extreamly applauded.

Capt. Does he write plays by the day? indeed a man would ha' judged him a labouring poet.

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Jolly. A labouring poet! by this hand he's a knight a upon my recommendation venture to ſee it; hang me if you be not extreamly well ſatisfied.

Care. A knight and write plays? it may be, but 'tis ſtrange to us; ſo they ſay there are other gentlemen poets without land or latin; this was not ordinary; pr'ythee when was he knighted?

Jolly. In the North, the laſt great knighting, when 'twas God's great mercy we were not all knights.

Wild. I'll ſwear they ſay, there are poets that have more men in liveries, than books in their ſtudies.

Capt. And what think you, gentlemen, are not theſe things to ſtart a man? I believe 'tis the firſt time you have found them lie at the ſign of the page, foot-men and gilded coaches; they were wont to lodge at the thin cloak, they and their muſes made up the family; and thence ſent ſcenes to their patrons, like boys in at windows, and one would return with a doublet, another with a pair of breeches, a third with a little ready money; which, together with their credit with a company, in three terms you rarely ſaw a poet repaired.

Jolly. This truth no body denies.

Wild. Pry'thee let us reſolve what we ſhall do, leſt we meet with ſome of them; for it ſeems they ſwarm, and I fear nothing like a dedication, though it be but of himſelf; for I muſt hear him ſay more than either I deſerve or he believes; I hate that in a poet, they muſt be dull, or all upon all ſubjects; ſo that they can oblige none but their muſe.

Jolly. I perceive by this you will not ſee the play; what think you of going to Sim's, to bowls, till I come?

Care. Yes, if you will go to ſee that comedy; but there is no reaſon we ſhould pay for our coming in, and act too; like ſome whoſe intereſt in the timber robs them of their reaſon, and they run as if they had ſtol'n a buck.

Wild. Reſolve what you will do, I am contented.

Care. Let's go walk in Spring-garden.

Wild.

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Wild. I'll do it for company, but I had as live be rid in the horse-market, as walk in that fools fair; where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a wench; there's none but honest women.

Capt. A pox on't, what should we do there? let's go and cross the field to Pike's; her kitchen is cool winter and summer.

Care. I like that motion well, but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by half; after supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

Capt. Well, I must go write, therefore resolve of somewhat; shall I propose an indifferent place where 'tis probable we shall all meet?

Omnes. Yes.

Capt. Go you before to the devil, and I'll make haste after.

Care. Agreed, we shall be sure of good wine there and in Fresco, for he is never without Patent snow.

Wild. Patent snow! what doth that project hold?

Jolly. Yes, faith, and now there is a commission appointed for toasts against the next winter.

Wild. Marry, they are wise, and foresaw the parliament, and were resolv'd their monopolies should be no grievance to the people.

Capt. Farewell, you will be sure to meet?

Omnes. Yes, yes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Enter Wanton and her Maid, with her lap full of things.

Want. BID them ply him close and flatter him, and tell upon the old lady and the captain; and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life, do it handsomly, and you shall see the sack will clip his tongue.

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Maid. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

Went. When he is in his diſcourſe, leave him and come down into the parlour, and ſteal away his box with the falſe rings that ſtands by his bed-ſide; I have all his little plate here already.

Maid. Make you haſte, I'll warrant you I'll dreſs him. [*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Enter the Captain with a letter in his hand, and his Boy to him with a candle; is going to write the ſuper-ſcription.

Boy. SIR, the lady Loveall paſſed by even now.

Capt. The lady Loveall! which way went ſhe?

Boy. To the rich lady the widow, where your worſhip dined.

Capt. 'Tis no matter; here, carry this letter, and bring an anſwer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll ſtay there till the time be fit for the deſign.

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Enter Careleſs, Wild, and a Drawer, at the Devil.

Care. JAck, how goes the world? bring us ſome bottles of the beſt wine.

Drawer. You ſhall, ſir; your worſhip is welcome into England.

Care. Why look you, who ſays a Drawer can ſay nothing, but anon, anon, ſir? ſcore a quart of ſack in the half-moon?

Drawer.

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Drawer. Your worſhip is merry; but I'll fetch you that ſir, ſhall ſpeak Greek, and make your worſhip prophefy, you drank none ſuch in your journey.

[*Gives him an angel.*

Wild. Do it then, and make a hole in this angel thou may'ſt creep through.—Who is't that peeps, a fiddler? bring him by the ears.

Enter the Taylor that peeps.

Taylor. A taylor, an't like your worſhip.

Care. A taylor! haſt thou a ſtout faith?

Taylor. I have had, an't like your worſhip; but now I am in deſpair.

Care. Why then, thou art damn'd; go, go home, and throw thyſelf into thine own hell, it is the next way to the other.

Taylor. I hope your worſhip is not diſpleas'd.

Care. What do'ſt do here? a taylor without faith! do'ſt come to take meaſure of ours?

Taylor. No, I come to ſpeak with one maſter Jolly, a courtier, a very fine-ſpoken gentleman, and a juſt compter, but one of the worſt pay-maſters in the world.

Wild. As thou lov'ſt me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with ſack, that he may urge him till he beats him; we ſhall have the ſport, and be reveng'd upon the rogue for dunning a gentleman in a tavern. [*Aſide.*

Care. I'll charge him: here drink, poor fellow, and ſtay in the next room till he comes.

Taylor. I thank your worſhip, but I am faſting; and if it pleaſe your worſhip to call for a dozen of manchets that I may eat a cruſt firſt, then I'll make bold with a glaſs of your ſack.

Wild. Here, here, drink, in the mean time fetch him ſome bread.

Taylor. Will your worſhip have me drink all this veſſel of ſack?

Care. Yes, yes, off with't, 'twill do you no harm.

[*The taylor drinks.*

Wild. Why do you not take ſome order with that Jolly to make him pay thee?

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Taylor. I have petition'd him often, but that's not good.

Care. A pox upon him, petition him! His heart is hardned to ill, threaten to arrest him; nothing but a serjeant can touch his conscience.

Taylor. Truly, gentlemen, I have reason to be angry, for he uses me ill, when I ask him for my money.

[*Jolly speaks within.*

Jolly. Where is master Wild, and master Careless?

Taylor. I hear his voice.

Jolly. Let the coach stay. How now, who would he speak with?

Enter Jolly.

Wild. Do not you know?

Jolly. Yes, and be you judge if the rogue does not suffer deservedly: I have bid him any time this twelve month but send his wife, I'll pay her, and the rogue replies, no-body shall lie with his wife but himself.

Care. Nay, if you be such a one.

Taylor. No more they shall not, I am but a poor man.

Jolly. By this hand, he's drunk.

Taylor. Nay then, I arrest you in mine own name at his majesty's suit.

Wild. As I live, thou shalt not beat him.

Jolly. Beat him! I'll kiss him, I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of sack to keep him in the humour. [*He drags the poor rat.*

Taylor. Help, rescue, I'll have his body, no bail shall serve.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, yonder is a gentleman would speak with you: I do not like his followers.

Jolly. What are they, bailiffs?

Drawer. Little better.

Jolly. Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the stair-foot.

Care. How can that be?

Jolly. It is the scrivener at the corner, pick a quarrel with him for coming into our company; the drawers will be

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be arm'd behind them, and we will so rout the rascals; take your swords, and let him sleep.

Cara. What scrivener?

Jolly. Crop the Brownist, he that the ballad was made on.

Cara. What ballad?

Jolly. Have not you heard of the scrivener's wife that brought the black-moor from the holy land, and made him a Brownist; and in pure charity lay with him, and was deliver'd of a mag-pie; a pied prophet; which when the elect saw, they prophesi'd, if it liv'd, 'twould prove a great enemy to their sect; for the midwife cry'd out, 'twas born a bishop, with tippet and white-sleeves; at which the zealous mother cry'd, down with the idol; so the midwife and she in pure devotion kill'd it.

Wild. Kill'd it! what became of them?

Jolly. Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and suffer'd under a catholick sheriff, that afflicted them with the litany all the way from Newgate to the gallows, which in rog'ry he made to be set up altar-wise too, and hang'd them without a psalm.

Wild. But how took they that breach of privilege?

Jolly. I know not, Gregory turn'd them off, and so they descended, and became Brown-martyrs.

Wild. And is the husband at door now?

Jolly. Yes, yes, but he's married again to a rich widow at Wapping, a wench of another temper, one that you cannot please better than by abusing him; I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile us; the peace is always worth a dinner at least. Hark, I hear him.——Save you, mr. Crop, you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

Crop. No, sir, I have other business, shall I be paid my money, or no? [*Jolly drinks.*

Jolly. Yes.

Crop. Sir.

Jolly. You asked whether you should be paid your money, or no, and I said, yes.

Crop. Pray, sir, be plain.

Cara.

Care. And be you so, sir; how durst you come into this room, and company, without leave?

Crop. Sir, I have come into good lords company, e'er now.

Care. It may be so, but you shall either fall upon your knees, and pledge this health, or you come no more into lords companies, no, by these hilts.

[They tug him and make him kneel.

Crop. 'Tis idolatry; do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor joyn in sin with the wicked.

Jolly. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy cloak, which by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the primitive church.

Crop. Pay me, and I'll wear a better: it would be honestlier done, than to abuse this, and profane the text; a text that shews your bishops in those days wore no lawn-sleeves; and you may be asham'd to protect one that will not pay his debts, the cries of the widow will come against you for it.

Jolly. Remember, sirrah, the dinners and suppers, fat venison and good words, I was fain to give you, christening your children still, by the way of brokage; count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for sheriff, and thou art in my debt; then I am damn'd for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

Crop. I am an honest man, sir.

Jolly. Then ushering your wife, and mistress Ugly her daughter, to plays and masques at court; you think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred; 'tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger elbows; and when Spider your daughter laid about her with her breath, the devil would not have sat near her.

Crop. You did not borrow my money with this language.

Jolly. No, sirrah; then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain sometimes to join in) the lying praises of the holy sister that expir'd at Tyburn.

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Crop. Do, abuſe her, and be curſt; 'tis well known ſhe dy'd a martyr; and her blood will be upon ſome of you; 'tis her orphan's money I require; and this is the laſt time I'll aſk it, I'll find a way to get it.

[*He offers to go, and Jolly ſtays him.*

Jolly. Art ſerious? by that light, I'll conſent, and take it for an infinite obligation if thou wilt teach the reſt of my creditors that trick; 'twill ſave me a world of labour; for, hang me if I know how to do't.

Crop. Well, ſir, ſince I ſee your reſolution, I ſhall make it my buſineſs.

Care. Pr'ythee, let's be rid of this fool.

Crop. Fool! let him pay the fool his money, and he'll be gone.

Jolly. No, ſir, not a farthing; 'twas my buſineſs to borrow it, and it ſhall be yours to get it in again; nay, by this hand, I'll be ſcalted too, and have good words; nay, thou ſhalt lend me more e'er thou get'ſt this again.

Crop. I'll lay my action upon you.

Jolly. Your action! you rogue, lay two.

[*They kick him, and thruſt him out the room.*

Care. Lay three for battery.—What have we here? a ſhe-creditor too? who would ſhe ſpeak with?

Enter Faithful, Wild and Careleſs return and meet her.

Wild. She looks as if ſhe had truſted in her time.

Care. Would you ſpeak with any here, old gentlewoman?

Faithf. My buſineſs is to mr. Jolly.

Care. From yourſelf, or are you but a meſſenger?

Faithf. My buſineſs, ſir, is from a lady.

Care. From a lady! from what lady, pray? why ſo coy?

Faithf. From a lady in the town.

Care. Hoh! hoh! from a lady in the town; is it poſſible I ſhould have gueſt you came from a lady in the ſuburbs, or ſome country-madam, by your riding face?

Enter

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Enter Jolly again.

Jolly. I think we have routed the rascals.—Faithful, what makes thy gravity in a tavern?

Faithf. Sport, it seems for your saucy companions.

Jolly. Ha, ha, mad, ha; no fury, Faithful.

Faithf. 'Tis well, sir; my lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a letter, there's my business.

Care. Pr'ythee, who is her lady?

Jolly. The lady Loveall.

Care. Oh, oh, do's she serve that old lady? God help her.

Faithf. God help her! pray for yourself, sir, my lady scorns your prayers.

Jolly. Faithful, come hither: pr'ythee is thy lady drunk?

Faithf. Drunk, sir!

Jolly. Ay, drunk, or mad, she'd never writ this else; she requires me, here, to send back by you the pearl she gave me this morning; which sure she'd never do if she were sober; for you know, I susp'd them hard.

Faithf. I know! what do I know? you will not defame my lady, will you?

Care. By no means, this is by way of counsel; sir, give a thing, and take a thing! if he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

Faithf. 'Tis well, sir; is this your return for my lady's favours? shall I have the pearl, sir?

Jolly. No; and tell her 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her stinking oyster is worthy of the pearl.

Faithf. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah; and I shall live to see you load a gallows, when my lady shall find the way to her own again.

Jolly. If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know; adieu, Faithful, do you hear? steal privately down by the back door, lest some knavish boy spy thee, and call thine age, bawd. [*Exit Faithful.*

Care. Pr'ythee, who is this thing?

Jolly. 'Tis my lady's waiting-woman, her bawd, her she confessor, herself at second hand: her beginning was simple

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ſimple and below ſtairs, till her lady finding her to be a likely promiſing bawd, ſecret as the key at her girdle, obedient as her thoughts, thoſe virtues raiſed her from the flat petticoat, and kercher, to the gorget and buſkroll; and I remember 'twas good ſport at firſt, to ſee the wench perplex'd with her metamorphoſis; ſhe ſince has been in love with all the family, and now ſighs after the Levite; and if he forſake her too, I propheſy, a waiting-woman's curſe will fall upon her, to die old, deſpiſed, poor, and out of faſhion.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Why do you not hang out a painted cloth? and take two-pence a-piece, and let in all the tame fools at door, thoſe ſons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad?

Care. 'Tis no matter what they think, madneſs is proper here; are not taverns Bacchus's temples, the place of madneſs? does not the ſign of madneſs hang out at the door?

Jolly. While we within poſſeſs our joys and cups, as full of pleaſure as weeping Niobe's afflicted eyes were ſwell'd with grief and tears. Bleſſing on the cauſe that made our joys thus compleat; for ſee Plutus in our pockets, Mars by our ſides, Bacchus in our head, ſelf-love in our hearts, and change of virgins in our arms, beauties whoſe eyes and hearts ſpeak love and welcome; no rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties, that maliciouſly make up their fire in green ſickneſs to preſerve a ſpark that ſhall flame only in ſome dull day of marriage; let ſuch ſwear and forſwear, till (of the whole pariſh) they love each other leaſt, whilſt we wiſely ſet out our cobwebs in the moſt perſpicuous places to catch theſe fooliſh flies.

Care. He's in the right; do'ſt think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a ſcore of ſheep, or diſpute the legality of votes, and weigh the power of prerogative and parliament, and club for concluding ſack, or read the fathers here, till we grow coſtive, like thoſe that have worn their ſuffering elbows bare, to find knowledge to perplex 'em? a pox on ſuch brain-breaking

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ing thoughts; avoid them, and take me into thy hand a glaſs of eternal ſack, and propheſy the reſtauration of ſenſes, and the fall of a lover from grace, which our dear friend, mr. Jolly, will prove, to whom the lady Loveall (by Faithful lately departed) ſent for the pearl you wot of.

Capt. But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

Jolly. No, no, I'm a fool, I.

Capt. Was not my boy here?

Jolly. No, we ſaw him not.

Capt. A pox of the rogue, he's grown ſo lazy.

Wild. Your boy is come in juſt now, and called for the key of the back-door, there's women with him.

Capt. Oh! that's well, 'tis Wanton; I ſent for her to laugh over the ſtory of the old lady and her pearl. Where have you been all this while, ſirrah?

Enter Boy.

Boy. I could overtake the coach, ſir, no ſooner.

Capt. The coach! what coach?

Boy. The lady Loveall's.

Capt. The lady Loveall's! why, what had you to do with her coach?

Boy. I went to give her the letter your worſhip ſent her.

Capt. The letter! what letter?

Boy. That your worſhip gave me.

Capt. That I writ at Ned's houſe to Wanton?

Boy. The letter you gave me, ſir, was directed to the lady Loveall, and ſhe ſtorm'd like a mad woman at reading of it.

Care. Why, thou wilt not beat the boy for thy own fault? what letter was it?

Capt. 'Twas enough, only a relation of the pearl, wherein ſhe finds herſelf ſufficiently abus'd to Wanton.

Jolly. Now, gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

Capt. A pox of fooling, let's reſolve what to do, there's no denying, for ſhe has all the particulars under my hand.

Boy.

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Boy. You muſt reſolve of ſomething, for ſhe's coming, and ſtay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

Capt. How did ſhe know I was here?

Boy. Your worſhip bade me tell her, you would ſtay here for her.

Care. How came this miſtake?

Capt. Why, the devil owed us a ſhame it ſeems. You know I went home to give Wanton an account how we advanc'd in our deſign; and when I was writing the ſuperſcription, I remember the boy came in and told me, the lady Loveall paſſed by.

Jolly. And ſo, it ſeems, you in pure miſtake directed your letter to her.

Care. Well, reſolve what you'll do with her, when ſhe comes.

Capt. Faith, bear it like men, 'tis but an old lady loſt; let's reſolve to defy her, we are ſure of our pearl; but left we prolong the war, take the firſt occaſion you can all to avoid the room; when ſhe's alone, I'll try whether ſhe'll liſten to a compoſition.

Jolly. Have you no friends in the cloſe committee?

Capt. Yes, yes, I am an Eſſex man.

Care. Then get ſome of them to move, it may be voted no letter.

Jolly. Ay, ay; and after 'tis voted no letter, then vote it falſe, ſcandalous, and illegal, and that is in it; they have a precedent for it in the Daniſh packet, which they took from a fooliſh fellow, who preſuming upon the law of nations, came upon an embaſſy to the king without an order, or paſs from both houſes.

Capt. Hark, I hear her coming.

Enter Loveall and Faithful.

Love. Sir, I receiv'd a letter, but by what accident I know not; for I believe it was not intended me, tho' the contents concern me.

Capt. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it; is it peace or war you bring? without diſpute, if war, I hang out my defiance: if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

Love.

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Love. Are you all unworthy? your whole sex false-hood? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is such a treachery no age can match: apply yourself with youth and wit to gain a lady's love and friendship only to betray it? was it not enough you commanded my fortune, but you must wrack my honour too, and instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay me with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to lose my fame? and then make me the scorn'd subject of your whore's mirth? base and unworthy, do you smile, false one? [*He smiles.*] I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all.

Faith. Yea, sir; and you that had such a ready wit to proclaim my lady whore, and me bawd, I hope to see you load a gallows for it.

Capt. Once again, is it peace or war?

Love. Peace! I'll have thy blood first, dog; where's my pearl?——[*She speaks to Wild.*] You ought to right me, sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them.

Wild. Madam, I sent not for them.

Capt. No more words; I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

Faith. You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, sirrah.

Love. Peace, wench, I scorn their slander, it can not shake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fix'd for their calumny.

Jolly. I'll be sworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour; I am sure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no miss on't.

Capt. You? I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see; and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have sunk a sedan-man.

Wild. By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

Care. Let that consideration with her condition, and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was; madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular.

[*Exeunt Jolly and Careless.*

Love.

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Love. I ſee all your mean baſeneſs, purſue your ſcorn. Come, let's go, wench, I ſhall find ſome to right my fame; and tho' I have loſt my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to diſtinguiſh of love hereafter, and I ſhall ſcorn you and all your ſex, that have not ſoul enough to value a noble friendſhip.

Wild. Pray, madam, let me ſpeak with you.

Capt. We'll have no whiſpering; I ſaid it, and I'll maintain it with my ſword.

Exit Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, there's one without would ſpeak with you.

Capt. With me?

Drawer. No, ſir, with maſter Wild.

Wild. Madam, I'll wait upon you preſently.

[*Exit Wild.*

Capt. Madam, I know my company is diſpleaſing to you, therefore I'll take my leave: Drawer, ſhew me another room. [*Exit captain.*

[*The captain makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out.*

Love. Oh Faithful, Faithful! I am moſt miſerably abus'd, and can find no way to my revenge.

Faith. Madam, I'll give them rats-bane, and ſpeedily too, e'er they can tell: for that raſcal the captain has a tongue elſe will proclaim you, and undo your fame for ever.

Love. Ay, ay, my fame, my fame, Faithful; and if it were not for mine honour, (which I have kept unſtained to this minute) I would not care.

Faith. This it is; you will ſtill ſet your affection upon every young thing; I could but tell you on't.

Love. Who could have ſuſpected they would have been ſo falſe in their loves to me that have been ſo faithful to them?——Honeſt friend, where is maſter Wild?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. The other gentlemen carried him away with them.

Love. Are they all gone then?

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Drawer. Yes, by this hand.—Theſe gentlemen are quickly ſatisfied; what an ugly whore they have got! how ſhe ſtares it! [*Aſide.*

Love. Come, let's go wench. [*She offers to go.*

Drawer. Miſtreſs, who pays the reckoning?

Love. What ſays he?

Faith. He asks me, who pays the reckoning?

Love. Who pays the reckoning! why, what have we to do with the reckoning?

Drawer. Shut the door, Dick, we'll have the reckoning before you go.

Faith. Why, goodman ſauce-box, you will not make my lady pay for their reckoning, will you?

Drawer. My lady! a pox of her title, ſhe'd need of ſomething to make her paſs.

Faith. What do you ſay, ſirrah?

Drawer. I ſay, the gentlemen paid well for their ſport; and I know no reaſon why we ſhould loſe our reckoning.

Love. What do you take me for, my friend?

Drawer. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loath to take you for that uſe I think they made ſhift with you for.

Faith. Madam, this is that raſcally captain's plot.

Love. Patience, patience. Oh for a bite at the ſlave's heart! Friend, miſtake me not, my name is Loveall, a lady; ſend one along with me, and you ſhall have your money.

Drawer. You muſt pardon me, madam, I am but a ſervant; if you be a lady, pray ſit in an inner room, and ſend home your woman for the money; the ſum is ſix pounds, and be pleaſed to remember the waiters.

Love. Go, Faithful, go fetch the money. Oh revenge, revenge! ſhall I loſe my honour, and have no revenge? [*Exeunt omnes.*

Act.

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Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Wanton, Captain, Careleſs, and Wild.

Want. BY all that a longing bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleaſed with this revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wiſh; I have ſo anointed my high prieſt with ſack, that he would have confuted Baal's prieſt; and now he does ſo ſlumber in his ale, and calls to bed already, ſwears the ſun is ſet.

Capt. Faith, wench, her abuſing of me made me leave her for the reckoning.

Care. Yes, faith, they have treated her upſey whore, lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

Want. Yes, yes, you are fine things; I wonder women can endure you; for me, I expect you worſe, and am arm'd for't.

Wild. Faith, let's ſend and releaſe her, the jeſt is gone far enough; as I live, I pity her.

Want. Pity her! hang her, and rid the country of her, ſhe is a thing wears out her limbs as faſt as her cloaths, one that never goes to bed at all, nor ſleeps in a whole ſkin, but is taken to pieces like a motion, as if ſhe were too long; ſhe ſhould be hang'd for offering to be a whore.

Capt. As I live, ſhe's in the right; I peep'd once to ſee what ſhe did before ſhe went to bed; by this light, her maids were diſſecting her; and when they had done, they brought ſome of her to bed, and the reſt they either pin'd or hung up, and ſo ſhe lay diſmember'd till morning; in which time, her chamber was ſtrew'd all over, like an anatomy ſchool.

Want. And when ſhe travels any where, ſhe is tranſported with as great a care and fear of ſpoiling, as a juggler's motion, when he removes from fair to fair.

Care.

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Care. She is a right broken gamester, who, tho' she lacks wherewithal to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter Wanton's maid.

Bawd. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently, he would fain be in bed, the company is all gone.

Want. Are you instructed?

Bawd. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

Want. Farewell then, you are all ready; who plays master constable?

Capt. I, I; and Ned Jolly the sumner.

Want. Farewell, farewell then.

[*Exit Wanton and Bawd.*

Wild. It is a delicate wench.

Care. She has excellent flesh, and a fine face; by this light, we must depose the captain from his reign here.

[*They whisper this.*

Wild. I like her shrewdly; I hate a wench that is all whore and no company; this is a comedy all day, and a fair at night.

Care. I hope to exalt the parson's horn here.

Capt. And what think you? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another man's wife?

Want. Is Jolly come? [*Wanton above.*

Capt. No, but he'll be here instantly.

Wild. Is he a-bed?

Want. Yes, yes, and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his sexton, with dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

Capt. And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

Want. Let him sleep awhile that he may be fresh, else the jest is spoil'd; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my ends.

Wild. I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you.

Enter Jolly.

Capt. Do, our scene lies here; who's-there, Jolly?

Jolly. Yes.

Capt. Are you fitted?

Jolly.

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Jolly. Yes, I have got the Black-fryers muſick; I was fain to ſtay till the laſt act; and who do you think I ſaw there?

Wild. I know not.

Jolly. Gueſs.

Wild. Pr'ythee? I cannot gueſs.

Jolly. Your aunt and mrs. Pleaſant, and truſty Secret.

Wild. What, man?

Jolly. The lovers only, ſo cloſe in a box!

Capt. It will be a match, and there's an end; pr'ythee let them go to't; what is't to us? let's mind our buſineſs now, and think on them hereafter.

Want. A pox upon them, for a couple of ſtaunch-hounds; have they killed at laſt? why, this is fools fortune; it would be long enough e'er one that has wit got ſuch a wife.

Capt. No more of this now; have you borrow'd the watchmen's coats?

Jolly. Yes, and bills, beards, and conſtable's ſtaff and lanthorn; and let me alone to fit him for the ſumner; but when this is done I expect my fee, a tythe-night at leaſt. Wanton, I will lie with thee for thy roguery; what are you dumb, you will not refuſe me, I hope?

Want. Not if I thought thou deſir'dſt it; but I hate to have it deſired indifferently, and but ſo ſo done neither when 'tis done.

Jolly. I hope you will not diſgrace my work, will you?

Want. Faith, they ſay thy pleaſure lies in thy tongue; and therefore, tho' I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing, that will pleaſe thee as well.

Jolly. Some roguery, I expected.

Want. No faith, I am ſerious; and becauſe I will pleaſe you both, maſter Wild ſhall lie here, and you ſhall have leave to ſay you do, which will pleaſe you as well.

Jolly. Faith, and my part is ſome pleaſure; elſe, *I have lov'd, enjoy'd, and told*, is miſtook.

Want. Ay, but never to love, ſeldom enjoy, and always tell—foh! it ſtinks, and ſtains worſe than Shoreditch dirt; and women hate and dread men for't. Why,

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I that am a whore profes'd, cannot see youth digest it, tho' it be my profit and interest. For to be a private whore in this town, starves in the nest like young birds, when the old one's kill'd.

Care. Excellent girl! 'tis too true, Jolly, your tongue has kept many a woman honest.

Want. Faith, 'tis a truth, this I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by if you will observe it; I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than Bridewell hemp: and were you wise men, and true lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection, no age could ever have hop'd: now you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter. Now, in this age of zeal and ignorance, would I have you four, in old cloaths, and demure looks, present a petition to both houses; and say, you are men touch'd in conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of adultery; and desire it may be death, and that a law may be pass'd to that purpose. How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear statues in memory of their benefactors! the young and kind would then haunt your chambers, pray, and present you, and court the sanguine youth, for the sweet sin secur'd by such a law; none would lose an occasion; nor churlishly oppose kind nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and passion calls for those forbidden sweets; when such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust? With this law all oaths and protestations are cancell'd; letters and bawds would grow useless too; by instinct, the kind will find the kind; and having one nature, become of one mind. Now we lose an age, to observe and know a man's humour e'er we dare trust him; but get this law, then 'tis, Like and enjoy. And whereas now, with expence of time and fortune, you may glean some one mistress amongst your neighbours wives; you shall reap women whole armfulls as in the common field. There is one small town, wise only in this law; and I have heard them say that know it well, there has been but one execution this hundred years; yet the same party

search'd

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ſearch'd ſeven years, and could not find an honeſt woman in the town.

Care. An excellent plot? let us about it; ink and paper, dear Wanton; we will draw the petition preſently.

Want. Will maſter Jolly conſent too? you muſt not then, as ſoon as a handſome woman is named, ſmile, and ſtroke your beard; tell him that *is* next you, you have lain with her; ſuch a lie is as dangerous as a truth; and 'twere but juſtice to have thee hang'd for a ſin thou never committed'ſt, for having defam'd ſo many women.

Jolly. If all thoſe liars were hang'd, I believe the ſcale would weigh down with the guilty.

Want. One rogue hang'd for example, would make a thouſand kind girls: if it take, it ſhall be called my law, Wanton's law; then we may go in petticoats again; for women grew imperious and wore the breeches, only to fright the poor cuckolds, and make the fools digeſt their horns.—Are you all ready, ſhall I open the door?

Capt. Yes.

Wild. I'll expect you at my lodge.

[*Exit Wild one way, and the reſt of the company another.*

Omnes. We'll come, we'll come.

Capt. So, knock louder.

[*They knock within, and the parſon diſcover'd in his bed, and the bawd with him.*

Parſ. Who's there? what would you have?

Capt. Here's his majeſty's watch, and maſter conſtable's worſhip muſt come in; we have a warrant from the lords to ſearch for a delinquent.

Parſ. You come not here; I'll anſwer your warrant to-morrow.

Jolly. Break open the door.

Parſ. I would you durſt.

Bawd. Lord, dear! what ſhall we do?

Parſ. Why, ſweet, I'll warrant you: art thou not my wife, my rib, bone of my bone? I'll ſuffer any thing e'er one hair of thee ſhall be touch'd.

Bawd. Hark, they break open the door.

Parſ. They dare not; why doſt thou tremble ſo? alas, ſweet innocence, how it ſhakes!

Capt. Break open the door.

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Parf. I'll complain to the biſhop, of this inſolence.

Bawd. They come, they come, lamb!

Parf. No matter, ſweet, they dare not touch thee. What would you have, mr. conſtable? you are very rude.

[*He delivers the warrant.*

Capt. Read our warrant, and our buſineſs will excuſe us: do you know any ſuch perſon as you find there?

Parf. Yes, ſir, but not by this name; ſuch a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides; we were married to-day, and I'll juſtify her my wife the next court-day; you have your anſwer, and may be gone.

Jolly. We muſt take no notice of ſuch excuſes now; if ſhe be your wife, make it appear in court, and ſhe will be deliver'd unto you.

Parf. If ſhe be my wife! ſir, I have wedded her and bedded her, what other ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, ſweetheart.

Jolly. Sir, we can do no leſs than execute our warrant; we are but ſervants; and, maſter conſtable, I charge you in the king's name to do your duty; behold the body of the delinquent.

Parf. Touch her that dares; I'll put my dagger in him. [*He takes his dagger.*] Fear nothing, ſweetheart. Maſter conſtable, you'll repent this inſolence offer'd to a man of my coat.

Bawd. Help, my deareſt, will you let me be hal'd thus? [*Here they ſtrive to take her out.*

Parf. Villains, what will you do? murder! rape!

Capt. Yes, yes, 'tis likely; I look like a raviſher.

Jolly. Hold him, and we'll do well enough with her.

[*As they go to pull her out of the bed, they diſcover the bawd. When they let him go he turns to her, and holds her in his arms.*

Capt. What have we here, an old woman?

Parf. Let me go, ſlaves and murtherers.

Capt. Let him go.

Jolly. Do any of you know this woman? this is not ſhe we look'd for.

Parf. No, raſcal, that miſtake ſhall not excuſe you.

Jolly. It is old Goodman what d'ye call him, his wife.

Capt.

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Capt. Hold the candle, and let's ſee her face.

[*When they hold the candle, ſhe lies in his boſom, and his arms about her. She muſt be as naſtily dreſs'd as they can dreſs her; when he ſees her, he falls into a maze, and ſhoves her from him.*

Jolly. What have we here, adultery? take them both, here will be new matter.

Parſ. Maſter conſtable, a little argument will perſuade you to believe I am groſly abus'd; ſure this does not look like a piece that a man would ſin to enjoy; let that then move your pity, and care of my reputation; conſider my calling, and do not bring me to a publick ſhame for what you're ſure I am not guilty of, but by plot of ſome villains.

Bawd. Dear, will you diſclaim me now?

Parſ. Oh, impudence!

Jolly. Maſter conſtable, do your duty; take them both away, as you will anſwer it.

Capt. Give him his caſſock to cover him.

[*They put on his caſſock and her coat, and lead them away.*

Parſ. Why, gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Capt. To the next juſtice, I think it is maſter Wild, he is newly come from travel; it will be a good way, neighbours, to expreſs our reſpects to him.

Parſ. No faith, gentlemen, e'en go the next way to Tyburn, and diſpatch the buſineſs without ceremony, for you'll utterly diſgrace me—This is that damn'd Captain; my wife is abroad too, I fear ſhe is of the plot.

Jolly. Come, away with 'em.

Bawd. Whither will they lead us, dear?

Parſ. Oh, oh, impudence! gentlemen, do not lead us together, I beſeech you.

Capt. Come, come, lead them together, no ceremonies; your faults are both alike. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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Act. IV. Scen. 2.

Enter Wanton and Wild.

Want. YOU had best hang now, and use me like my lady what d'ye call, but if you do, I care not.

Wild. Come, y'are a fool: I'll be a faithful friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit. [*Wild sits down with Wanton in his lap.*

Want. You must do it now or never.

Wild. Hark, hark, I hear them.——What's the news?

Enter Captain, Jolly, Watch, Bawd and Parson.

Capt. We have brought a couple of delinquents before your worship, they have committed a very foul fault.

Jolly. And we have brought the fault along too, that your worship may see it: you will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

Parf. Ha! what do I see? my wife in master justice's lap!

Want. What has the poor fellow done?

Capt. Why, madam, he has been taken in bed with this woman, another man's wife.

Want. In bed with her? and do you raise him to punish him? Master constable, if you would afflict him, command them to lie together again: is not the man mad?

Parf. This is fine roguery! I find who rules the roast.

Wild. Well, to the business: you say, he was taken in bed with another man's wife.

Capt. Yes, and't like your worship.

Wild. Make his mittimus to the hole at Newgate.

Want. Sure I have seen this fellow's face.——Friend, have I never seen your face before?

Parf. If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your ladyship's too: she was a captain's cast-whore in the town. I shall have a time to be reveng'd.

Wild. How now, sirrah, are you threatning? away with him.

Capt. I'll fetch a stronger watch, sir, and return presently.

Wild,

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Wild. Do, master constable, and give the poor woman something, and set her free; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness: she looks like one that ne'er thought on such a thing.

Bawd. God bless your worship, I am innocent; he never left making love, till I consented.

Enter Captain in his own shape.

Parf. Oh miserable! miserable!

Capt. How now, what's the news here? my honour'd friend, and master parson, what makes you here at this time of night? why I should have thought this a time to have envy'd you for your fair bride's embraces; do you give these favours? are these your bride-laces? it's a new way. [*Plays with the cord that binds his arms.*

Parf. Is it new to you?

Want. How now, captain?

Capt. Wanton, is this your plot to endear your husband to you?

Parf. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten captain; but I shall be reveng'd.

Capt. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't; to undermine my Machiavel, which so greedily swallow'd that sweet bait that had this hook.

Parf. 'Tis well.

Capt. But my anger ends not here. Remember this base language you gave me; son of a thousand fathers, captain of a tame band, and one that got my living by the long staff-speeches; for which, and thy former treacheries, I'll ruin thee, slave; I'll have no more mercy on thee, than old women on blind puppies; I'll bring you to your commendations in Latin epistles again; nor leave thee any thing to live on; no, not bread, but what thou earn'st by ranking gentlewomen's names in anagrams. And master justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the reverend bench.

Parf. I am undone.

Wild. I can do nothing but justice, you must excuse me; I shall only make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shells.

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Parſ. Mercy, oh mercy!

Wild. Officers, away with him. [*They pull him away.*

Parſ. No mercy?

Want. Yes, upon conditions, there may be ſome mercy. [*The parſon looks very dejected.*

Wild. And theſe they are——let the watch ſtay in the t'other room.——Firſt, your wife ſhall have her liberty, and you yours, as ſhe reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you ſhall be welcome; then you ſhall not be jealous, that's another point.

[*Exit watch.*

Capt. That he ſhall have a cure for.

Want. Yes, yes, I'll apply ſomething to his eyes ſhall cure him of his doubt.

Wild. Then you ſhall aſk the captain pardon, and your wife; to him you ſhall allow half your parſonage to maintain her; the deeds are ready within, if you'll ſign them, and deliver your wife to our uſe, ſhe ſhall diſcharge you.

Parſ. I ſubmit, ſir, but I hope your worſhip will deſire no witneſs to the uſe of my wife; the ſumner, and the watch too, I hope your worſhip will enjoin them ſilence.

Want. You ſhall not need to fear, I'll have a care of your credit; call in the watch; do you know theſe faces? [*She diſcovers them.*

Parſ. Ha! abus'd.

Jolly. Nay, no flinching, if you do, I betake me to maſter ſumner again.

Capt. And I become ſevere maſter conſtable in a trice.

Parſ. No, no, I ſubmit, and I hope we are all friends; I'm ſure I have the hardeſt part, to forgive.

Want. And I, before all this company, promiſe to forget and forgive thee; and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal huſband, now you are tame; but you muſt ſee you do ſo no more, and give yourſelf to be blind, when it is not fit for you to ſee; and practiſe to be deaf; and learn to ſleep in time, and find buſineſs to call you away, when gentlemen come that would be private.

Capt.

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Capt. Why, ſo; now things are as they ſhould be; and when you will obey, you ſhall command: but when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my conſtable's ſtaff till you ſubſcribe, *Cedunt armis togæ*; and if it be falſe Latin, parſon, you muſt pardon that too.

Jolly. By this hand, I muſt have my tythe-night with thee, thou art ſuch a wag; ſay, when? when wilt thou give me leave? ha!

Want. Never.

Jolly. Never!

Want. No, never.

Jolly. D'ye hear? I am none of them that work for charity; either reſolve to pay, or I kick down all my milk again.

Want. What would you have?

Jolly. Give me leave to lie with you.

Want. No indeed.

Jolly. No!

Want. No; but rather than quarrel, as I ſaid before, I will give you leave to ſay you have lain with me.

Wild. I am of opinion ſhe owes you nothing now; ſo, mrs. Wanton, take your huſband; and to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a wedding-ſupper.

Parſ. This is better than Newgate-hole yet, Bridewell hemp, brown-bread, and whip-cord. [*Exe. omnes.*

Act. IV. Scen. 3.

Enter the Widow and mrs. Pleaſant, maſter Sad, and maſter Conſtant.

Wid. BY my troth, it was a good play.

Pleaſ. And I am glad I am come home, for I am e'en as weary with this walking; for god's ſake whereabouts does the pleaſure of walking lie? I ſwear, I have often ſought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it.

Sad. What do theſe halberds at your door?

[*A watch at the widow's door.*

Wid. Halberds! where?

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Sad. There, at your lodging.

Conſt. Friend, what would thoſe watchmen have?

Watch. The houſe is ſhut up for the ſickneſs this afternoon.

Pleaſ. The ſickneſs?

Watch. Yes forſooth, there's a coachman dead full of the tokens.

Sad. Where is the officer?

Watch. He is gone to ſeek the lady of the houſe, and ſome other company that din'd here yeſterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Peſt-houſe.

Wid. Ha! what ſhall we do, niece?

Sad. If you pleaſe to command our lodging.

Pleaſ. It will be too much trouble.

Wid. Let's go to Loveall's.

Pleaſ. Not I, by my faith; it is ſcarce for our credits to let her come to us.

Wid. Why, is ſhe naught?

Conſt. Faith, madam, her reputation is not good.

Wid. But what ſhall we do then?

Conſt. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

Wid. Thank you, ſir; we'll go to my nephew's at Covent-garden; he may ſhift among his acquaintance.

Pleaſ. It was well thought on, the Piazza is hard by too.

Wid. We'll borrow your coach thither, and we'll ſend it you back again ſtrait.

Conſt. We'll wait upon you, madam.

Wid. This accident troubles me; I am heartily ſorry for the poor fellow.

Pleaſ. I am ſorry too; but pray, aunt, let us not forget ourſelves in our grief; I am not ambitious of a red croſs upon the door.

Conſt. Miſtreſs Pleaſant is in the right; for if you ſtay the officers will put you in.

Wid. We ſhall trouble you, ſir, for your coach.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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Act. IV. Scen. 4.

Enter Parſon, Captain, Wild, Wanton, Careleſs and Jolly.

Parſ. I Am reconcil'd, and will no longer be an uncharitable churchman; I think this ſack is a cooler.

Capt. What, do's it make you to ſee your error?

Parſ. Yes, and conſider my man of war; nor will I again diſpute his letters of mart, nor call them paſſes for pirates; I am free.

Capt. And welcome, any thing but anger is ſufferable, and all is jeſt when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abuſing me with thy eyes in their ſcabards; but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatning a levite's ſecond revenge to all that touches your concubine, then I betake me to a dark lanthorn, and a conſtable's ſtaff; and by help of theſe fathers whom I cite, I prove my text, Women that are kind ought to be free.

Parſ. But, captain, is it not lawful for us ſhepherds to reclaim them?

Capt. A meer miſtake; for ſin, like the ſea, may be turned out, but will ne'er grow leſs; and though you ſhould drain this miſtreſs Doll, yet the whore will find a place; and perhaps overflow ſome maid, till then honeſt; and ſo you prove the author of a new ſin, and the defiler of a pure temple; therefore I ſay, while you live, let the whore alone till ſhe wears out; nor is it ſafe to vamp them, as you ſhall find: read Ball. the firſt. and the ſecond.

Wild. No more diſcourſe. Strike up fiddlers.

Capt. See, who's that knocks?

[*A country-dance. When they are merry, ſinging catches and drinking healths, the Widow, mrs. Pleaſant, and the two lovers knock at the door.*

Serv. Sir, 'tis miſtreſs Pleaſant, and the two gentlemen that din'd there to day.

Wild. My aunt, and miſtreſs Pleaſant!

Jolly. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

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Capt. It may be, they have been a wenching.

Serv. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the coach when I came up.

Wild. Quickly, mrs. Wanton, you and your huſband to bed, there's the key; mr. Parſon, you know the way to the old chamber, and to it quickly, all is friends now.

Parſ. Sweet heart, we'll ſteal away.

Want. The devil on them, they have ſpoil'd our mirth. [*Exit Parſon.*

Wild. Jack, get you and your company down the back-way into the kitchen, and ſtay there till we ſee what this viſit means. [*Exeunt Fiddlers.*

Capt. Means! what ſhould it mean? it is nothing but the miſchievous nature all honeſt women are endu'd with, and naturally given to ſpoil ſport: I wonder what fart blew them hither to night.

Wild. Nay, have a little patience, captain; you and mr. Jolly muſt ſit quietly awhile within, till we know the cauſe.

Capt. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or ſo.

Servant. Sir, here's my lady.

Wild. Quickly remove thoſe things there: captain, ſtep in there ——

Enter Widow, Pleaſant, Sad and Conſtant.

Wid. Nephew, do you not wonder to ſee me here, at this time of night?

Wild. I know it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis ſome deſign: What is it, mrs. Pleaſant? ſhall I make one?

Pleaſant. As I live, ſir, pure neceſſity; neither mirth nor kindneſs hath begot this viſit.

Care. What, is your coach broke?

Wid. Faith, nephew, the truth is, the ſickneſs is in my houſe, and my coachman dy'd ſince dinner.

Wild. The ſickneſs?

Pleaſ. Ay, as I live, we have been walking ſince the play; and when we came home we found the watch at the door, and the houſe ſhut up.

Sad. And a conſtable gone in ſearch of all thoſe that dined

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dined there to day, with order to furnish us lodgings in the pest-house.

Wid. Are you not afraid to receive us?

Wild. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am sorry such a misfortune should beget me this favour; and I could wish myself free from the honour, if the cause were removed too.

Pleas. As I live, mr. Wild, I must have been forc'd to have lain with my servant to night, if you had not received me.

Wild. If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so much mr. Constant's friend.

Pleas. But are you more his friend than mine, mr. Wild?

Wild. No, but I presume by this he has gain'd so much interest, as he would not be very displeasing to you.

Const. Oh! your humble servant, sir.

Pleas. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne'er come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute; for I fear no body so much as a husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minute's warning.

Wid. No dispute now, can you furnish us with a couple of beds?

Wild. Yes, yes.

Wid. And have you e'er a woman in the house?

Wild. My sister's maid is here.

Care. Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find clean linen, and your beds quickly ready.

Wid. But where will my nephew and you, sir, lie to night?

Care. Oh, madam, we have acquaintance enough in the town.

Wid. Well, sir, we'll accept this courtesy; and when you come into Suffolk, you shall command my house.

Wild. Pr'ythee call Bess, and bid her bring sheets to make the bed; I'll go and fetch in a pallet, 'tis as good a bed as the other, and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a bedstead.

Pleas. No, a pallet, pray; but what shall we do for night-cloaths, aunt?

Wild. Why, what are those you bought my sister?

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Wild. Is not that linen gone yet?

Care. No faith, madam, his man forgot it, till the carriers were gone last week.

Wild. Will that serve?

Pleas. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of 't again.

Wild. Nay, it will serve, discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and pry'thee fetch the combs and looking-glasses I bought the other day; for other necessaries that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

Wid. Nay, but where is she, nephew?

Wild. I'll call her, if she be not gone to bed; it is an ignorant young thing, I am to send her to my sisters in the country; I have had such ado to put her in the fashion.

Pleas. What country is she? pr'ythee, mr. Wild, let's see her.

Wild. I'll call her down. [*Exit Wild.*

Sad. Madam, now we see y'are safe, we'll kiss your hands, and wait upon you to morrow.

Wid. It must be early then, sir; for I shall borrow my nephew's coach, and be gone betimes into the country; to take a little fresh air, and prevent the search.

Const. Pray, madam, be pleased to command ours.

Wild. No, sir, I humbly thank you; my nephew's will hold our company.

Const. Your humble servant, mistress Pleasant.

Sad. Your servant, madam.

Pleas. Good night, mr. Constant.

Wid. Sir, you'll excuse us, we have no body here to light you down.

Care. Madam, I am here your servant as much as those that wear your livery; and this house holds no other; we can be civil, madam, as well as extravagant.

Wild. Your humble servant, mr. Careless.

Care. Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my lady to her chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

Sad. You oblige us, sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act.

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Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Enter Wild, Captain, Wanton, Parson and Jolly.

Capt. THE plague?

Wild. The plague, as I live; and all my relation is truth, every syllable. But, mrs. Wanton, now must you play your master-piece; be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well; thou wilt pass for as arrant a chamber-maid as any is in the parish.

Parf. Hum! new plots?

Capt. Let me put on a petty-coat and a muffler, and I'll so chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the clean smock and the chamber-pot—Now would I give all the shoes in my shop to lie with 'em both.

Want. Let me alone to fit them, I can make a scurvey curt'sy naturally; remember, I am an Essex woman, if they ask.

Wild. Come, come quickly, take those sweet-meats; bring the great cake and knife, and napkins, for they have not supp'd; and captain, make some lemonade, and send it by the boy to my chamber; and do you hear, Jolly, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to night.

Jolly. We'll stay, but make haste then.

Capt. And bring our cloaks and swords out with you.

Wild. I will, I will; but be quiet all.

Parf. Mr. Wild, I hope there is no plot in this.

Capt. There's no jealousy, mr. Parson; 'tis all serious, upon my life. Come, away with us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. IV. Scen. 6.

The lying-room, curtains drawn, and they discourse. His chamber, two beds, two tables, looking-glasses, night-cloaths, waist-coats, sweet-bags, sweet-meats and wine; Wanton dress like a chamber-maid; all above, if the scene can be so order'd.

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Enter Widow and mrs. Pleaſant, Wild and Careleſs; the Widow and mrs. Pleaſant ſalute Wanton.

Wild. FAith, aunt, 'tis the firſt time I have had the honour to ſee you in my houſe; and as a ſtranger I muſt ſalute you.

Wid. As I live, nephew, I'm aſham'd to put you to this trouble.

Wild. It is an obligation.——Mrs. Pleaſant, I know you have not ſupp'd; I pray you be pleas'd to taſte theſe ſweet-meats, they are of Sall's doing; but I underſtand not ſweet-meats, the wine I'll anſwer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: you are Patrona, and we your ſlaves.

Care. Good reſt, and a pleaſing dream, your humble ſervant wiſhes you.

Wid. Good night, nephew; good night, mr. Careleſs.

Pleaſ. Good night, mr. Careleſs; your humble ſervant, mr. Wild. [*Exeunt. Wild and Careleſs.*

Wid. Why ay; here are men have ſome wit; by this good night, had we lain at my ſervant's, we ſhould have found the lac'd cap and ſlippers that have been entail'd upon the family theſe five deſcents, advanc'd upon the cup-board's head inſtead of plate.

[*They ſit down to undreſs them.*

Pleaſ. They are a couple of the readieſt youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for ſending his ſiſter's maid: a pretty wench!

Wid. Pray, let's go to bed; I am weary.

Pleaſ. You will not go to bed with all thoſe windows open: ſweet heart, pr'ythee ſhut them, and bring me hither——doſt underſtand me? as I live, 'tis a great while ſince I went to the play.

Wid. It has been one of the longeſt days; a year of them would be an age.

Pleaſ. Oh, do your grow weary? you'll break your covenant e'er the year go out.

[*The curtains are cloſed.*

Wid. Pr'ythee, ſhut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

Act.

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Act. IV. Scen. 7.

Enter Wild, Jolly, Careless, Captain and Parson, and Fiddlers, and one with a torch, with their cloaks and their swords, putting them on. Enter Wild's man.

Wild. SEE you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for.—Come, shall we go? 'tis very late.

Capt. But how do's Wanton carry it?

Wild. They saluted her; and mrs. Pleasant swore you might see the country-simplicity in her face.

Parf. A pox upon her, crafty gypsy.

Capt. Why, art not thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

Parf. I'll shew you all a trick for her, within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

Jolly. Come, let's go. [*They all offer to go.*

Capt. I have a mind to stay till Wanton comes.

Wild. Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long e'er they be a bed.

Enter Wanton.

Capt. I hear Wanton's voice.

Wild. Are they a bed?

Want. Yes, and have so admir'd you, and mr. Careless, and abus'd the lovers—Well, gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel—well, they might lie alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them, within a month.

Care. Were they so taken with their lodging?

Want. All that can be said they said, you are the friendliest men, the readi'st men, the handsom'st men, men that had wit; and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and mrs. (what's her name) the younger, asked why mr. Wild did not go a wooing to some rich heir; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

Care. Well, well, there's a time for all things; come, let's go. [*They offer to depart.*

Wild. Take a light.——Good night, Wanton.

Capt.

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Capt. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? let me ſpeak with you.

[*They all come back again.*

Wild. What's the buſineſs?

Capt. I cannot get home this night; but your good angels hang at my heels; and if I can prevail, you ſhall ſtay.

Wild. What to do?

Capt. What to do? why I'll be hang'd if all this company do not gueſs.

Jolly. Pr'ythee, what ſhould we ſtay for?

Capt. For the widow, and her niece; are they worth the watching for a night?

Wild. Yes, certainly.

Capt. Then take my counſel, and let me give it out y'are married; you have new cloaths come home this morning, and there's that you ſpoke of I'll fetch from the taylor's, and here's a parſon ſhall rather give them his living, than ſtay for a license; the fiddlers too are ready to falute 'em.

Care. But if they refuſe?

Jolly. Whith, upon my conſcience, they will.

Capt. As you hope, elſe you are laugh'd at for ſtealing the widow. Ned, follow my counſel, appear at her chamber-window in thy ſhirt, and ſalute all that paſſes by; let me alone to give it out, and invite company and provide dinner; then when the buſineſs is known, and I have preſented all your friends at court with ribbands, ſhe muſt conſent, or her honour is loſt, if you have but the grace to ſwear it, and keep your own counſel.

Care. By this hand, he has reaſon; and I'll undertake the widow.

Wild. It will incenſe them, and precipitate the buſineſs, which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they muſt hate us for ſuch a treachery.

Capt. If they have wit they will love you; beſide, if it come to that, we two will ſwear we ſaw you married, and the parſon ſhall be ſworn he did it:——Prieſt, will you not ſwear?

Parſ. Yes, any thing: what is't, captain?

Wild.

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Wild. If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly: she came hither too for sanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhospitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from herself; then, 'tis in mine own house.

Capt. The better; nay, now I think on't, why came she hither? how do you know the plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hang'd if it be not a plot; the lovers too whom you abus'd at dinner, are joyn'd with them; a trick, a meer trick of wit to abuse us; and to morrow when the birds are flown, they'll laugh at you, and say, two country-ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travel'd city-wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

Care. A pox upon these niceties.

Want. If they have not some design upon you, hang me, why did they talk so freely before me else?

Care. Let's but try, we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

Capt. If you get them, are they worth having?

Wild. Having? yes.

Capt. If you miss them the jest is good; pr'ythee, Ned, let me prevail, 'tis but a mad trick.

Wild. If we would, how shall we get into the chamber?

Want. Let me alone for that; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a chamber-pot; then under pretence of bolting the back-door I'll open it—and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly; for you wenchers make the best husbands; after you are once married, one never see's you.

Capt. I warrant thee, wench.

Want. No faith, I have observ'd it, they are still the doting'st husbands, and then retreat and become justices of the peace, and none so violent upon the bench, as they, against us poor sinners: yet I'll do it; for upon my conscience the young gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. [*Exit Wanton.*

Capt. Away, go then, and leave your fooling; and in

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in the morning, Ned, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

Parſ. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and ſtop them.

Capt. Why look you, you have the authority of the church too.

Wild. Well, I am now reſolv'd; go you about your part, and make the report ſtrong.

Care. And d'ye hear? be ſure you ſet the cook at work, that if we miſs we may have a good dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

Capt. Miſs? I warrant thee, 'twill thrive. [*Exit Captain.*

Care. Nay, if I knock not down the widow, geld me, and come out to morrow compleat uncle, and ſalute the company, with, you are welcome, gentlemen, and good morrow nephew Ned.

Wild. Uncle Tom, good morrow, uncle Tom.

Enter Wantan.

Want. All's done, the door is open, and they're as ſtill as childrens thoughts; 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almoſt day; and take my counſel, be ſure to offer force enough; the leſs reaſon will ſerve; eſpecially you, maſter Wild, do not put a maid to the pain of ſaying, ay.

Wild. I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

Care. We'll in, and undreſs us, and come again; for we muſt go in at the back door.

Wild. I'll meet you: is the captain gone?

[*Exeunt Wild and Careleſs.*

Want. Yes, yes, he's gone.

Jolly. Come, maſter Parſon, let us ſee the cook in readineſs, where are the fiddlers? what will become of our plot? for the coach-man, maſter Sad, and his friend will think of their jeſt if this thrive.

Parſ. They have ſlept all night, on purpoſe to play all day.

Jolly. When the ribbands and points come from the Exchange, pray ſee the fiddlers have ſome; the rogues will play ſo out of tune all day elſe, they will ſpoil the dancing, if the plot do take.

Enter

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Enter Wild, and Careleſs, in their ſhirts, with drawers under; night-gowns on, and in ſlippers.

Want. Let's ſee them in the chamber firſt, and then I ſhall go with ſome heart about the buſineſs:—ſo, ſo, creep cloſe and quietly; you know the way, the widow lies in the high bed, and the pallet is next the door.

[*They kneel at the door to go in; ſhe ſhakes her coats over 'em.*

Wild. Muſt we creep?

Want. Yes, yes, down upon your knees, always; till you get a woman, and then ſtand up for the cauſe; ſtay, let me ſhake my ſmock over you for luck ſake.

Jolly. Why ſo? I warrant you thrive.

Parſ. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

Want. Sweet heart, ſweet heart, off with your ſhoes.

Parſ. Ay, with all my heart, there's an old ſhoe after you; would I gave all in my ſhop the reſt were furniſh'd with wives too.

Jolly. Parſon, the ſun is riſing, go ſend in the fiddlers, and ſet the cook on work, let him chop ſoundly.

Parſ. I have a tythe-pig at home, I'll e'en ſacrifice it to the wedding. [*Exit Parſon.*

Want. They will find them in good poſture, they may take privy marks if they pleaſe; for they ſaid it was ſo hot they could endure no cloaths, and my ſimplicity was ſo diligent to lay them naked, and with ſuch twiſts and turns faſtned them to the feet, I'll anſwer for't, they find not the way into them in an hour.

Enter Servant and Parſon.

Jolly. Why then they may pull up their ſmocks, and hide their faces.

Serv. Maſter Jolly, there was one without would ſpeak with you.

Jolly. Who was it?

Serv. It is the lady that talks ſo well.

Jol. They ſay, indeed, ſhe has an excellent tongue; I would ſhe had chang'd it for a face; 'tis ſhe that has been handſome.

Parſ.

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Parſ. Who, not the poeteſs we met at mr. Sad's?

Jol. Yes, the ſame.

Parſ. Sure ſhe's mad.

Jol. Pr'ythee, tell her I am gone to bed.

Serv. I have done as well, ſir; I told her mrs. Wanton was here, at which diſcreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her face, ſhe threw out a curſe or two, and retreated.

Want. Who is this you ſpeak of? I will know who 'tis.

Parſ. Why 'tis ſhe that married the Genoa merchant; they cozen'd one another.

Want. Who, Peg Driver, bewgle-eyes?

Jol. The ſame, the ſame.

Want. Why, ſhe is ugly now?

Parſ. Yes; but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever tin'd in town or ſuburbs: when I knew her firſt, ſhe was the original of all the wainſcot chamber-maids with brooms, and bare-foot madams, you ſee ſold at Temple-bar and the Exchange.

Want. Ah! th'art a devil! how could'ſt thou find in thy heart to abuſe her ſo? Thou lov'ſt antiquities too: the very memory that ſhe had been handſome, ſhould have pleaded ſomething.

Jol. Was handſome, ſignifies nothing to me.

Want. But ſhe's a wit, and a wench of an excellent diſcourſe.

Parſ. And as good company as any's i'th' town.

Jol. Company! for whom, leather-ears, his majeſty of Newgate-watch? There her ſtory will do well, while they louſe themſelves.

Parſ. Well, you are ourious now; but the time was when you have ſkip'd for a kiſs.

Jol. Pr'ythee, Parſon, no more of wit, and was handſome; but let us keep to this text—[*he kiſſes Wanton*]—and with joy think upon thy little Wanton here, that's kind, ſoft, ſweet, and ſound: theſe are epithets for a miſtreſs, nor is there any elegancy in a woman like it. Give me ſuch a naked ſcene to ſtudy night and day: I care not for her tongue, ſo her face be good: A whore, dreſs'd in verſe, and ſet ſpeeches, tempts me no more to

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that sweet sin, than the statute of whipping can keep me from it. This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what she was, is not only poetical in her discourse, but her tears and her love, her health, nay her pleasure, were all fictions, and had scarce any live flesh about her till I administer'd.

Parf. Indeed, 'tis time she sat out, and gave others leave to play; for a reverend whore is an unseemly sight; besides it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

Want. Sure he'll make a case of conscience on't: you should do well (sweet heart) to recommend her case to your brethren that attend the committee of affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the commonwealth.

Act. V. Scen. 1.

Enter Fiddlers, Jolly, and Wanton.

Jol. OH, are you ready? are you ready?

Fid. Yes, an't like your worship.

Jol. And did you bid the cook chop luftily, and make a noise?

Fid. Yes, sir, he's at it.

Want. I hear the captain.

Enter the Captain.

Jol. Have you brought cloaths and ribbands?

Capt. Yes, yes, all is ready: did you hear them squeak yet?

Want. No, by this light: I think 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abus'd.

Capt. Give the fiddlers their ribbands, and carry the rest in. Mrs. Wanton, you must play my lady's woman to-day, and mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you; and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

Want. I'll warrant you, for my part.

Capt.

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Capt. Go, get you in then, and let your husband dip the rosemary.

Jol. Is all ready?

Capt. All, all; some of the company are below already: I have so blown it about, one porter is gone to the Exchange, to invite mr. Wild's merchant to his wedding, and, by the way, to bid two or three fruiterers to send in fruit for such a wedding; another in my lady's name to Sall's for sweet-meats: I swore at Bradborn in his shop myself, that I wonder'd he would disappoint mr. Wild for his points, and having so long warning; he protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send John with them presently. One of the watermen is gone to the Mellon-garden; the other to Cook's, at the Bear, for some bottles of his best wine, and thence to Gracious-street to the poulterer's, and all with directions to send in provisions for mr. Wild's wedding; and who should I meet at door, but apricock Tom and Mary, waiting to speak with her young master; they came to beg that they might serve the feast; I promis'd them they should, if they would cry it up and down the town to bring company, for mr. Wild was resolv'd to keep open house.

Jol. Why then here will be witnesses enough.

Capt. But who should I meet at the corner of the Piazza, but Joseph Taylor; he tells me, there's a new play at the Fryers to-day, and I have bespoke a box for mr. Wild and his bride.

Jol. And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

Capt. Yes; but I told him 'twas a match his aunt made for him when he was abroad.

Jol. And I have spread it sufficiently at court, by sending to borrow plate for such a wedding.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's half a dozen coach-fulls of company lighted; they call for the bride-laces and points.

Capt. Let the fiddlers play then, and bid God give them joy, by the name of my lady Careless and mrs. Wild.

Fid. Where shall we play, sir?

Jol. Come with us, we'll shew you the window.

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Act. V. Scen. 2.

[*The fiddlers play in the tiring-room, and the ſtage-curtains are drawn, and diſcover a chamber, as it were, with two beds, and the ladies aſleep in them; mr. Wild being at mrs. Pleaſant's bed-ſide, and mr. Careleſs at the widow's. The muſick awakes the widow.*

Wid. NIECE, niece, niece Pleaſant.

[*She opens the curtain and calls her; ſhe is under a canopy.*

Pleaſ. Ha! I hear you, I hear you; what would you have?

Wid. Do you not hear the fiddlers?

Pleaſ. Yes, yes; but you have wak'd me from the fineſt dream——

Wid. A dream! what was't, ſome knavery?

Pleaſ. Why I know not, but 'twas merry; e'en as pleaſing as ſome ſins: well, I'll lie no more in a man's bed, for fear I loſe more than I get.

Wid. Hark! that's a new tune.

Pleaſ. Yes, and they play it well. This is your jaunty nephew; I would he had leſs of the father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him; o' my conſcience he's worth a dozen of my dull ſervant; that's ſuch a troubleſome viſitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Wid. Ay, ay, ſo are all of that kind; give me your ſubject lover; thoſe you call ſervants, are but troubles, I confeſs.

Pleaſ. What is the difference, pray, betwixt a ſubject and a ſervant lover?

Wid. Why, one I have abſolute power over, the other's at large; your ſervant-lovers are thoſe who take miſtreſſes upon trial, and ſcarce give them a quarter's warning before they are gone.

Pleaſ. Why, what do your ſubject-lovers do?—I am ſo ſleepy.

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Wid. Do! all things for nothing: then they are the diligentest and the humblest things a woman can employ; nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house: I had one once, by this light; he would fetch and carry, go back, seek out; he would do any thing: I think some faulconer bred him.

Pleas. By my troth, I am of your mind.

Wid. He would come over, for all my friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown like John a Napes when the pope is nam'd: he heard me once praise my little spaniel bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stir'd for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Pleas. And what became of him?

Wid. Faith, when I married he forsook me: I was advis'd since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes, he would have stay'd.

Pleas. That was cheap, but 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a general opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this town still, such a fool would do you a world of service: I'm sure Secret will miss him, he would always take such a care of her, h'as saved her a hundred walks for hoods and masques.

Wid. Yes, and I was certain of the earliest fruits and flowers that the spring afforded.

Pleas. By my troth 'twas foolishly done to part with him; a few crumbs of your affection would have satisfy'd him, poor thing!

Wid. Thou art in the right; in this town there's no living without 'em; they do more service in a house for nothing, than a pair of those what-d'ye-call-'ems, those he-waiting-women, beasts, that custom imposes upon ladies.

Pleas. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'd fain get a tame one to carry down into the country.

Wid. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the town

town that's right, and that's at the court: the lady that has them, brings 'em all up by hand; she breeds some of them from very puppies: there's another wit too in the town that has of them; but her's will not do so many tricks; good sullen diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

Pleaf. How does she do it? is there not a trick in't?

Wid. Only patience; but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry; she governs them with signs, and by the eye, as Banks breeds his horse: there are some too that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they commonly betake themselves to poetry; and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praising his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

Pleaf. But do they never grow surly, aunt?

Wid. Not, if you keep them from raw flesh; for they are a kind of lyon-lovers, and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

Pleaf. Lord, aunt, there will be no going without one this summer into the country; pray let's enquire for one, either a he-one to entertain us, or a she-one to tell us the story of her love; 'tis excellent to bedward, and makes one as drowsy as prayers.

Wid. Faith, niece, this parliament has so destroy'd 'em, and the Platonick humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no; your leading members in the lower house have so cow'd the ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late: their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close committee-men, a rugged kind of sullen fellows, with implacable stomachs and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them as much as the foolish lovers use to do. Yet I think I know one she-lover, but she is smitten in years o'th' wrong side of forty; I am certain she is poor too, and, in this lean age for courtiers, she perhaps would be glad to run this summer in our park.

Pleaf. Dear aunt, let us have her. Has she been famous? has she good tales, think you, of knights, such

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as have been false or true to love, no matter which?

Wid. She cannot want cause to curse the sex; handsome, witty, well-born, and poor, in court cannot want the experience how false young men can be: her beauty has had the highest fame; and those eyes, that weep now unpity'd, have had their envy, and a dazzling power.

Pleas. And that tongue, I warrant you, which now grows hoarse with flattering the great law-breakers, once gave law to princes: was it not so, aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

Wid. Penthesilea, nor all the cloven knights the poets treat of, yclad in mightiest petticoats, did her excel for gallant deeds, and, with her honour, still preserv'd her freedom. My brother lov'd her; and I have heard him swear Minerva might have own'd her language; an eye like Pallas, Juno's wrists, a Venus for shape, and a mind chaste as Diana, but not so rough; never uncivilly cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no vanity, that sees more than lovers pay; nor blind to a gallant passion: her maxim was, he that could love, and tell her so handsomely, was better company, but not a better lover than a silent man; thus all passions found her civility, and she a value from all her lovers. But, alas, niece, this *was* (which is a sad word) *was* handsome, and *was* beloved, are abhorr'd sounds in women's ears.

[*The fiddlers play again.*

Pleas. Hark, the fiddlers are merry still: will not Secret have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

Fidd. God give you joy, mr. Careless; God give your ladyship joy, my lady Wild.

Wid. What did the fellow say, God give me joy?

Pleas. As I live, I think so.

Fidd. God give you joy, mrs. Pleasant Wild.

Wid. This is my nephew, I smell him in this knavery.

Pleas. Why did they give me joy by the name of mrs. Wild? I shall pay dear for a night's lodging, if that be so; especially lying alone. By this light, there is some knavery a-foot.

[*All*

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[*All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*

Fol. Rise, rise, for shame, the year's afore you.

Capt. Why, Ned Wild; why Tom, will you not rise and let's in? What, is it not enough to steal your wedding over night, but lock yourselves up in the morning too? All your friends stay for points here, and kisses from the brides.

Wild. A little patience! you'll give us leave to dress us? [*The women squeak when they speak.*

Care. Why, what's a clock, captain?

Capt. It's late.

Care. Faith, so it was before we slept.

Wild. Why, nephew, what means this rudeness? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

Wild. No, as I live, aunt; we are in earnest; but my part lies here, and there's a gentleman will do his best to satisfy you; [*they catch the women in their arms*] and, sweet mrs. Pleasant, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials. Here we are, as you see, naked, and thus have saluted hundreds at the window that past by, and gave us joy this morning.

Pleas. Joy! of what? what do you mean?

Care. Madam, this is visible; and you may coy it, and refuse to call me husband; but I am resolv'd to call you wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied. [*Careless kisses the widow.*

Wid. Promise yourself that; see whether your fine wits can make it good—You will not be uncivil?

Care. Not a hair, but what you give, and that was in the contract before we undertook it; for any man may force a woman's body, but we have laid we will force your mind.

Wild. But that needs not; for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time, and woo'd hard, this would have come o' course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you defy'd us.

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Wid. 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

Care. And, for my part, but for the jeſt of winning you, and this way, not ten jointures ſhould have made me marry.

Wid. This is a new way of wooing.

Care. 'Tis ſo, madam; but we have not laid our plot ſo weakly (tho' it were ſudden) to leave it in any body's power, but our own, to hinder it.

Pleaſ. Do you think ſo?

Wild. We are ſecure enough, if we can be true to ourſelves.

Care. Yet we ſubmit in the midſt of our ſtrength, and beg you will not wilfully ſpoil a good jeſt by refuſing us. By this hand, we are both ſound, and we'll be ſtrangely honeſt, and never in ill humours; but live as merry as the maids, and divide the year between the town and the country.—What ſay you, is't a match? your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not coſt you much; I'll promiſe nothing but one heart, one purſe betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boys. Is't a bargain?

Wid. Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

Wild. Faith, mrs. Pleaſant, he hath ſpoken nothing but reaſon, and I'll do my beſt to make it good: come, faith, teach my aunt what to do, and let me ſtrike the bargain upon your lips.

Pleaſ. No, ſir, not to be half a queen; if we ſhould yield now, your wit would domineer for ever; and ſtill in all diſputes (tho' never ſo much reaſon on our ſide) this ſhall be urg'd as an argument of your maſter-wit to confute us: I am of your aunt's mind, ſir, and, if I can hinder it, it ſhall be no match.

Wild. Why, then know, it is not in your powers to prevent it.

Wid. Why? we are not married yet.

Care. No, 'tis true.

Wild. By this good light then, I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, leſt I light upon the words of marriage by chance.

Pleaſ. 'Tis hard, when our own acts cannot be in our own power, gentlemen.

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Wild. The plot is only known to four; the miniſter, and two that ſtood for fathers, and a ſimple country-maid that waited upon you laſt night, which plays your chamber-maid's part.

Pleaſ. And what will all theſe do?

Wild. Why, the two friends will ſwear they gave you, the parſon will ſwear he married you, and the wench will ſwear ſhe put us to bed.

Wid. Have you men to ſwear we are married?

Pleaſ. And a parſon to ſwear he did it?

Both. Yes.

Wid. And a wench that will ſwear ſhe put us to bed?

Both. Yes, by this good light, and witneſs of reputation.

Pleaſ. Dare they, or you, look us in the face, and ſwear this?

Care. Yes, faith; and all but thoſe four know no other but really it is ſo; and you may deny it, but I'll make mr. Conſtable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

Wid. Pray, let's ſee theſe witneſſes.

Wild. Call in the four only. [*Exit Careleſs.*

Pleaſ. Well, this ſhall be a warning to me; I ſay nothing, but if ever I lie from home again——

Wild. I'll lie with you.

Pleaſ. 'Tis well. I dare ſay we are the firſt women (if this take) that ever were ſtolen againſt their wills.

Wild. I'll go call the gentlemen. [*Exit Wild.*

Wid. I that have refus'd a fellow that lov'd me theſe ſeven years, and would have put off his hat, and thank'd me to come to bed, to be beaten with watch-men's ſtaves into another's!—for by this good light, for aught that I perceive, there's no keeping theſe out at night.

Pleaſ. And unleſs we conſent to be their wives to-day, mr. Juſtice will make us their whores at night. Oh, oh, what would not I give to come off! not that I miſlike them, but I hate they ſhould get us thus.

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Enter Wild, Jolly, Captain, Careleſs, Parſon, Wanton with roſemary in their hands, and points in their hats.

Care. Follow.——Will not you two ſwear we were married laſt night?

Jol. } Yes, by this light, will we.
Capt. }

Wild. Will you not ſwear you married us?

Parſ. Yea, verily.

Care. And come hither, pretty one; will not you ſwear you left us all a-bed laſt night, and pleas'd?

Want. Yes, forſooth; I'll ſwear any thing your worſhip ſhall appoint me.

Wild. But, gentlemen, have you no ſhame, no conſcience? will you ſwear falſe for ſport?

Jol. By this light, I'll ſwear, if it be but to vex you: remember you refus'd me. [That is contrary to covenants tho' with my brace of lovers: what will they do with their coachman's plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and ſo they are cozen'd, I care not who does it.] [*Speaks theſe words mark'd aſide.*

Capt. And faith, madam, I have ſworn many times falſe to no purpoſe; and I ſhould take it ill, if it were mine own caſe, to have a friend refuſe me an oath upon ſuch an occaſion.

Pleaſ. And are you all of one mind?

Parſ. Verily we will all ſwear.

Pleaſ. Will you verily? what ſhall we do, aunt? [*Pleaſ. laughs.*

Wild. Do you laugh? by this light, I am heartily angry.

Pleaſ. Why, as I live, let's marry them, aunt, and be reveng'd.

Wild. Marry! where's the Parſon?

Capt. Here, here; mr. Parſon, come and do your office.

Pleaſ. That fellow? no, by my troth, let's be honeſtly join'd, for luck's ſake; we know not how ſoon we may part.

Wild. What ſhall we do for a parſon? Captain, you muſt run and fetch one. *Capt.*

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Capt. Yes, yes; but methinks this might ſerve turn; by this hand, he's a marſhal, and a caſe, by fire and dam; pray try him; by this light, he comes of the beſt preaching kind in Eſſex.

Wid. Not I, as I live, that were a bleſſing in the devil's name.

Parſ. A pox on your wedding! give me my wife, and let me be gone.

Capt. Nay, nay, no choler, parſon; the ladies do not like the colour of your beard.

Parſ. No, no, fetch another, and let them eſcape with that trick, then they'll jear your beards blue, i'faith.

Care. By this hand, he's in the right; either this parſon, or take one another's words: to bed now, and marry when we riſe.

Pleaſ. As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my huſband.

Wild. Will you kiſs upon the bargain, and promiſe before theſe witneſſes not to ſpoil our jeſt, but riſe and go to church?

Pleaſ. And what will mr. Conſtant and mr. Sad ſay?

Capt. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you ſhall ſee them expire in their own garters.

Jolly. No, no, ne'er fear't, their jeſt is only ſpoil'd.

Capt. Their jeſt! what jeſt?

Jolly. Faith, now you ſhall know it, and the whol plot: in the firſt place, your coachman is well, whoſe death, we, by the help of Secret, contriv'd, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of town.

Capt. But had they this plot?

Jolly. Yes faith, and ſee how it thrives! they'll fret like carted bawds when they hear this news.

Pleaſ. Why, aunt, would you have thought mr. Sad a plotter? well, 'tis ſome comfort we have them to laugh at.

Wid. Nay faith then, gentlemen, give us leave to riſe, and I'll take my venture, if it be but for a revenge on them.

Care. Gentlemen, bear witneſs.

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Capt. Come, come away. I'll get the saints. I'm glad the coachman's well; the rogue had like to have spoil'd our comedy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. V. Scen. 3.

Enter the lady Lovecall, master Sad, and Constant, undress'd, and buttoning themselves, as they go.

Sad. Married?

Const. And to them?

Love. Ay, married, if you prevent it not; catch'd with a trick, an old stale trick; I have seen a ballad on't.

Sad. We shall go near to prevent 'em.—Boy, my sword.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Whither so fast?

Sad. You guess.

Capt. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

Const. Why, are they married?

Capt. No, but lustily promised.

Sad. We may come time enough to be reveng'd tho'.

Capt. Upon whom? yourselves, for you are only guilty: who carry'd them thither last night? who laid the plot for the coachman?

Sad. Why, do they know it?

Love. Well, you'll find the poet a rogue, 'tis he that has betray'd you; and if you'll take my counsel, be reveng'd upon him.

Const. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

Capt. By my life, you wrong him; upon my knowledge the poet meant you should have them.

Sad. Why, who had the power to hinder then?

Capt. I know not where the fault lies directly; they say, the wits of the town would not consent to't, they claim a right in the ladies, as orphan-wits.

Const. The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

Capt. Why ay, such a clinch as that has undone you; and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

Sad.

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Sad. Why, what have they to do with us?

Capt. I know not what you have done to disoblige them; but they cross'd it; there was amongst 'em too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern author; besides 'tis said, you run naturally into the six-penny room and steal sayings, and a discourse more than your penny-worth of jests every term. Why, just now, you spit out one jest stollen from a poor play, that has but two more in five acts; what conscience is there in't, knowing how dear we pay poets for our plays?

Const. 'Twas madam with the ill face, one of those whom you refused to salute the other day at Chipp's house; a cheescake had sav'd all this.

Love. Why do you not make haste about your business, but lose time with this babbler?

Sad. Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your coach?

Love. You may command it, sir; when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll dispatch a little business, and be with you immediately.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*

Capt. So, this fire's kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a peeper's place at the meeting? I'll make haste; and it shall go hard but I'll beat my part of the mirth too. [*Exit.*

Act. V. Scen. 4.

Enter Widow, Pleasant, Careless, Wild, Parson, Jolly, Wanton and Secret: the fiddlers play as they come in.

Pars. MAster Jolly, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my corns ach more than my horns; and to a man that has read Seneca, a cuckold ought to be no grief; especially in this parish, where I see such droves of St. Luke's cloathing; there's little Secret too, th'allay of waiting-wo-

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man, makes me hope, she may prove metal of the parson's standard. Find a way to rid me of Wanton, and I'll put in to be chaplain to this merry family; if I did not inveigle formal Secret, you should hang me. I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying to, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, does it, with a few anagrams, acrosticks, and her name in the register of my bible; these charm the soft-soul'd sinner: then sometimes to read a piece of my sermon, and tell her, a Saturday, where my text shall be, spells that work more than philtres.

Jolly. If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure.——See how they eye Wanton!

Care. What! consulting, parson? let us be judges betwixt you. D'ye hear, Jack? if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, by this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not. D'ye see those gay petticoats?

Pars. Yes, if you mean my wife's.

Care. You know they're his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another man's petticoats; what if you should find his breeches upon her?

Pars. Are not you marry'd too? take care that yours does not wear the breeches, another kind of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's persuaded to give, you may find a horn at home. I have seen a cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his slat.

Pleaf. How fine she is! and by this light, a handsome wench, mr. Jolly. I am easier perswaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, than any man's I have seen of this kind; her eyes have more arguments in 'em than a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me if those quivers be not full of darts; I could kiss that mouth myself. Is this she my aunt quarrel'd with you for?

Jolly. The same, self-same. And by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your aunt's sake; and had I

not

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not ſcaped that miſchief of matrimony, by this light, I had never ſeen her again; but I was reſolv'd not to quit her till I was ſure of a wife, for fear of what has follow'd. Had I been ſuch an aſs as to have left her upon the airy hopes of a widow's oaths, what a caſe had I been in now! you ſee your aunt's provided of a man. Bleſs him, and ſend him patience! 'twould have been fine to have ſeen me walking, and ſighing upon cold hunting, ſeeking my whore again, or forc'd to make uſe of ſome common mercenary thing, that ſells ſin and diſeaſes, crimes, penance, and ſad repentance together! here's conſolation and ſatisfaction in Wanton, tho' a man loſe his meal with the widow. And faith, be free, how do you like my girl? rid thee of her; what does ſhe want now pray, but a jointure, to ſatisfy any honeſt man? ſpeak your conſcience, ladies, don't you think a little repentance hereafter, will ſerve for all the ſmall ſins that good nature can act with ſuch a ſinner?

Parſ. Pray, ſir, remember ſhe's my wife; and be ſo civil to us both, as to forget theſe things.

Jolly. For that, Jack, we'll underſtand hereafter; 'tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jeſt will make us both merry, I warrant thee.

Parſ. Pray, ſir, no more of your jeſts, nor your jack; remember my coat and calling. This familiarity both with my wife and myſelf, is not decent; your clergy with chriſtian names are ſcarce held good chriſtians.

Enter Widow.

Wid. I wonder at nothing ſo much as mr. Jolly's mirth to-day; where lies his part of the jeſt? couzen'd or refuſed by all, not a fiſh that ſtays in's net.

Jolly. No, what's this? [*Jolly hugs Wanton.*] ſhew me a fairer in all your ſtreams; nor is this my ſingle joy, who am pleaſed to find you may be couzen'd; rejoice to ſee you may be brought to lie with a man for a jeſt; let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

Care. Faith, it muſt be ſome new trick; for thou art ſo beaten at the old one, 'twill neither pleaſe thee nor her; beſides, I mean to teach her that myſelf.

Pleaſ. I ſhall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till

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I ſee ſomebody as angry as myſelf; yet I have ſome conſolation when I think on the wife plot that killed the coachman; how the plague, red-croſs and halberds has cut their fingers that deſign'd it! their anger will be perfect. Secret ſays they are coming, and that the lady Loveall has given 'em the alarm.

Enter Sad and Conſtant.

Wild. And ſee where the parties come!——ſtorms and tempeſts in their minds, their looks are daggers.

Pleaſ. Servant, what? you're melancholy, and full of wonder; I ſee you have met the news.

Sad. Yes, madam, we have heard a report that will concern both your judgment and your honour.

Pleaſ. Alas, ſir, w'are innocent, 'tis meer predeſtination.

Conſt. All weddings, mr. Sad, you know, go by chance, like hanging.

Pleaſ. And, I thank my ſtars, I have 'ſcap'd hanging; to ha' been his bride had been both.

Conſt. This is not like the promiſe you made us yeſterday.

Wild. Why truly, ſervant, I ſcarce know what I do yet, the fright of the plague had ſo poſſeſs'd my mind with fear, that I could think and dream of nothing laſt night, but of a tall black man, that came and kiſs'd me in my ſleep, and ſlap'd his whip in mine ears: 'twas a ſaucy ghoſt, (not unlike my coachman that's dead) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder, and vow'd to haunt me till I was married. I told my niece the dream.

Pleaſ. Nay, the ghoſt ſigh'd, and accuſed Secret and maſter Sad, of making him away. Confeſs, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jeſt?

Wild. Fie, ſervant! could you be ſo cruel as to join with my woman againſt me?

Conſt. 'Tis well, ladies; why a pox do you look at me? this was your ſubtil plot, a pox on your clerk's wit, you ſaid the jeſt would beget a comedy when 'twas known, and ſo I believe 'twill.

Sad. Madam, I find you have diſcover'd our deſign, whoſe chief end was to prevent this miſchief, which I doubt

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doubt not, but you'll both live to repent your ſhare of, before you have done travelling to the Epſoms, Burbons, and the Spaws, to cure thoſe travell'd diſeaſes theſe knights-errant have with curioſity ſought out for you. 'Tis true, they are miſchiefs that dwell in pleaſant countries, yet thoſe roſes have their thorns; and I doubt not, but theſe gentlemens wit may ſting as well as pleaſe ſometime; and you may find it harder to ſatisfy their travell'd experience, than to have ſuffer'd our home-bred ignorance.

Care. Hark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his couſin; theſe names of places he has ſtollen out of her receipt-book; amongſt all whoſe diſeaſes, find me any ſo dangerous, troubleſome or incurable, as a fool, a lean, pale, ſighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both; being born to an eſtate, without a mind or heart capable to uſe it; of a nature ſo miſerable, he grudges himſelf meat; nay, they ſay, he eats his meals twice; a fellow whoſe breath ſmells of yeſterday's dinner, and ſtinks as if he had eat all our ſuppers over again. I would adviſe you, mr. Sad, to ſleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the brewer to ton it. Foh! an empty juſtice, that ſtinks of the lees and caſks, and belches Littleton and Plowden's caſes. Doſt thou think any woman that has wit, or honour, would kiſs that bung-hole? By this light, his head and belly look as blue and lank as French rabbits, or ſtale poultry. Alas, ſir, my lady would have a huſband to rejoice with, no green-tail'd lecturer, to ſtand ſentry at his bed's-ſide, while his naſty ſoul ſcours thro' him, ſneaking out at the back-door.——Theſe, ſir, are diſeaſes which neither the Spaw, or Bath, can cure: your garters, and willow are a more certain remedy.

Couſ. Well, ſir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left; 'tis that damn'd captain has inform'd.

Sad. Yet 'tis one comfort, madam, that you have miſs'd that man of war, that knight of Finſbury; his dowager, with ale and ſwitches, would ha' bred a ballad.

Pleaſ. Faith, ſir, you ſee what a difficulty it is in this age, for a woman to live honeſt, tho' ſhe have a proper

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man for her husband; therefore it behoves us to consider, whom we choose.

Jolly. The lady has reason; for being allow'd but one, who would choose such weasels as we see daily marry'd? that are all head and tail, crooked, dirty, sordid vermin, predestin'd for cuckolds, painted snails, with houses on their backs, and horns as big as Dutch cows; would any woman marry such? nay, can any woman be honest, that lets such hodmandods crawl o'er her virgin breast, and belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies only for jointures? Out! 'tis mercenary and base; the generous heart has only the laws of nature and kindness in her view; and when she will oblige, friend is all the ties that nature seeks, who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes; and I believe, one as poor as the despis'd captain, and neglected courtier, may make a woman as happy in a friendship as master Sad, who has as many faults as we have debts; one, whose father had no more credit with nature, than ours had with fortune, whose soul wears rags as well as the captain's body.

Sad. Nay then, I'll laugh; for I perceive y'are angrier than we. Alas! h'as lost both ventures, Wanton, and the Widow.

Jolly. Both, and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife. Thy face is hang'd with blacks already; we may see the bells toll in thy eyes. A bride and a wedding shirt? a sexton and a winding sheet? a scrivener to draw up jointures? a parson to make thy will, man? By this light, he's as chap-fallen as if he had lain under the table all night.

Care. Faith, master Sad, he's perlously in the right; ne'er think of marrying in this dull clime: wedlock's a trade you'll ne'er go thro' with; wives draw bills upon sight, and 'twill not be for your credit to protest 'em. Rather follow my counsel, and marry *la Venetiano*, for a night and away; a pistole jointure does it; then 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman and the sin both i'th' bed. But if you play the fool, like your friends, and marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do; but where's the remedy?

Wid.

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Wid. What was't you ſaid, ſir, do you repent?

Care. By this hand, widow, I don't know; but we have purſu'd a jeſt a great way. Parſon, are you ſure we are married?

Parſ. Yes, I warrant you, for their eſcaping.

Care. Their eſcaping? fool, thou m'ſtak'ſt me, there's no fear of that; but I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this nooſe; no hole to hide a man's head in from this wedlock?

Parſ. Not any, but what I preſume ſhe'll ſhew you anon.

Care. Hum! now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me. Wanton and mrs. Pleaſant both grow dangerouſly handſome; a thouſand graces in each, I never obſerv'd before now, juſt now; when I muſt not taſte, I begin to long for ſome of their plumbs.

Wid. Is this ſerious, ſir?

Care. Yes truly, widow, ſadly ſerious; is there no way to get three or four mouthfuls of kiſſes from the Parſon's wife?

Wid. This is ſad, ſir, upon my wedding-day to deſpiſe me for ſuch a common thing.

Sad. As ſad, as I could wiſh; this is a jeſt makes me laugh.——Common? no madam, that's too bitter; ſhe's foreſt only, where the royal chace is as free as fair.

Want. Were not you a widow to-day?

Sad. Yes faith, girl, and as fooliſh a one as ever cotch jumbled out of joint.

Want. Stay then till to-morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

Sad. I hope thou'lt prove a ſhe prophet; could I live to ſee thee turn honeſt wife, and ſhe the wanton widow.

Want. I cannot but laugh, to ſee how eaſy it is to loſe or win the opinion of the world; a little cuſtom heals all, or elſe what's the difference betwixt a married widow and one of us? Can any woman be pure, or worth the ſerious ſighing of a generous heart, that has had above one hand laid upon her? is there place to write above one lover's name with honour in her heart? 'tis indeed for one a royal palace; but if it admits of more,

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an hospital, or an inn at best, as well as ours; only off from the road and less frequented.

Pleas. Shrewdly urg'd.

Want. And tho' the sins of my family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith, to whose perjury I owe all my crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you, *he or she that would be thought twice so, was never once a lover.*

Const. Parson, thou art fitted; a whore, and apothegms! what sport will she make us under a tree with a sallad, and sayings, in the summer!

Wild. Come, Wanton, no fury; you see my aunt's angry.

Want. So am I, sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth; marry'd widows, tho' chaste to the law and custom, yet their second Hymens make that which was but dying in the first husband's bed, a stain in the second's sheets, where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sully'd, and have lost their lustre.

Sad. By this light, I'll go to school to Wanton, she has open'd my eyes, and I begin to believe I have scap'd miraculously. By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being marry'd to this danger; for what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful mercenariness, which tho' it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your carriage deserves it?

Pleas. Fie, master Sad! pray leave being witty; I fear 'tis a mortal sin, to begin in the fifth act of your days upon an old subject too, abusing of widows, because they despise you.

Wid. Alas, niece, let him alone, he may come in for his share; the Parson, that has so oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuse him tythes there, in charity.

Want. That, or conveniency, interest, or importunity, may by your example prevail; but 'tis not fair play, madam, to turn your lover to the common, as you call it, now he's rid lean in your service. Take heed, mr. Careless, and warning, mr. Sad; you see how fit for the scavenger's team your lady leaves her lovers.

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Care. Such a lecture before I had married would ha' made me have conſider'd of this matter. Do'ſt thou hear, Wanton? let us forgive one another being marry'd, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

Want. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours, and a wedding crime, which is worſt; to let love, youth and good humour, betray us to a kindneſs, or to be gravely ſeduc'd by ſome aunt or uncle, without conſideration of the diſparity of age, birth, or perſons, to lie down before a jointure. Ladies, you may flatter your ſelves; but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny, but ſuch minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have liſten'd to the ſame things; intereſt counſels thereto.

Care. Parſon, what boot betwixt our wives? either come to a price, or draw off your doxy.

Parſ. Propoſe, propoſe, here will be mirth anon.

Sad. Yes, yes, propoſe, while I break it to your lady. Madam, you ſee, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot—what, dumb?

Want. No, ſhe's only thinking; faith, madam, try 'em both to night, and chooſe to morrow.

Wild. Come, no more of this. Aunt, take my word for your huſband, that have had more experience of him than all theſe; 'tis true, he will long for theſe girls, as children do for plums; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheeſe; and you muſt not wonder, nor quarrel at what he ſays in his humour, but judge him by his actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves moſt, put him into your bed, and fold him cloſe in your arms, aunt; if he do's not riſe as kind and as good a huſband as he that ſings pſalms beſt, hang me. Why, you're a fool, aunt; a widow, and diſlike a longing bridegroom! I thought you had known better; do you love a ſpurr'd horſe, rather than a duker, that neighs and ſcrapes? I would not ſay this, but that I know him; let him not go out of your ſight, for he's now in ſeaſon, a ripe mixture huſband; no delays; if you let him hang longer upon hope, his fruit will fall alone.

Wild.

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Wid. You are merry, sir; but if I had known this humour——

Wild. You'd ha' kiss'd him first; but being ignorant, let me make you blush; come, a kiss, and all's friends.

[*She kisses Careless, and he kisses her twice.*

——How now, sir! again! again! aunt, look to yourself.

Care. Um! By this light, sweet heart, and I thank thee; nay widow, there's no jesting with these things—[*Kisses her again.*] nay, I am a lion, in my love: aware, puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

Parf. Since all are couzen'd, why should I be troubled at my fortune? Faith gentlemen, what will you two give me for a wife, betwixt you?

Conft. Faith, they're mischiefs dear bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

Parf. I'm almost of his mind; and if other people find no more pleasure in a marry'd life than I, upon my wedding-day, I'd pass my time in the Piazza, with the mountebank, and let him practise upon my teeth, and draw 'em too, ere he perswades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. Ay, ay, mr. Constant, you may laugh, you ha' miss'd a wife; would I were in your case, the world should see how chearfully I should bear such an affliction.

Conft. Jack, I ha' made my peace at home, and by seeing others shipwreck'd will avoid the danger, and here resolve never to sigh again for any woman; th'are weeds grow in ev'ry hedge; and transplanting of 'em thus to our beds, gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit.

Enter Captain.

Parf. See where the enemy comes! now if you be wise, arm, and unite against him, as a common foe. He's come from his old lady, designing a reconciliation; the rogue's provident, and would fain have a nest for his age to rest in: buff and feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age, captain, at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the almanack out of date.

Capt. The parson's grown witty, and prophecies upon the

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the strength of bride-cake. If I guess aright, thou'lt be hang'd; for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were mistaken in me: but I find the witch more implacable than the devil; the waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part, than my lady. Faithful will not be reconcil'd; the mercilefs bawd is all fire and sword, no quarter. Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath! she'll never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk. Her lady and she are coming, but in such a fury, I would not have the storm find you in the street; therefore I counsel you to avoid the buoy's, and take shelter in the next house.

Wild. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner, to defend us; and let the porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs articles of peace.

[*Omnes.* Agreed——[*Careless is kind to the Widow; as he goes out, Wild and Pleasant go together, Jolly and the Parson's wife go together.*

Wild. See how they pair now! 'tis not threescore year will part 'em, now he has tasted a kiss or two.

Jolly. Parson, I'll be your bride-man.

Pars. 'Tis well, sir, I shall ha' my time too.

Jolly. Ay, by this hand; nay, we'll share fairly.

Capt. That's but reason, Wanton; and since he grows tame, use him kindly for my sake.

Pars. Canany of you digest sponge and arsenick?

Capt. Arsenick! what's that?

Pars. An Italian sallad, which I'll dress for you, by Jove, e'er I'll walk in my canonical coat hee with horn. Death, if I suffer this, we shall have that damn'd courtier pluck on his shoes with the parson's mustons. Fine i'faith! none but the small Levite's brow to plant your shoeing horn-seed in?——How now?

[*As he is going off, the Captain stays him.*

Capt. Pr'ythee, Jack, stay, and say something to the gentlemen, by way of epilogue. Thou art a piece of scurvy poet thyself; pr'ythee oblige the author, and give us a line or two in praise of his play.

Pars. I oblige him! hang him and all his friends, and

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and hurt no body—Yes, I'm likely to speak for him; you see how I ha' been us'd to day betwixt you; I shall find a time to be reveng'd. Let go my cloak; I have a province, within, of mine own to govern; let me go.

Capt. Who, thy wife? faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over: you see 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em, and now thou're satisfy'd in the matter, be wise and silent: who knows what good she may do thee another time? I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of herself.

Parf. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your titles, sir.

Capt. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd not ha' me present epilogue in buff, whorson dunce, with a red nose?

Parf. Sir, my business is praying, not epilogues.

Capt. With that face? by this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so near the altar; thou look'st as if thou'dst cry tope, in the face of the congregation, instead of amen.

Parf. Thou're an ass, 'tis proper there, t'has zeal and fervor in't, and burns before the altar like the primitive lamps.

Capt. I cry thee mercy; by this light, he'll make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose! Thou'lt entitle the altar to that coal; was't not kindl'd *in vain?* nay, I will have your cloak.

Parf. Take it; would 'twere Nessus his shirt, for you and your poet's sake. [*Exit Parson.*

Capt. What, do's the rogue wish 'twere made of nettles?

[*Captain puts on his cloak, and addresses himself to speak the epilogue, and is interrupted by Lady Lovetall and Faithfull her woman, who in haste and full of anger pull him by the cloak.*

Love. By your favour, sir; did you see any company pass this way?

Capt. None, but the three brides, and they are gone just before you.—Hark, the musick will guide you.

[*The musick plays.*

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Love. Is it certain then they're married?

Capt. Yes, lady, I ſaw the church's rites performed.

Faithf. Why do's your ladyſhip loſe time in talking with this fellow? don't you know him, madam? 'tis the raſcally captain, hid in a black cloak; I know you, ſirrah.

Love. She has reaſon; now I mark him better, I ſhould know that falſe face too; ſee Faithful, there are thoſe treacherous eyes ſtill.

Capt. Alas! you miſtake me, madam, I am Epilogue now; the captain's within; and as a friend I counſel you, not to incenſe the gentlemen againſt the poet, for he knows all your ſtory; and if you anger him he'll put it in a play: but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, inſtead of your pearl you loſt, to help you to the jewel, the Scotch dictionary will tell you the value of it; let them go alone, and fret not at their loſs; ſtay, and take my counſel, it ſhall be worth three revenges.

Love. Well, what is't, ſir?

Capt. They ſay, you have a great power over the parſon; if you can prevail with him to expreſs his anger in ſome ſatirick comedy (for the knave has wit, and they ſay his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he ſhould be revenged upon the illiterate courtier that made this play. If you can bring this buſineſs about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the captain abus'd you to day. Think on't, Stephen is as handſome when the play is done, as mr. Wild was in the ſcene.

Love. There's ſomething of reaſon in what he ſays. ——But my friend, how ſhall one believe you? you that were ſuch a raſcal to day, in buff, is it to be hoped you can be honeſt only with putting on a black cloak? Well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power, he ſhall ſting the malicious raſcal; and I think he is fit for ſuch a buſineſs. I'm ſure he has the worſt tongue; and a conſcience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in publick, he

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he may be even with your poet; I will cloath and feed him and his muſe this ſeven years, but I will plague him: Secret tells me, 'twas your poet too that pawn'd me, to day, in the tavern.

Capt. By my faith, did he; nay, 'twas he that told me of your friendſhip with Jolly.

Love. I wonder the parſon has been ſo long ſilent; a man of his coat and parts, to be beaten with a pen, by one that ſpeaks ſenſe by rote, like parrots! one that knows not why ſenſe is ſenſe, but by the ſound! one that can ſcarce read, nay, not his own hand! Well, remember your promiſe.

Capt. Leave it to me, he is yours; and if our plot take, you ſhall all have your ſhares in the mirth; but not the profit of the play; and the parſon, more than his tythe, a ſecond day.

Love. We will diſcourſe of this ſome other time; and pray diſpatch what 'tis you have to ſay to this noble company, that I may be gone; for thoſe gentlemen will be in ſuch fury, if I ſtay; and think, becauſe we are alone, God knows what.

Capt. 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them we are to ſtudy now; but theſe gueſts, to whom pray addreſs yourſelf civilly, and beg that they would pleaſe to become fathers, and give thoſe brides within.—What ſay you, gentlemen, will you lend your hands to join them? the match, you ſee, is made; if you refuſe, Stephen miſſes the wench, and then you cannot juſtly blame the poet. For you know, they ſay, that alone is enough to ſpoil the play.

The End of the Ninth Volume.

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